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ARISTIDE BRIAND

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MARCH–APRIL–MAY, 1926

ARISTIDES THE SECOND

BRIAND AS PEACEMAKER OF EUROPE

BY THE EDITOR

THE members of the ill-omened Supreme Council assembled at the Quai d'Orsay on the left bank of the River Seine on the morning of a hot day in August, 1921. Immediately following the conventional greetings, promptly on the hour designated, at the instigation of the punctilious Curzon of Kedleston, the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England, chatting, laughing and twiddling his eyeglasses, led the way into the beautiful historic chamber of the palace, and the representatives took their places.

At the right of the President's chair sat Mr. Lloyd George himself, clad in a new morning suit, his abundant hair freshly trimmed and slightly tousled for the occasion; next to him the massive noble Lord, last of the small band of aristocrats who for so many years constituted the "ruling class" of England, stiff in his concealed steel braces, in a splendid frock coat of former days; and on his right the impressively gigantic Ambassador Harding, scion of the same stock as our own beloved President as of the time.

At the left were M. Loucheur, ablest and richest of French financiers, immaculately attired; the great Marshal Foch in a glittering new uniform, and an alert, keen-visaged little General, also in blue and gold, whose name we must apologize for having forgotten.

* BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES I.

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Flanking the British on the right were the ponderous Signor Bonomi, Prime Minister of Italy, his slightly bowed and very spare Foreign Secretary, the Marquess della Farretta, indubitably aristocratic and consciously superior, looking for all the world like the lamented Wayne Mac Veagh, and beyond them the Japanese—Viscount Ishii, who tied up our former Secretary Lansing in a knotty treaty while Ambassador in Washington, and Baron Hayashi, accomplished and trustworthy, brought over from London; at the left, the American representative and the Belgians—M. Jasper, agile in mind and body, and M. Theunis, taciturn and capable, as was recently noted in Washington, in matters pertaining to what Mr. George F. Baker, the Elder, calls "interest money". All were in raiment spick and span.

Suddenly the buzz of conversation ceased at the sound of a lithe, yet shambling, step across the dais, and Aristide Briand, for the seventh time Premier of France, in a wrinkled sack coat and baggy trousers, bowing easily and pleasantly, sank somewhat heavily into the President's chair. Many curious eyes rested and lingered upon his mobile countenance while, for several long seconds, he scanned meditatively the interesting diversity of faces confronting him. He looked like a brigand, but when presently he spoke it was with the voice of an angel. Simply and melodiously, in astonishingly few words, he set forth the purposes of the meeting; then, turning his head to the right, he nodded with friendly graciousness to the Prime Minister of England, leaned indolently back in his chair and half closed the lids of his eyes.

Not so much as a flicker relieved the impassiveness of M. Briand's countenance while Mr. Lloyd George was voicing ardent appreciation of the Premier's welcoming words, but the instant the great little Welshman, after pausing obviously for effect, declared with impressive solemnity that the occasion was one of the gravest, if not indeed actually the most momentous, in the history of the Council, the lids rose and an odd ray of light flashed from the expressive dark eyes. It was hardly a gleam, but rather the merest glint, of amusement, passing almost too quickly to be caught and quite unverified by lips hidden behind a carefully stroked moustache. And yet to at least one painstaking

observer it seemed to reveal humorous appraisal of something, though of what could not be divined until later when cautious inquiry educed the interesting information that "invariably Lloyd George makes every conference in which he participates the most important ever held and has done it so many times that Briand now fully comprehends the only English he clearly understands."

But the trifling episode really indicated more than that; it evidenced that M. Briand's understanding of Lloyd George himself was no less exact than his comprehension of Lloyd George's phrases. And that was interesting, important, too, in the light of Clemenceau's shrewd observation to the effect that—

"Poincaré knows everything and understands nothing; Briand knows nothing, nothing, but understands everything, everything."

Following the Prime Minister of England came the Prime Minister of Italy, and his was a tedious performance, partly because of the length of his oration but chiefly owing to the necessity of labored translation first into French and then into English. Fortunately the procedure afforded an opportunity to scrutinize the outer being of the man who now holds the center of the stage that is called the world.

A massive head covered by curly black hair that straggled over his collar; a long drooping moustache incessantly stroked, not nervously but caressingly, by a hand so small and soft and white that it would befit better a petted lady; a wide, full forehead signifying phrenologically exceptional causative power; eyes, as indicated, sleepy as a cat's and quick as a cat's to flash fire; a flat, large-nostrilled nose; good ears; a hidden mouth; a round, firm chin, upheld by a short thick neck, rising between two broad and distressingly bowed shoulders from a big, square trunk encasing an incongruously narrow chest expanding below into the globulous corpulence of physical indolence.

So appeared at first full glance Aristide Briand, foremost statesman today of France and balancer for the time, whether in or out of technical authority, of the scales of Europe.

We recall wondering idly, while the pattering of Signor Bonomi's decorative periods in three languages continued, why they named him Aristide. Latins are not accustomed to cross racial

lines in search of distinguishing marks for perpetuation in family records. And the bourgeois Briands of Nantes were humble folk, so simple and unstudied, indeed, that it is far more likely that they could not write their own language than that they could read the Greek; else why should they have corrupted the resonant and splendid "Aristides", an appellation truly so sufficing as well to merit the highest praise, as a "mouthful", from an American Lady Mayoress?

No, neither Monsieur nor Madame could have based their choice of a name for their bulbous product upon either hope or prescience of emulation. And yet, if one cares, as one often does, to go far afield in speculative fancy, a certain similarity of Aristide and Aristides calls for no great stretch of the imagination. Both were banished from their native lands, the Greek once because his contemporaries wearied of hearing him called "the Just" and the Frenchman many times as a consequence of combinations against him of rivals who could not match his fairness of mind and sweetness of disposition; and both were recalled, Aristides once and Aristide seven times for the single, selfsame reason that each possessed to a degree unsurpassed even by our own President of today the complete confidence of the people whom he served.

At the time to which reference has been made it was the common practice of political diagnosticians to draw comparisons of "*les deux Bretons*" who had become Prime Ministers, Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand,—an undertaking hazardous, to our mind, even to contemplate,—but oddly enough none to our knowledge has hit upon the apposite historical parallel plainly suggested by the intuitive naming by his parents of the one who thus far has survived the tempestuous politics which still constitute the bane of national existence of both England and France.

Aristides the First, signally honored, as already noted, by the café-keeping Briands, was one of the two most notable of the younger contemporaries of the illustrious Miltiades at the time of the Persian invasion. The other, of course, was Themistocles, whose personality was, in a restricted sense, following the battle of Marathon, hardly less vivid than that of Mr. Lloyd George in the years succeeding the armistice.

The two were alike in that neither could boast, like Miltiades, a lineage of gods and heroes but, the historian Grote informs us, were of middle-class origin and "politicians of the democratical stamp exercising ascendancy by and through the people, devoting their time to the discharge of public duties and manifesting those combined powers of action, comprehension and persuasive speech which accustomed the citizens to look to them as advisers as well as leaders;" but in other respects there was a marked contrast, "the points which stood most conspicuous in the one being comparatively deficient in the other".

According to Thucydides, who was of the succeeding generation and consequently better informed than later commentators, Themistocles "strikingly exhibited the might of unassisted nature" to a degree unapproached by any predecessor. "He conceived the complications of a present embarrassment, and divined the chances of a mysterious future, with equal sagacity and with equal quickness. The right expedient seemed to flash upon his mind extempore, even in the most perplexing contingencies, without the least necessity for premeditation. He was not less distinguished for daring and resource in action: when engaged on any joint affairs, his superior competence marked him out as the leader for others to follow, and no business, however foreign to his experience, ever took him by surprise, or came wholly amiss to him."

Plutarch supplements the sketch by Thucydides with a more personal estimate. Themistocles, the master biographer declares, had an unbounded passion, not merely for glory, but also for display of every kind. He was eager to vie with others in showy exhibition and not at all scrupulous in methods or procurement of means. "Besides being assiduous in attendance at the Ekklesia and the Dikastery, he knew most of the citizens by name, and was always ready with advice to them in their private affairs. Moreover he possessed all the tactics of an expert party man in conciliating political friends and in defeating political enemies. And though he was in the early part of his life sincerely bent upon the upholding and aggrandisement of his country, and was on some most critical occasions of unspeakable value to it, yet on the whole his morality was as reckless as his intelli-

gence was eminent. He was grossly corrupt in the exercise of power, and employing tortuous means, sometimes indeed for ends in themselves honorable and patriotic, but sometimes also merely for personal advantage."

"Of Aristides," Grote proceeds, "we possess unfortunately no description from the hand of Thucydides. Yet his character is so simple and consistent that we may safely accept the brief but unqualified encomium of Herodotus and Plato, expanded as it is in the biography of Plutarch and Cornelius Nepos, however little the details of the latter can be trusted. Aristides was inferior to Themistocles in resource, quickness, flexibility, and power of coping with difficulties; but incomparably superior to him, as well as to other rivals and contemporaries, in integrity public as well as private; inaccessible to pecuniary temptations as well as to other seductive influences, and deserving as well as enjoying the highest measures of personal confidence. He is described as the peculiar friend of Cleisthenes, the first founder of the democracy —as pursuing a straight and a single-handed course in political life, with no solicitude for party ties, and with little care either to conciliate friends or to offend enemies—as unflinching in the exposure of corrupt practices, by whomsoever committed or upheld —as earning for himself the lofty surname of the Just, not less by his judicial decisions in the capacity of Archon, than by his equity in private arbitrations and even his candor in political dispute— and as manifesting, throughout a long public life full of tempting opportunities, an uprightness without flaw and beyond all suspicion, recognized equally by his bitter contemporary the poet Timocreon and by the allies of Athens upon whom he first assessed the tribute.

"The abilities of Aristides—though apparently adequate to every occasion on which he was engaged, and only inferior when we compare him with so remarkable a man as Themistocles—were put in the shade by this incorruptible probity; which procured for him, however, along with the general esteem, no inconsiderable amount of private enmity from jobbers whom he exposed, and even some jealousy from persons who heard it proclaimed with offensive ostentation.

"Neither indiscreet friends nor artful enemies, however, could

rob him of the lasting esteem of his countrymen; which he enjoyed, though with intervals of their displeasure, to the end of his life. He was ostracized during a part of the period between the battles of Marathon and Salamis, at a time when the rivalry between him and Themistocles was so violent that both could not remain at Athens without peril; but the dangers of Athens during the invasion of Xerxes brought him back before the ten years of exile were expired. His fortune, originally very moderate, was still further diminished during the course of his life, so that he died very poor, and the State was obliged to lend aid to his children."

However one may view the seeming similarity of Mr. Lloyd George to the brilliant, ambitious and daring Themistocles,—a point upon which there will be a great diversity of opinion,—the resemblance of M. Briand to Aristides is clear and unmistakable. Like his famous prototype, Aristide the Second, as we are pleased to depict him, has never forfeited the confidence of the people which gave him his first Premiership in 1909. He combines to a marked degree the straight minded conception of a Coolidge with the "single handed course" of a Borah, "with no solicitude for party ties and with little care either to conciliate friends or to offend enemies".

After having acquired a local reputation for the florid and fervid eloquence so dear to the French, he was elected a Deputy at thirty-six, technically as a Socialist but really as a Radical, in consequence of an impassioned appeal to the troops at St. Etienne to revolt and join the workingmen of the Republic in a general strike. He was then, in the laconic phrase of Mr. Wilbur Forrest, a studious correspondent of *The New York Herald Tribune*, "the dangerous type of revolutionary soapbox orator that Secretary Kellogg would bar from the United States today".

But, as almost invariably happens in like instances involving honesty of mind and stirring of conscience, a sense of responsibility brought to Briand's application of his theories a modification of action so distinct that, even while he was demanding complete separation of the Church and State, his associates of the Extreme Left became mistrustful of his tendency, and when finally, having proceeded step by step toward Conservatism, he

prevented just such a strike as he had formerly encouraged by threatening to fetch the railway men under control of the State by conscription, he was denounced violently as a renegade, only to light a fresh cigarette and shrug his broad shoulders.

"Look," he smilingly suggested the other day to friends who had congratulated him upon his break with the Socialists, "at poor Paul Boncourt, entangled in the Socialist organization when he could have progressed much better if, like me, he had become an honest renegade!"

A highly characteristic remark, if ever one was made, revealing both candor and confession, pregnant with meaning, and yet so wholly devoid of sting as to evoke response only of humorous appreciation from his old friend, such as he himself would have made in like circumstances, since he has never been known to cherish resentment against even the most virulent of the many enemies he has made during his stormy career. Some attribute this admirable trait to his philosophy of living; others more frankly, and not without vestige of justification, ascribe it to sheer laziness; none in any case denies his indolence or his indifference to public acclaim. More than once he has connived at resignation simply because he was bored and wanted to withdraw to his little farm in Normandy and recline for hours under trees lining the banks of a tiny stream, apparently fishing but actually smoking and sleeping alternately until dusk should set him trudging home with basket either empty or forgotten and left behind.

Like Mr. Lloyd George, M. Briand never reads the newspapers, but, unlike his astute contemporary, he has no *précis* of their contents prepared for his inspection by capable secretaries. He reads no books; he possesses none. Like our own most remarkable journalist of his time, Samuel Bowles, he gleans essential information from the utterances of others who have laboriously mastered subjects under consideration. One day, long ago, the scholarly Freycinct delivered a long address elaborating all aspects of a certain question with extraordinary skill and comprehensiveness, but so monotonously that his exposition made no impression upon his wearied auditors.

When others had spoken and the end of the discussion was approaching, M. Briand arose and enchained the attention of all

with an oration charged with profundity and teeming with eloquence.

"What a remarkable fellow he is!" exclaimed Freycinct. "How was it possible for him to make so brilliant a speech upon such a topic?"

"It is quite simple," his colleague replied. "He knew nothing about the matter when he came here; he got it all from you an hour ago."

Just as many writers, among them the unassuming novice who now sits before you, never know where pens once taken in hand may lead them, M. Briand never can tell what he is going to say when he rises to speak. Intuition furnishes the key, memory the facts, logic the argument, and a veritable gift the persuasive expression which has reversed the attitude of many a Chamber.

Talking is his delight. With unsurpassed readiness of wit and suavity of humor serving as a background, he exudes aptness, drollery, satire, brightness, brilliancy and wisdom with voice, eyes and gesturing hands in joint and constant play, yet as simply and unaffectedly as the great Benjamin Franklin himself, his only real rival in history as the idol of the drawing rooms of Paris; the two incidentally alike in preferring no favorites, although differing in that our own hero took unto himself a thrifty wife for what Mr. Hoover would call economic reasons while Aristides the Second, from sheer apathy, has never married at all, and recently created a sensation by reaching from his tiptoes in a railway station to touch with silken moustache both cheeks of the statuesquely beautiful wife of the prim, monocled British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—a unique exploit which even the most audacious of Frenchmen would hardly have essayed and could not have achieved without the coöperation of the tactful English gentlewoman herself, who was obliged perforce to incline her head in the interest of patriotism and the *entente cordiale.*

This pleasing episode so firmly established the success of the Locarno conference that Mr. Chamberlain was accorded a Knighthood, a Garter and a dinner at Guildhall, and his vicariously sacrificial helpmate was created by His grateful Majesty a Dame Commander of the British Empire.

That these honors were well earned all agree. The straight-

forward, honest minded, humorless statesman from the Pittsburgh of England, at a single session, succeeded where the adroit Welsh politician and the imperious aristocrat had failed lamentably in similar attempts at *rapprochement*, following unceasingly one after another through a period of years. And yet, as Sir Austen himself would be the first to admit, his efforts, too, would have proved utterly futile but for the invincible resolution and extraordinary suppleness of the more adept and appealing fisher of men, no less than of trout, from the meadows of Normandy. Well might Mr. Sisley Huddleston, the keenest observer at Locarno, exclaim: "Has there ever been a more striking example of the influence of a single man for good? I must not be misunderstood as minimizing the highly important rôle of the German Chancellor and Foreign Minister, or the magnificent coöperation of the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs. But when all the tributes are paid, it remains the indisputable truth that the leading figure in the negotiations for the Peace Pact, and the leading figure in the pacification of the Balkans, was the Frenchman, Briand."

When, at a critical stage of the negotiations, the conference seemed doomed to failure the resourceful "Frenchman, Briand," in unconscious emulation of the sagacious American, Lincoln, told an amusing and wholly irrelevant story, relaxing the tension and permitting an adjournment which saved the situation and afforded him an opportunity to take Dr. Luther for a drive along the shore of the lake to an unfrequented café, where for an hour or more the two sat upon wooden benches, draining many steins of beer and chatting amiably. What was said upon this historic occasion nobody knows, but a shrewd surmise may be adventured from the remark of M. Briand while the agreements were being signed in London, when he turned directly to the German delegates and said ingratiatingly, in terms deftly combining self-respect and gratifying compliment:

"I am a good Frenchman, you are good Germans. Without renouncing our patriotism, we may both be good Europeans."

Four years ago M. Briand would have been execrated by his countrymen for thus tacitly placing the Huns on a plane with themselves, but when, after having bided his time with a patience

unsurpassed by Job's and hardly equalled by Mr. John D. Rockefeller's, he courageously swept away the animosities that barred the path to peace and returned to Paris, he was greeted by a huge delegation of blind, legless and armless soldiers grouped under a resplendent banner bearing this inscription:

> "Welcome to the Man Who Has Insured Our Children
> Against the Misfortunes Which Have Befallen Us."

Deeply touched by this surprising tribute, the happy recipient hailed it as heralding "The Spirit of Locarno", and thereby coined a phrase whose influence upon future conferences cannot be measured, but was felt and revealed immediately by the German people as interpreted by the caricaturists of their Press, who forthwith became "as gentle with M. Briand and as unsparing with Herren Luther and Stresemann as the cartoonists of any other nationality."

"Without overemphasizing it," declared the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, "this kindly treatment of Briand is an obvious indication of a pleasanter popular mood toward France in Germany, dating from the time when men like Herriot, Painlevé, and Briand rose to power. Popular sentiment reveals itself more frankly and unaffectedly in caricature than in political editorials. The opinion it crystallizes in respect to Briand is, to put it baldly: a shrewd, sly old weazel, but no wolf. This is a radical change from the familiar German caricature of Poincaré, which represents him with a bitter, nutcracker face."

To be depicted as cunning and carnivorous and accustomed to prey upon others incapable of defending themselves would not ordinarily be considered a pretty compliment, but it so far surpasses in considerateness anything that has emanated from Germany since the armistice that relatively it must be reckoned a distinct advance from contumacy toward courtesy. In any case there can be no doubt that the German people feel far more kindly disposed to the present Premier than to any of his predecessors, and there is fair reason to believe that today he would receive a cordial welcome if circumstances should make advisable a visit to Berlin.

His position in England, too, as well as throughout the Con-

tinent, even in Italy, is now so fully assured that he was fully warranted in declaring solemnly, though not menacingly, to a largely hostile Chamber when he resumed control, "If you overthrow us now, the outcome will be a calamity to the country." For that reason, he implored the Deputies to "rise above party divisions," to the end that public confidence might be regained, and calmly announced that his Government would hold fast so long as it could muster "a majority of one," and that one himself. He did not need to say that he was not actuated by personal ambition, but he did not fail to add, at the close of the all-night sitting, the most effective and significant utterance in his long career:

"For the first time in my life, I cling to Power."

For himself? No. For his country? Yes. The Deputies knew, and knew that the people knew, that this was the simple truth. For that reason, and for no other, up to the day of this writing, all attempts, a few open and many furtive, to dislodge him have failed. When challenged to produce evidence of his possession of the slightest knowledge of national finances, successful reorganization of which was essential to the very life of the Republic, he replied frankly:

"I know nothing about money? How could I? I have never had any. I have none now. I do not know the difference between a stock and a bond. I must learn."

The answer sufficed. His ignorance was shared by a vast majority of the electors. They also could not tell the difference between "a stock and a bond" and they had come to distrust those who could and whom they suspected of having used their superior knowledge to mulct them. What they did comprehend more acutely than any other people on earth was the relative purchasing power of the small hoards of gold in their stockings and their large stores of printed paper in glass jars impregnable to attacks by predatory mice. M. Loucheur was an adept guardian of the "securities" of the rich, but M. Briand would be the more efficient caretaker of the savings of the poor. M. Loucheur, then Minister of Finance, was deposed; M. Briand remains. Upon his shoulders and his alone rests the twofold burden of resolving simultaneously both the domestic and foreign problems of France.

Of the two the former is imminent. Billions of francs must be obtained promptly to avert the crash of bankruptcy of a nation whose people paradoxically were never before so rich and prosperous. Who will furnish them? Abroad there appears no sign of support. For the time being France has forfeited her credit. Other countries cannot be expected to help one whose own citizens, though fully able to do so, refuse to help themselves. Thus far M. Briand's appeals to the patriotism of his countrymen have fallen upon deafened ears. Nothing short of fright apparently can unlock the vaults and untie the stockings, and M. Briand naturally hesitates to use a weapon which tends rather to intensify than to mitigate cupidity.

Reluctantly and regretfully, moreover, he must have come to realize that he is powerless to regain credit by proffering terms of settlement of external obligations that would not be acceptable to England and America and least of all to France. So perforce at this writing we must leave him striving persistently but, it would seem, hopelessly, to make bricks without straw.

M. Briand's foreign problems are less pressing, but it is a mistake to assume that the Locarno conference produced actual settlements of tangible value. It merely opened the way to further discussion, from bases of equality, of means of a practical and enduring nature. Already Germany is demanding payment for condescending to join the League of Nations as an essential factor in ensuring peace. Not only does she insist upon "accepting" her share of mandates, notably over her forfeited Colonies, but again she raises "the question of war guilt", ostensibly as a sop to her *amour propre*, but really to wipe off the slate all obligations assumed by her under the Treaty of Versailles, which stupidly based her promise to pay reparations, not as a consequence of the right of the victors to exact them, but because she instigated the war. Obviously recognition of her blamelessness, as a gracious concession to her national sensitiveness or for any reason whatsoever, would reduce the entire Treaty to the familiar "scrap of paper" and relieve her of all liabilities assumed under the Dawes and all other plans.

True, the German statesmen do not go so far as to require unquestioning acquiescence in their proposal, but they do or will

soon call for discussion before a neutral tribunal and thus win admission at least of a doubt and possibly a modification designed to serve equally, or at the worst partially, their artful purpose.

Despite the active participation of the United States in constructing the Treaty, it is unlikely that this country would be drawn into distasteful discussion of this "moral issue" of war guilt in the League Assembly, of which happily she is not yet a member, but the question of her responsibility if it should be passed on to the World Court seems not to have been considered in the recent Senate debate.

The proposal itself is not new. It was advanced tentatively years ago, only to be disdainfully rejected without argument by M. Poincaré, and it would not now be worthy of mention but for the widespread propaganda accompanying it and the plain indication it affords of continuing obduracy on the part of Germany. Other prospective "suggestions" of even more disturbing nature have already been hinted as likely to emanate from the same source but without sufficient explicitness as yet to call for enumeration.

Is Aristide Briand equal to the stupendous task of reconciling a continent? Can he translate into actual achievement the "spirit of Locarno"? Is it within the range of his possibilities to play successfully the rôle of Peacemaker which others more ambitious and in many respects more able than he have essayed in vain? Will his intuition prove more effective than the erudition of Wilson or the dexterity of Lloyd George? Is his human instinct divinely inspirational?

Upon the answers which he alone can give to these searching questions depends the immediate future, not merely of one country, even his own, but of all countries comprising the civilized world.

"In the twentieth century," wrote Victor Hugo many years ago, "there will be an extraordinary nation. That nation will be great and it will be free. She will be illustrious, rich, intelligent, pacific, cordial to the rest of humanity. She will have the sweet gravity of an elder sister. She will be astonished at the glory of conic projectiles and she will find it difficult to see any difference between an army General and a butcher. The purple

of the one will not appear unlike the red of the other. A battle between Italians and Germans, between British and Russians, between Prussians and French, will be as absurd as a battle between the Picards and the Burgundians. She will find stupid the oscillation of victory which invariably leads to another upset of the equilibrium; Waterloo always following Austerlitz.

"This country," he continues, "will not be called France; it will be called Europe in the twentieth century, and later, still more transfigured, it will be called Humanity."

Was this vision truly prophetic? Did it foreshadow an apostle? Who can say?

One fact is positive. Far and away beyond all others in authority, Aristide Briand personifies Humanity, and the supreme goal of his hope, in the interest of peace, is a United States of Europe, not jealously political but mutually helpful, to act as a counterbalance to, and a coöperator with, the United States of America in stabilizing conditions of amity and concord throughout the world. So far from resenting or deprecating such an aspiration, as Europe seems to imagine they might, the American people will hail it as noble and will bid Godspeed to the man who would supplant both force and chicanery with the loving-kindness of an Abraham Lincoln.

OUR AFRICAN COTTON RIVALS

BY PIERRE CRABITÈS

Judge of the Mixed Tribunal of Cairo, Egypt

Born and reared on the banks of the Mississippi and called by my official duties to live in the valley of the Nile, I think in terms of cotton. As soon as I heard that Lord Allenby, then British High Commissioner at Cairo, had issued orders that the Sudan Government was authorized to draw from the Nile as much water as it might require for irrigation purposes, my thoughts turned towards the fleecy staple. I visualized the possibility of at least a million more bales being thrown upon the market. I knew what this would do to the price of the raw product. I saw the reaction which this would have upon the economic wealth of the South.

In order that I may make my meaning clear I must wander a little into history and take a side step into geography. Our great American continent lies so very far away from Africa and we have so many problems of our own that I cannot expect my fellow countrymen to follow me unless I lay my predicate, as the college professor expresses it. It is hard for us to believe that anything can menace our hegemony. We have accomplished so much that we are inclined to look upon the sky as our limit. But as this cotton question touches directly every man, woman and child in Dixieland, and indirectly the entire 110,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, it may not be amiss to delve for a few moments both into the past and into Darkest Africa.

I

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, or literally the Black Country, is that territory bounded by Egypt on the north, Uganda on the south, the Red Sea, Eritrea and Abyssinia on the east, and the French Sahara and the Belgian Congo on the west. Through it flow the three principal tributaries of the Nile: the Atbara and

the Blue Nile, which rise in Abyssinia, and the White Nile which has its source in Uganda. The White and Blue Niles unite at Khartoum to form the main river, into which the Atbara falls some 200 miles further north. From the point where the White Nile enters the Sudan to the Egyptian frontier is over 2,000 miles. The "Black Country" is therefore twice as big as Germany and France together. It is practically as large as the cotton belt of the United States.

When the British in June, 1882, occupied Egypt, the nominal authority of the Khedive extended over this vast area. But the worst forms of misgovernment there obtained. The rich soil on the banks of the Nile which had once been highly cultivated was abandoned. To quote the graphic language of Lord Cromer, "there was not a dog to howl for a lost master. Industry had vanished; oppression had driven the inhabitants from the soil. The entire country was leased out to piratical slave-hunters under the name of traders, by the Khartoum Government".

Shortly before the English landed their troops at Alexandria a revolt broke out in the Sudan, led by Muhammed Ahmed, the son of a Dongola carpenter. He proclaimed himself to be the Mahdi or Messiah of his people. The masses flocked to his standard. The Egyptian troops were unable to resist him. The Mahdi pressed forward and menaced Khartoum. The Khedive sent General Gordon to bring help to the beleaguered garrison. But the tragic end of that heroic soldier in 1885 closed a sad chapter in the history of the Sudan. Egypt was forced to withdraw from that country and to fix her southern boundary at Wadi Halfa.

For ten years Dervish hordes led by the Khalifa Abdullah, who had succeeded the Mahdi, ravaged the land which had surrendered to the forces of anarchy. But during this time British statesmanship was not idle. On the contrary it recognized the fact that the most efficient way to reconquer the Sudan was to reorganize the finances of Egypt. It therefore allowed the "Black Country" to stew in its own juice until Lord Cromer got the Egyptian treasury into a condition of impregnable security. In the meantime British military experts took the army of the Khedive in hand and made of it an efficient fighting force. By 1896 it was felt that all preliminaries were ready and it was

decided to embark on the reconquest of the Sudan. The Dongola province was occupied, and in due course Sir Herbert Kitchener won the battle of Omdurman, annihilated the Dervishes, and became Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

II

The Sudan having been reconquered, it was therefore decided that the new administration should create a partnership between England and Egypt for the government of the territory which this spirit of coöperation had redeemed. The country was accordingly officially designated as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. A treaty was also drafted which provides that:

(1) the British and Egyptian flags should be used throughout the Sudan;

(2) the supreme military and civil command should be vested in an officer termed "the Governor-General of the Sudan" and to be appointed by Khedivial decree on the recommendation of the British Government; and

(3) proclamations of the Governor-General should have the force of the law.

This agreement, which created what has come to be known as the Anglo-Egyptian condominium, was signed in 1899. It is still in force. Under it everything worked out admirably until England, on February 28, 1922, announced that she abolished, in principle, her Egyptian Protectorate. From that day to this the fat has been in the fire. The condominium set up no claim to a share of the water of the Nile for the Sudan, even although that stream flows for two thousand miles across Sudan territory and for but one thousand miles across Egyptian soil. The Sudan, in other words, was for centuries but an aqueduct through which the Nile carried water to Egypt. Lord Cromer, whose personality dominated Egypt and the Sudan, did nothing to disturb what may be styled the *de facto* status of Nile water rights. On the contrary the benevolent autocrat of the Valley of the Nile gave the seal of his approval to existing conditions. This was done in no uncertain terms as early as 1903. At that time it was proposed to produce in the Sudan by irrigation exportable crops such

as sugar and cotton. The Anglo-Egyptian partnership did not then hold that as a riparian proprietor it had a right to draw water for its own purposes. Far from proceeding upon this theory, "as the available supply was strictly limited," writes Sir Murdoch Macdonald, then British Adviser to the Egyptian Ministry for Public Works, "an agreement was entered into between the Sudan and Egyptian Governments provisionally fixing the Sudan areas which could draw summer water at 10,000 feddans (approximately 10,000 acres). When the Assuan Dam was heightened a new agreement raised this figure to 20,000."

The jealousy with which Lord Cromer safeguarded the principle of the Nile water monopoly of Egypt is readily understood when it is borne in mind that that country was the apple of the eye of her Regenerator. He had found Egypt a hopeless bankrupt, torn asunder by anarchy and drifting towards perdition. He made of her rejuvenation his life work. He conquered the Sudan in order to safeguard Egypt. Until February 28, 1922, when the British abolished their Protectorate over Egypt, the Nile was looked upon by England, by Egypt and by the Sudan as Egypt's river. Egypt was the exclusive beneficiary of this franchise, except to the limited extent that the Sudan had been graciously permitted to irrigate a small tract of land. Nothing was done officially until November 22, 1924, to impair the Nile water tradition which had become the cornerstone of the relation between Egypt and the Sudan.

III

Sir Lee Stack, the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Sudan, was assassinated on November 18, 1924. This brutal murder shocked the entire newspaper reading public of the whole world. It was a wanton crime, as stupid as it was cruel. It sent to an untimely grave a lovable Irish gentleman, a man overflowing with human kindness, generous to a fault, as brave as a lion and withal as gentle as a woman. I knew him but slightly, but there was something so contagious about his personality, something so irresistible about his smile, in a word something so very magnetic about him, that though I was in

America when he passed away I felt a sense of personal bereavement at his loss. I, therefore, can readily understand how so eminently human a diplomatist as Lord Allenby, the British High Commissioner at Cairo, felt when the bleeding body of his friend and fellow soldier was carried to the Residency on that fateful day. The hero of Jerusalem saw, and I admire him for so seeing, that this was not the time to mince words, it was not the moment to seek for euphemistic phrases or to cover a mailed fist with a velvet glove. It was the hour when a spade should be called a spade, when an honorable man was entitled to curse, and when the strongest language was the only appropriate mode of speech. Lord Allenby rose to the occasion, as he has risen to every emergency which it has been his lot to face. Englishmen who are in a position to know what goes on behind the scenes have assured me that his ire was epic in its righteous fury. It appears that certain Egyptians who called on him to express their sympathy received a raking over the coals which was as sincere as it was unexpected. Receiving what he did not consider an adequate reply, he forthwith advised the Egyptian authorities that "instructions are being sent to the Sudan Government:

"Firstly, to effect the withdrawal from the Sudan of all Egyptian officers and purely Egyptian units of the Egyptian Army," and

"Secondly, that the Sudan Government is at liberty to increase the area to be irrigated at Gezira from 300,000 feddans to an unlimited figure as the need may arise."

The first part of this order deals with a matter which does not concern me. The second part of it is the pivot around which my story revolves.

As soon as the Egyptian public heard of this ultimatum it was flabbergasted, dumbfounded, petrified. The fine of 500,000 Egyptian pounds ($2,300,000) which Lord Allenby had assessed upon Egypt as punitive damages for the assassination of the Sirdar, was paid without hesitation and almost without a flicker. The money was in the bank. To withdraw it was a mere matter of bookkeeping which interested the Ministry of Finance, but which did not make any impression upon the *fellah*. But when Lord Allenby spoke in terms of water, his language went home

to every man and woman in Egypt. He touched upon the one subject which every Egyptian understands. And rightfully so, for, withdraw the water of the Nile from the Delta of Egypt, and its verdant fields will turn over night into a barren waste. The country is practically rainless. Without the Nile it would again become a desert—"for dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return".

I know that lawyers may argue that the Allenby ultimatum evolved a form of chastisement unknown to the penal code. I am aware of the fact that Edmund Burke insisted that he did not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people. I do not attempt to controvert either of these propositions. All that I say is that the British were face to face with a condition and not with a theory. At least forty Englishmen had been sniped in broad daylight during the eighteen months which preceded the Stack murder. The killings had taken place in frequented parts of Cairo. The murderers wore no masks, and yet no witnesses could be found to identify any of them. Something had to be done, and this "water cure" was the most effective available remedy. But it was drastic. It turned the Egyptian water monopoly into a Sudan water monopoly. It did more than this; it potentially condemned 14,000,000 people to famine. It made future generations responsible for the crimes committed in 1924.

Strictly speaking, I am in no sense concerned with the punishment meted out to Egypt. If I have spoken of the matter at all it is only because the Southern States of the American Union are about to be made to suffer for the assassination of the Sirdar. Assuredly they had nothing to do with the crime. I, as a Southerner, cannot see them dealt a body blow without raising my voice. To make my meaning clear, to drive home my point, I shall be forced to examine in some detail the available water supply of the Nile. It may appear, at first blush, as if I am pleading Egypt's case. I shall not do so. I am thinking only of my own flesh and blood. Every argument which I may adduce has but one impelling cause and but one aim—to save Louisiana and her sister States from paying the penalty for a crime committed by others.

IV

The ukase of November 22, 1924, had two main objectives. In the first place it was desired to put the fear of God into the breasts of the Egyptians. This result was obtained. In the second instance it was deemed opportune to strike while the iron was hot and to reverse with one stroke the former British policy in regard to Nile water.

But when the morrow afforded time for reflection it was perceived that an official undertaking given by the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, in the British House of Commons on February 28, 1922, made it extremely difficult for England to enforce the letter of this "right about face" order. It will be recalled that Downing Street had evolved for Egypt a new form of sovereignty, that of independence "with reservations". In giving birth to this *rara avis* Mr. Lloyd George said:

> The final clause of the Declaration defines the special relations between His Majesty's Government and Egypt. It declares that the following four points are absolutely reserved to the discretion of His Majesty's Government:
>
> (a) The security of the communications of the British Empire in Egypt;
>
> (b) The defence of Egypt against all foreign aggression or interference direct or indirect;
>
> (c) The protection of foreign interests in Egypt and the protection of minorities, and
>
> (d) The Sudan.
>
> We are prepared to make agreements with the Egyptian Government upon these matters in a spirit of mutual accommodation whenever a favorable opportunity arises for the conclusion of such agreements. But until such agreements, satisfactory both to ourselves and to the Egyptian Government, are concluded, the *status quo* will remain intact.

This meant in plain language, that until London and Cairo got together, the Sudan had to remain the tail to Egypt's kite, come what may, come what will. I mean by this that the British Foreign Office so construed its own words as soon as it recovered from the shock of the Stack crime.

Ziwar Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, an Egyptian patriot and in no sense unfriendly to England, wrote to Lord Allenby that the water clause in the ultimatum had aroused very great anxiety in Egypt. He reminded the High Commissioner

that the Egyptian Government had always maintained that the development of the Sudan should not be of a nature to harm irrigation in Egypt or to prejudice the future projects which were necessary to meet her rapidly increasing population. He added that he believed that he was not mistaken in affirming that this principle had been fully admitted by His Britannic Majesty's Government, and he therefore invited the High Commissioner to revoke the instructions given to the Sudan:

> Lord Allenby replied that the British Government has no intention of trespassing on the natural historic rights of Egypt in the waters of the Nile and in giving instructions to the Sudan Government the British Government had intended that they be construed in this sense. Moved by these considerations His Majesty's Government was disposed to direct the Sudan Government not to give effect to the previous instructions regarding the unlimited development of the Gezira mentioned in the note of November 22, on the understanding that an expert committee composed of Mr. J. J. Canter Cremers, as Chairman, who has been chosen by an agreement between the two Governments, Mr. R. H. McGregor, British delegate, and Abd el Hamid Pasha Suleiman, who had been selected by the Egyptian Government, shall meet not later than February 15, for the purpose of examining the subject and proposing a basis on which irrigation can be carried out with full consideration for the interests of Egypt and without detriment to her natural historic rights.

In commenting upon this correspondence the semi-official *London Times* points out that the water of the Blue Nile, at its low stage, had in the past been earmarked for the Sudan by eminent irrigation authorities, and that the White Nile had been similarly attributed to Egypt. The article adds that—

> the only justification for the appointment of the new commission can be the hope that its recommendations will lead to the final settlement to the mutual satisfaction of both countries of a question that has been allowed to lose its purely technical character and embitter their relations. Such a settlement would take the form of a friendly agreement between Egypt and the Sudan which would establish the vested rights of each, lay down a system for the allocation of available and future supplies of water, and set up machinery whereby the agreement should be interpreted, differences of opinion between the two Governments adjusted, further conservation works decided upon and the proportion of their cost allotted to the two countries.

I have burdened my text with these quotations because I have felt that the documents should speak for themselves. I have

thought, however, that it might be interesting to see what the semi-official *London Times* has had to say about the matter. It is so often inspired that laymen are entitled to attach importance to its statements. I must hasten to add, nevertheless, that the Mr. Cremers who was made Chairman of this Board was a Hollander. He was a consulting Engineer attached to the Dutch Ministry of Waterways and Dutch Delegate on the Central Commission of the Rhine. His credentials were therefore of the highest quality. But why this post was taken away from the United States is a mystery to me. Perhaps, I should not say that this billet "was taken away from the United States", but here are the facts. During the latter years of the war a bitter controversy went on as to projects for augmenting the Nile Water supply. Two distinguished Englishmen fought to the knife and from the knife to the hilt. Egyptian public opinion was very much interested in the controversy as one of the two antagonists, Sir William Willcocks, an engineer of repute and of high character, charged the British Adviser to the Egyptian Ministry of Public Works with having prepared plans for conservation work on the upper Nile based upon erroneous data. The discussion widened, and Lord Allenby in the autumn of 1919 appointed a commission to inquire into the whole water problem, except that of a division of the supply between Egypt and the Sudan. This issue was not submitted. In those days, just after the Armistice, all thoughts turned to America as the one and only place to seek the "foreign" member of this commission. The outstanding ability of Mr. H. T. Cory, of California, called his name to the attention of the Anglo-Egyptian authorities. He was chosen. He fulfilled his mission with the success characteristic of all of his work. I have repeatedly heard both Englishmen and Egyptians speak in the highest terms of his services. His report submitted, Mr. Cory returned to the United States. Of course neither he nor any American had a right of preëmption to a seat upon the new Board, but it does seem passing strange that in 1924 a Dutchman should have been called to fill a post that public opinion forced upon an American in 1919.

It was desired that this new commission submit its report before June 30, 1925. It got down to its task, but in April

typhoid fever overtook Mr. Cremers and all work stopped. On June 23, 1925, he died. Mr. McGregor had in the meantime returned to Europe. In view of Mr. Cremers's death it is impossible to say when the report will be ready.

V

I have no inside knowledge as to what form the report of the Commission may take. Will it recognize what Lord Allenby's letter of January 26, 1925, describes as "Egyptian interests and historic rights"? Or will it, as *The London Times* expressed it, propose a settlement which "would take the form of a friendly agreement between Egypt and the Sudan, which would establish the vested rights of each (and) lay down a system for the allocation of the available and future supplies of water"? I do not know. I am not a prophet. I try to interpret the past and to understand the present. The future lies beyond my ken.

But the official reports of the former British Adviser to the Egyptian Ministry of Public Works, Sir Murdoch Macdonald, have taught me two things:

(1) the quantity of water in the Nile, and

(2) the present and eventual water requirements of Egypt.

From this official data I learn that there is not enough water in the Nile—whether one speaks of available or of future supplies—to answer the requirements of both Egypt and of the Sudan. There is not enough to fill Egypt's eventual needs. There was not enough in 1914 to answer Egypt's demands as then existing.

Egypt may be literally described as "the river, which is Egypt", meaning the soil formed by the deposit of the silt-laden annual flood. The main part of this land is the Delta, or Lower Egypt, which is triangular in shape. Its apex is at Cairo, its base on the Mediterranean sea. Its area is about 4,800,000 acres or feddans, of which 3,000,000 are cultivated. In the reaches from Cairo to the Sudan frontier there are about 2,500,000 acres or feddans of arable soil, of which 2,200,000 are now cultivated. Thus the combined area of all of the Nile lands of Egypt totals about 7,300,000 acres, of which approximately 5,200,000 are now under the plow.

VI

This article deals with cotton. I therefore hasten to give the figures as to cotton cultivation in Egypt. Here they are:

Year	Acreage
1920	1,827,868
1921	1,289,805
1922	1,800,843
1923	1,715,150
1924	1,787,843

As at present 5,200,000 acres are being tilled, it follows that in round figures 30 per cent. of this acreage is now under cotton culture. The crops produced since 1920 have been as follows:

Year	American Production	
	Bales	Per Acre
1920	996,478	0.54
1921	1,061,476	0.82
1922	1,329,907	0.73
1923	1,293,882	0.75
1924	1,384,589	0.77

It has already been pointed that Egypt still has 2,100,000 acres which have not yet been utilized. Of this, however, 200,000 in the lake zone of Lower Egypt should be reserved for pisciculture. This reduces the net available maximum increase of cultivation in Egypt to 1,900,000 feddans or acres.

Now, Egypt has a population of 14,000,000 souls. They and their cattle must be fed. The *fellah*, therefore, raises sugar, wheat, corn, rice, onions, barley and clover. These crops absorb approximately 70 per cent of the present cultivated surface of the country. It is reasonable to suppose that this proportion of 70 per cent. for the general crops and of 30 per cent. for cotton will be maintained even when, at some future date, the entire available superficies of the land pays tribute to the farmer. This means that in round figures 570,000 more acres will, in time, be put under cotton cultivation.

During the last five years the Egyptian *fellah* has got out of

his soil an average yield of 0.72 of an American bale per acre. This implies that he, or his child or his grandson, should be able to increase the Egyptian cotton production by 410,400 bales, if all goes well. In other words the spot market of the future must count upon an Egyptian supply of approximately 1,800,000 bales.

Of course, I know that boll weevils and other pests may make my calculations appear like the dream of a theorist. But I do not think these agricultural hazards weaken the salient point of my argument, for, whether the Nile water goes to Egypt or to the Sudan, the same element of risk exists. I know for instance that Egyptian cotton is attacked by what is popularly called the "pink worm". I am advised that the Sudan is menaced by the aphis which deposits honey dew on a relatively large scale and thus suffocates the plant. It therefore follows that as a practical proposition the insect peril exists both in Egypt and the Sudan. All of these statistics lead up to one fact. Egypt as an eventual cotton entity represents a territory of approximately 2,570,000 acres capable of raising about 1,800,000 American bales of cotton. What can the Sudan produce?

If the independence of Egypt means what the words imply, the English cannot linger long in this country. A corollary to this will be that the irrigation system of Egypt will pass into native hands. Will this purely local administration, if it come about, make it possible for the Egypt of the future to produce 1,800,000 American bales of cotton? To answer this question would be to indulge in prophecy. I do know, however, that if the Sudan gets, as *The London Times* inferred that she will obtain, an adequate allocation of Nile water, English engineers will drive the last pound of efficiency out of every cubic yard of water meted out to the "Black Country". There is, accordingly, a possible element of personal equation which may enter into any computations which may be made.

In returning to my narrative I deem it necessary to speak of quality before I touch upon quantity. I thought for a time that good cotton could not be grown south of the thirtieth degree of north latitude. New Orleans is just south of this parallel. The country tributary to my native city is farmed in sugar and rice. Very little cotton is grown south of Baton Rouge. I had under-

stood, in a vague way, that this was because cotton was not at its best quite so far south. When I reached Egypt I soon learned that an admirable staple was grown several hundred miles south of this dividing line. But certain preconceived ideas are most tenacious.

When, therefore, I determined to look into the Sudan question I requested the experts consulted by me to be most careful as I had an idea that the Sudan could not produce a high grade article. I have received unequivocal written assurances from an agronomist who has produced the actual stuff on the spot, that in the Gezira district of the Sudan the "ordinary American variety" and all Egyptian grades are successfully grown.

I shall not speak of the American plant. Of the Egyptian I feel that I may well say a word. It produces four varieties: (1) the *Sakellaridis;* (2) the *Assili;* (3) the *Affifi*, and (4) the *Ashmouni.*

With the exception of American sea island cotton, which is in a class all by itself, the *Sakellaridis* is, I am assured by competent authority, the longest, finest, strongest and whitest grade in the world. The *Ashmouni*, which is the most inferior of the Egyptian supply, in ordinary years brings in the Liverpool market 20 per cent. more than the average American output.

I am assured that the Sudan *Sakellaridis* and *Assili* are not equal to the best of the similar Egyptian variety, but that the best Sudan *Sakellaridis* and *Assili* are equivalent to the medium Egyptian stock of this same grade. On the other hand the *Affifi* and *Ashmouni* run to the same standard as in Egypt. This means that the Lower Nile Valley can put upon the market a better staple than anything we can produce outside of the Sea Islands—always assuming my information to be accurate.

When one considers the marvellous fertility of the Nile Valley, this should not be considered surprising. Man tickles the earth and it laughs into a golden harvest. A group of influential British capitalists commonly known as a Syndicate has for several years been fully aware of this fact. It helped to put through the British Parliament a bill whereby England guaranteed a Sudan bond issue of £3,000,000, which has been applied to building the Sennaar Dam which is now ready for business. These financiers bought up what is known as the Gezira Province of the Sudan.

They have converted it into a closed corporation, or, to be more accurate, they have made it impossible for any one to buy any land in the Gezira. These men have been calling out for water for years, but until their Sennaar Dam neared completion their cries were premonitory symptoms rather than an urgent appeal for help.

Luckily for them, the stupid killing of the chivalrous Stack happened just when the construction work near their property was practically finished.

It is therefore clear that the Sudan has both the grade of cotton which counts and a capitalistic group to make the most of these natural advantages. It remains only to inquire as to how many bales this ideal combination can produce.

VII

I do not know the area of all the cultivable land in the Sudan. It is estimated at not less than 35,000,000 acres of good arable soil. I shall concentrate my attention on the Gezira. That is where the heavy investments have been made. There is where the driving force of the Sudan cotton industry is settled. Here I have something concrete with which to deal. I am not in the domain of fanciful conceptions but face to face with a reality which is determined that Manchester shall get its cotton within the British Empire.

The area of the Gezira between Khartoum and the railroad line which crosses the province is 5,000,000 acres. Of this 3,000,000 can be irrigated by the Sennaar Dam; that is to say, a portion of these 3,000,000 acres can be put under cotton beginning in 1926, should all the "water of the Blue Nile be earmarked for the Sudan". There is no reason why every square yard of this immense tract should not be devoted to cotton. If, as some say, there is enough water in the Nile in ordinary years to supply the present requirements of Egypt and at the same time to irrigate the Gezira, it follows that the Southern States of America will be called upon within a few years to face an additional cotton supply of 2,160,000 American bales.

In fixing this figure I use the Egyptian production per acre as my basis. It does not, however, allow for an increased Egyp-

tian output nor does it take into consideration that the Sudan will never agree to limit its cultivation to so small an acreage, once it is started on the high road to wealth. If this eventuality of increased cotton acreage comes about, it will spell ruin for the American cotton planter, not tomorrow perhaps but before the young men of today shall have passed away.

If, as I firmly believe, there is not enough water in the Nile in low years to deviate a drop from Egypt without jeopardizing her existence, and if the policy foreshadowed in *The London Times* be adopted, it will mean (1) famine in Egypt and (2) reduced prices for American cotton. I shall not attempt to prove why I think that there is not enough water for Egypt to spare a mouthful in low years. Suffice it to say that if the entire Egyptian acreage now under cotton cultivation, which consisted in 1924 of 1,787,843 feddans, were wiped out, the Southern planter would still be penalized for the Stack murder. This absolute elimination of Egyptian cotton production to make way for a syndicate of British capitalists is not going to occur. Such things do not happen. The British are too just to consent to make an arid desert of the Delta of the Nile in order to cause the upper stretches of that river to blossom like a rose and incidentally to enrich a syndicate of capitalists.

But, I repeat, should the entire Egyptian cotton crop disappear (and it will not), the increased African cotton acreage would still be 1,212,157 feddans. To get this result I subtract from the 3,000,000 acres Gezira tract now ready for the plow and lying opposite the Dam "earmarked for the Sudan" the 1,787,843 feddans (or acres) which Egypt had under cotton in 1924. This difference, upon the basis of the results obtained during the last five years, represents a Sword of Damocles in round figures of 970,000 American bales, enough to turn any Bull market into a Bear feast.

But it is the possibility of unlimited expansion which sharpens this sword and makes of it a guillotine. Nor must this salient point be forgotten. It is the essence of my argument: Egypt needs foodstuffs. Seventy per cent. of her soil is applied to filling her stomach and but thirty per cent. is devoted to clothing her body. The money back of the Sudan development will be applied

entirely to cotton. No seventy per cent. and thirty per cent. will be tolerated there. The Sudan and Egypt both lie in Africa. So does the Nile. It is immaterial to the American cotton planter whether a bale reach the spinner marked "Egypt" or labelled "Sudan". But it does make a difference to him to know that cotton producing Nile-Africa will, in all probability, cease to be a seventy per cent.-thirty per cent. country and become for immense stretches a one hundred per cent. cotton land. Admitting, therefore, that every other deduction drawn by me be fallacious; that the Nile beginning in 1926 will irrigate the same number of acres as in the past; the very fact that the seventy per cent. food production can no longer be counted upon accentuates the gravity of the problem.

VIII

But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The Sudan is face to face with a great scarcity of labor. The Syndicate will have a hard time getting hands to sow its fields and to pick its cotton. Besides, the temperature runs so high in the Nile basin that competent English engineers will not relish the idea of working down there unless they are paid fancy salaries. Moreover experience in Egypt has taught that it is extremely difficult to get big concerns started. It is therefore probable that years may elapse before the Sudan can get under headway. But it behooves the South to think of tomorrow and not solely of today.

This silver lining that I have just pointed out is, of course, most important. The main issue, however, centers around one point. It is not whether we may have a breathing space before we face bankruptcy, but are we called upon to hoist our danger signals? In answering this question it is well to bear in mind that Sudan cotton can be transported to the markets of the world without serious economic difficulty, and that the capitalists who have put up the money to emancipate the Manchester cotton spinner from industrial vassalage to the South are determined that the labor problem shall be solved. There are no Australians, no Canadians, no Afrikanders, to prevent the importation of Coolies and of Indians. Who will risk the assertion that the

Government of India would not be delighted to find in the Sudan an outlet for its surplus population? Is it reasonable to suppose that the group of capitalists would oppose such a measure?

To my mind the one subject about which any doubt may linger is that which bears upon the quality of cotton which the Sudan produces. I have done all I can to get accurate information upon this feature. The assurances given me are from sources of the highest credibility, reliability and competence. I have taken up the matter with specialists. I have cross examined my informants, separate and apart from one another. The answers are concordant, categorical and emphatic, and these are, I repeat, that the cotton produced in the Sudan is longer, finer, stronger, whiter and a better seller than anything raised in America outside of the Sea Islands.

Assuming that this evidence is worthy of belief, I feel justified in saying that I view the future of the American cotton planter with the gravest concern.

PIERRE CRABITÈS.

THE KLAN'S FIGHT FOR AMERICANISM

BY HIRAM WESLEY EVANS

Imperial Wizard and Emperor, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

[*This authoritative paper on the Ku Klux Klan by the foremost representative of that Order will be followed in the next—June-July-August—number of this* REVIEW *with similarly authentic papers from opposing points of view; contributed by the Rev.* MARTIN J. SCOTT, *S. J., of the College of St. Francis Xavier; Dr.* W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS, *of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; the Rev.* JOSEPH SILVERMAN, *D. D., Rabbi Emeritus of the Temple Emanu-El of New York; and Professor* WILLIAM STARR MYERS, *of Princeton University. These papers have been prepared simultaneously with the present one, so that they are in no sense a reply to it, but are entirely independent considerations of the same subject; the entire symposium forming a nationally comprehensive estimate, pro and contra, of the Ku Klux Klan and its place among American institutions. In pursuance of its long-established policy,* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *gives to these writers the utmost freedom of expression, leaving them alone responsible for all their statements.*—THE EDITORS]

THE Ku Klux Klan on last Thanksgiving Day passed its tenth anniversary. In one decade it has made a place and won a record for achievement which are almost, if not quite, unique in the history of great popular movements. It has not merely grown from a handful to a membership of millions, from poverty to riches, from obscurity to great influence, from fumbling impotence to the leadership in the greatest cause now before the American people. All these are important, but not vital.

What is vital is that in these years the Klan has shown a power to reform and cleanse itself from within, to formulate and vitalize fundamental instincts into concrete thought and purposeful action, to meet changing conditions with adaptability but without weakness, to speak for and to lead the common people of America and, finally, to operate through the application of practical patriotism to public life with increasing success, and along the only constructive lines to be found in the present welter of our national thought.

By these things the Klan has proved not only its ability to live, but its right to life and influence. It has already lasted longer than any similar movement; its tenth birthday finds it stronger than ever before, with its worst weaknesses conquered or being eliminated, and so well prepared for the future that it may fairly be said to stand merely on the threshold of its life and service.

The greatest achievement so far has been to formulate, focus, and gain recognition for an idea—the idea of preserving and developing America first and chiefly for the benefit of the children of the pioneers who made America, and only and definitely along the lines of the purpose and spirit of those pioneers. The Klan cannot claim to have created this idea: it has long been a vague stirring in the souls of the plain people. But the Klan can fairly claim to have given it purpose, method, direction and a vehicle. When the Klan first appeared the nation was in the confusion of sudden awakening from the lovely dream of the melting pot, disorganized and helpless before the invasion of aliens and alien ideas. After ten years of the Klan it is in arms for defense. This is our great achievement.

The second is more selfish; we have won the leadership in the movement for Americanism. Except for a few lonesome voices, almost drowned by the clamor of the alien and the alien-minded "Liberal", the Klan alone faces the invader. This is not to say that the Klan has gathered into its membership all who are ready to fight for America. The Klan is the champion, but it is not merely an organization. It is an idea, a faith, a purpose, an organized crusade. No recruit to the cause has ever been really lost. Though men and women drop from the ranks they remain with us in purpose, and can be depended on fully in any crisis. Also, there are many millions who have never joined, but who think and feel and—when called on—fight with us. This is our real strength, and no one who ignores it can hope to understand America today.

Other achievements of these ten years have been the education of the millions of our own membership in citizenship, the suppression of much lawlessness and increase of good government wherever we have become strong, the restriction of immigration, and

the defeat of the Catholic attempt to seize the Democratic party. All these we have helped, and all are important.

The outstanding proof of both our influence and our service, however, has been in creating, outside our ranks as well as in them, not merely the growing national concentration on the problems of Americanism, but also a growing sentiment against radicalism, cosmopolitanism, and alienism of all kinds. We have produced instead a sane and progressive conservatism along national lines. We have enlisted our racial instincts for the work of preserving and developing our American traditions and customs. This was most strikingly shown in the elections last fall, when the conservative reaction amazed all politicians—especially the LaFollette rout in the Northwest. This reaction added enormously to the plurality of the President, the size of which was the great surprise of the election.

I wish it might fairly be claimed that the Klan from the beginning had this vision of its mission. Instead the beginnings were groping and futile, as well as feeble; they involved errors which long prevented any important achievement. The chief idea of the founders seems to have been merely to start a new fraternal society, based on rather vague sentiments of brotherhood among white Americans, and of loyalty to the nation and to Protestantism. There was also a sentimental reverence for the Klan of the 'Sixties which led to revival of the old name and some of the ritual. There was finally the basic idea of white supremacy, but this was also at the time a mere sentiment, except as it applied to some Negro unrest.

But along with these ideas there shortly appeared others far from laudable. The Klan had remained weak, gaining barely 10,000 members in the first few years. Then the possibility of profit, both in cash and in power, was seen, and soon resulted in a "selling plan" based partly on Southern affection for the old Klan, partly on social conditions in the South, but chiefly on the possibility of inflaming prejudices. They began to "sell hate at $10 a package".

To us who know the Klan today, its influence, purpose and future, the fact that it can have grown from such beginnings is nothing less than a miracle, possible only through one of those

mysterious interventions in human affairs which are called Providence. The fact is, as we see now, that beneath the stupid or dangerous oratory of those early leaders lay certain fundamental truths, quite unseen by them, and then hardly bigger than the vital germ in a grain of corn, but which matured automatically.

The hate and invisible government ideas, however, were what gave the Klan its first great growth, enlisted some 100,000 members, provided wealth for a few leaders, and brought down upon the organization the condemnation of most of the country, leaving it a reputation from which it has not yet recovered. But even before outside indignation had appeared there began an inside reaction, caused by abuses and excesses and by the first stirrings of the purposes which now dominate. Thus began the reform of the Klan by itself, which gained steadily until it won full control in 1922. It laid the basis for the astounding growth of the last three years, and for the present immense influence.

This reform did more than merely rectify the old abuses; it developed into full life the hidden but vital germs, and released one of the most irresistible forces in human affairs, the fundamental instinct of race pride and loyalty—what Lothrop Stoddard calls "the imperious urge of superior heredity". Closely associated with it are two other instincts vital to success among the northern races: patriotism, stimulated to unusual activity by the hyphenism revealed in the World War; and spiritual independence, a revival of the individualism which sprang up just as the Nordic races began to assert themselves in their great blossoming of the last four centuries, and which found its chief expression in Protestantism. These ideas gave direction and guidance to the reforms demanded by the rank and file three years ago. They have been further developed, made more definite and more purposeful, and they are the soul of the Klan today.

The direct reforms brought about were several. First was the stopping of any exercise of "invisible government". This was reinforced by a change in the oath, by which all Klansmen are sworn to uphold legally constituted officers in enforcing the law at all times. One result of this is to be seen in the decrease of lawlessness in Klan territory. We can justly claim credit for the

remarkable improvement as regards lynching in the last two years.

The elimination of private profit for officers of the Klan came next and with it went a democratizing of the order. The Klan, being chiefly an organized crusade, cannot operate efficiently on a purely democratic basis, but the autocracy of the early years has been replaced by a system approximating that of the American Government in its early years; final power in the hands of the rank and file, but full power of leadership in the officers they choose.

Another most important reform was a complete change in the method of "propagation"—of recruiting and spreading our gospel. In the early days this had been done very secretively, a high percentage of money had gone to the kleagles—the "sales agents"—there had been a high-pressure appeal to sentimentality, hatred and the invisible government idea, and a tendency to emphasize numbers rather than quality of recruits. Today, instead, the evangelistic emphasis is put on Americanism, Protestant Christianity, and action through government machinery; an increasing number of the field agents are on salary, lists of possible members are carefully weeded out before any are approached, and those found worth while are won by personal work, backed by open discussion. This has, to be sure, cut down the number of new members accepted, but has greatly increased quality and loyalty, and it has brought amazing gains in strength, particularly in the Mid-West and North.

Most important of all has been the formulation of the true Klan purposes into definite principles. This has been a gradual process. We in the lead found ourselves with a following inspired in many ways beyond our understanding, with beliefs and purposes which they themselves only vaguely understood and could not express, but for the fulfilment of which they depended on us. We found ourselves, too, at the head of an army with unguessable influence to produce results for which responsibility would rest on us—the leaders—but which we had not foreseen and for which we were not prepared. As the solemn responsibility to give right leadership to these millions, and to make right use of this influence, was brought home to us, we were compelled

to analyze, put into definite words, and give purpose to these half conscious impulses.

The Klan, therefore, has now come to speak for the great mass of Americans of the old pioneer stock. We believe that it does fairly and faithfully represent them, and our proof lies in their support. To understand the Klan, then, it is necessary to understand the character and present mind of the mass of old-stock Americans. The mass, it must be remembered, as distinguished from the intellectually mongrelized "Liberals".

These are, in the first place, a blend of various peoples of the so-called Nordic race, the race which, with all its faults, has given the world almost the whole of modern civilization. The Klan does not try to represent any people but these.

There is no need to recount the virtues of the American pioneers; but it is too often forgotten that in the pioneer period a selective process of intense rigor went on. From the first only hardy, adventurous and strong men and women dared the pioneer dangers; from among these all but the best died swiftly, so that the new Nordic blend which became the American race was bred up to a point probably the highest in history. This remarkable race character, along with the new-won continent and the new-created nation, made the inheritance of the old-stock Americans the richest ever given to a generation of men.

In spite of it, however, these Nordic Americans for the last generation have found themselves increasingly uncomfortable, and finally deeply distressed. There appeared first confusion in thought and opinion, a groping and hesitancy about national affairs and private life alike, in sharp contrast to the clear, straightforward purposes of our earlier years. There was futility in religion, too, which was in many ways even more distressing. Presently we began to find that we were dealing with strange ideas; policies that always sounded well, but somehow always made us still more uncomfortable.

Finally came the moral breakdown that has been going on for two decades. One by one all our traditional moral standards went by the boards, or were so disregarded that they ceased to be binding. The sacredness of our Sabbath, of our homes, of chastity, and finally even of our right to teach our own children

in our own schools fundamental facts and truths were torn away from us. Those who maintained the old standards did so only in the face of constant ridicule.

Along with this went economic distress. The assurance for the future of our children dwindled. We found our great cities and the control of much of our industry and commerce taken over by strangers, who stacked the cards of success and prosperity against us. Shortly they came to dominate our government. The *bloc* system by which this was done is now familiar to all. Every kind of inhabitant except the Americans gathered in groups which operated as units in politics, under orders of corrupt, self-seeking and un-American leaders, who both by purchase and threat enforced their demands on politicians. Thus it came about that the interests of Americans were always the last to be considered by either national or city governments, and that the native Americans were constantly discriminated against, in business, in legislation and in administrative government.

So the Nordic American today is a stranger in large parts of the land his fathers gave him. Moreover, he is a most unwelcome stranger, one much spit upon, and one to whom even the right to have his own opinions and to work for his own interests is now denied with jeers and revilings. "We must Americanize the Americans," a distinguished immigrant said recently. Can anything more clearly show the state to which the real American has fallen in this country which was once his own?

Our falling birth rate, the result of all this, is proof of our distress. We no longer feel that we can be fair to children we bring into the world, unless we can make sure from the start that they shall have capital or education or both, so that they need never compete with those who now fill the lower rungs of the ladder of success. We dare no longer risk letting our youth "make its own way" in the conditions under which we live. So even our unborn children are being crowded out of their birthright!

All this has been true for years, but it was the World War that gave us our first hint of the real cause of our troubles, and began to crystallize our ideas. The war revealed that millions whom we had allowed to share our heritage and prosperity, and whom we had assumed had become part of us, were in fact not wholly

so. They had other loyalties: each was willing—anxious!—to sacrifice the interests of the country that had given him shelter to the interests of the one he was supposed to have cast off; each in fact did use the freedom and political power we had given him against ourselves whenever he could see any profit for his older loyalty.

This, of course, was chiefly in international affairs, and the excitement caused by the discovery of disloyalty subsided rapidly after the war ended. But it was not forgotten by the Nordic Americans. They had been awakened and alarmed; they began to suspect that the hyphenism which had been shown was only a part of what existed; their quiet was not that of renewed sleep, but of strong men waiting very watchfully. And presently they began to form decisions about all those aliens who were Americans for profit only.

They decided that even the crossing of salt water did not dim a single spot on a leopard; that an alien usually remains an alien no matter what is done to him, what veneer of education he gets, what oaths he takes, nor what public attitudes he adopts. They decided that the melting pot was a ghastly failure, and remembered that the very name was coined by a member of one of the races—the Jews—which most determinedly refuses to melt. They decided that in every way, as well as in politics, the alien in the vast majority of cases is unalterably fixed in his instincts, character, thought and interests by centuries of racial selection and development, that he thinks first for his own people, works only with and for them, cares entirely for their interests, considers himself always one of them, and never an American. They decided that in character, instincts, thought, and purposes—in his whole soul—an alien remains fixedly alien to America and all it means.

They saw, too, that the alien was tearing down the American standard of living, especially in the lower walks. It became clear that while the American can out-work the alien, the alien can so far under-live the American as to force him out of all competetive labor. So they came to realize that the Nordic can easily survive and rule and increase if he holds for himself the advantages won by strength and daring of his ancestors in times of stress

and peril, but that if he surrenders those advantages to the peoples who could not share the stress, he will soon be driven below the level at which he can exist by their low standards, low living and fast breeding. And they saw that the low standard aliens of Eastern and Southern Europe were doing just that thing to us.

They learned, though more slowly, that alien ideas are just as dangerous to us as the aliens themselves, no matter how plausible such ideas may sound. With most of the plain people this conclusion is based simply on the fact that the alien ideas do not work well for them. Others went deeper and came to understand that the differences in racial background, in breeding, instinct, character and emotional point of view are more important than logic. So ideas which may be perfectly healthy for an alien may also be poisonous for Americans.

Finally they learned the great secret of the propagandists; that success in corrupting public opinion depends on putting out the subversive ideas without revealing their source. They came to suspect that "prejudice" against foreign ideas is really a protective device of nature against mental food that may be indigestible. They saw, finally, that the alien leaders in America act on this theory, and that there is a steady flood of alien ideas being spread over the country, always carefully disguised as American.

As they learned all this the Nordic Americans have been gradually arousing themselves to defend their homes and their own kind of civilization. They have not known just how to go about it; the idealist philanthropy and good-natured generosity which led to the philosophy of the melting pot have died hard. Resistance to the peaceful invasion of the immigrant is no such simple matter as snatching up weapons and defending frontiers, nor has it much spectacular emotionalism to draw men to the colors.

The old-stock Americans are learning, however. They have begun to arm themselves for this new type of warfare. Most important, they have broken away from the fetters of the false ideals and philanthropy which put aliens ahead of their own children and their own race.

To do this they have had to reject completely—and perhaps

for the moment the rejection is a bit too comp e whole body of "Liberal" ideas which they had followed with such simple, unquestioning faith. The first and immediate cause of the break with Liberalism was that it had provided no defense against the alien invasion, but instead had excused it—even defended it against Americanism. Liberalism is today charged in the mind of most Americans with nothing less than national, racial and spiritual treason.

But this is only the last of many causes of distrust. The plain people now see that Liberalism has come completely under the dominance of weaklings and parasites whose alien "idealism" reaches its logical peak in the Bolshevist platform of "produce as little as you can, beg or steal from those who do produce, and kill the producer for thinking he is better than you." Not that all Liberalism goes so far, but it all seems to be on that road. The average Liberal idea is apparently that those who can produce should carry the unfit, and let the unfit rule them.

This aberration would have been impossible, of course, if American Liberalism had kept its feet on the ground. Instead it became wholly academic, lost all touch with the plain people, disowned its instincts and common sense, and lived in a world of pure, high, groundless logic.

Worse yet, this became a world without moral standards. Our forefathers had standards—the Liberals today say they were narrow!—and they had consciences and knew that Liberalism must be kept within fixed bounds. They knew that tolerance of things that touch the foundations of the home, of decency, of patriotism or of race loyalty is not lovely but deadly. Modern American Liberalism has no such bounds. If it has a conscience it hides it shamefacedly; if it has any standards it conceals them well. If it has any convictions—but why be absurd? Its boast is that it has none except conviction in its own decadent religion of Liberalism toward everything; toward the right of every man to make a fool or degenerate of himself and to try to corrupt others; in the right of any one to pull the foundations from under the house or poison the wells; in the right of children to play with matches in a powdermill!

The old stock Americans believe in Liberalism, but not in this

thing. It has undermined their Constitution and their national customs and institutions, it has corrupted the morals of their children, it has vitiated their thought, it has degenerated and perverted their education, it has tried to destroy their God. They want no more of it. They are trying to get back to decency and common sense.

The old stock "plain people" are no longer alone in their belief as to the nature of the dangers, their causes, and the folly of Liberal thought. Recently men of great education and mind, students of wide reputation, have come to see all this as the plain Americans saw it years before. This was stated by Madison Grant:

> The Nordic race . . . if it takes warning in time, may face the future with assurance. Fight it must, but let the fight be not a civil war against its own blood kindred but against the dangerous foreign races, whether they advance sword in hand or in the more insidious guise of beggars at our gates, pleading for admittance to share our prosperity. If we continue to allow them to enter they will in time drive us out of our own land by the mere force of breeding.
>
> The great hope of the future here in America lies in the realization of the working classes that competition of the Nordic with the alien is fatal, whether the latter be the lowly immigrant from Southern or Eastern Europe, or the more obviously dangerous Oriental, against whose standards of living the white man cannot compete. In this country we must look to such of our people—our farmers and artisans—as are still of American blood, to recognize and meet this danger.
>
> Our present condition is the result of following the leadership of idealists and philanthropic doctrinaires.

The chief of Mr. Grant's demands, that the un-American alien be barred out, has already been partly accomplished. It is established as our national policy by overwhelming vote of Congress, after years of delay won by the aliens already here through the political power we gave them. The Klan is proud that it was able to aid this work, which was vital.

But the plain people realize also that merely stopping the alien flood does not restore Americanism, nor even secure us against final utter defeat. America must also defend herself against the enemy within, or we shall be corrupted and conquered by those to whom we have already given shelter.

The first danger is that we shall be overwhelmed, as Mr. Grant forecasts, by the aliens' "mere force of breeding". With the present birthrate, the Nordic stock will have become a hopeless

minority within fifty years, and will within two hundred have been choked to death, like grain among weeds. Unless some means is found of making the Nordic feel safe in having children, we are already doomed.

An equal danger is from disunity, so strikingly shown during the war and from a mongrelization of thought and purpose. It is not merely foreign policy that is involved; it is all our thought at home, our morals, education, social conduct—everything. We are already confused and disunited in every way; the alien groups themselves, and the skilful alien propaganda, are both tearing steadily at all that makes for unity in nationhood, or for the soul of Americanism. If the word "integrity" can still be used in its original meaning of singleness of purpose or thought, then we as a nation have lost all integrity. Yet our old American motto includes the words " . . . divided we fall!"

One more point about the present attitude of the old stock American: he has revived and increased his long-standing distrust of the Roman Catholic Church. It is for this that the native Americans, and the Klan as their leader, are most often denounced as intolerant and prejudiced. This is not because we oppose the Catholic more than we do the alien, but because our enemies recognize that patriotism and race loyalty cannot safely be denounced, while our own tradition of religious freedom gives them an opening here, if they can sufficiently confuse the issue.

The fact is, of course, that our quarrel with the Catholics is not religious but political. The Nordic race is, as is well known, almost entirely Protestant, and there remains in its mental heritage an anti-Catholic attitude based on lack of sympathy with the Catholic psychology, on the historic opposition of the Roman Church to the Nordics' struggle for freedom and achievement, and on the memories of persecutions. But this strictly religious prejudice is not now active in America, and so far as I can learn, never has been. I do not know of a single manifestation in recent times of hostility to any Catholic because of his religion, nor to the Catholic Church because of its beliefs. Certainly the American has always granted to the Catholic not only full religious liberty, without interference or abuse either public or private, but also every civil, social and political equality.

Neither the present day Protestant nor the Klan wishes to change this in any degree.

The only possible exception to this statement is worth mentioning only because some people give it far too much importance. This has been in the publication of vicious and ignorant anti-Catholic papers, with small circulation and minute influence. These publications, by the way, the Klan has denounced and helped suppress. If the Catholic Church would do as much by *Tolerance* and some of the equally vicious and ignorant sheets published under its ægis, it could come into court against the American people with cleaner hands.

The real indictment against the Roman Church is that it is, fundamentally and irredeemably, in its leadership, in politics, in thought, and largely in membership, actually and actively alien, un-American and usually anti-American. The old stock Americans, with the exception of the few such of Catholic faith—who are in a class by themselves, standing tragically torn between their faith and their racial and national patriotism—see in the Roman Church today the chief leader of alienism, and the most dangerous alien power with a foothold inside our boundaries. It is this and nothing else that has revived hostility to Catholicism. By no stretch of the imagination can it fairly be called religious prejudice, though, now that the hostility has become active, it does derive some strength from the religious schism.

We Americans see many evidences of Catholic alienism. We believe that its official position and its dogma, its theocratic autocracy and its claim to full authority in temporal as well as spiritual matters, all make it impossible for it as a church, or for its members if they obey it, to coöperate in a free democracy in which Church and State have been separated. It is true that in this country the Roman Church speaks very softly on these points, so that many Catholics do not know them. It is also true that the Roman priests preach Americanism, subject to their own conception of Americanism, of course. But the Roman Church itself makes a point of the divine and unalterable character of its dogma, it has never seen fit to abandon officially any of these un-American attitudes, and it still teaches them in other countries. Until it does renounce them, we cannot believe

anything except that they all remain in force, ready to be called into action whenever feasible, and temporarily hushed up only for expediency.

The hierarchical government of the Roman Church is equally at odds with Americanism. The Pope and the whole hierarchy have been for centuries almost wholly Italian. It is nonsense to suppose that a man, by entering a church, loses his race or national loyalties. The Roman Church today, therefore, is just what its name says—Roman; and it is impossible for its hierarchy or the policies they dictate to be in real sympathy with Americanism. Worse, the Italians have proven to be one of the least assimilable of people. The autocratic nature of the Catholic Church organization, and its suppression of free conscience or free decision, need not be discussed; they are unquestioned. Thus it is fundamental to the Roman Church to demand a supreme loyalty, overshadowing national or race loyalty, to a power that is inevitably alien, and which at the best must inevitably inculcate ideals un-American if not actively anti-American.

We find, too, that even in America, the majority of the leaders and of the priests of the Roman Church are either foreign born, or of foreign parentage and training. They, like other aliens, are unable to teach Americanism if they wish, because both race and education prevent their understanding what it is. The service they give it, even if sincere, can at best produce only confusion of thought. Who would ask an American, for instance, to try to teach Italians their own language, history, and patriotism, even without the complication of religion?

Another difficulty is that the Catholic Church here constantly represents, speaks for and cares for the interests of a large body of alien peoples. Most immigration of recent years, so unassimilable and fundamentally un-American, has been Catholic. The Catholics of American stock have been submerged and almost lost; the aliens and their interests dictate all policies of the Roman Church which are not dictated from Rome itself.

Also, the Roman Church seems to take pains to prevent the assimilation of these people. Its parochial schools, its foreign born priests, the obstacles it places in the way of marriage with Protestants unless the children are bound in advance to Roman-

ism, its persistent use of the foreign languages in church and school, its habit of grouping aliens together and thus creating insoluble alien masses—all these things strongly impede Americanization. Of course they also strengthen and solidify the Catholic Church, and make its work easier, and so are very natural, but the fact remains that they are hostile to Americanism.

Finally, there is the undeniable fact that the Roman Church takes an active part in American politics. It has not been content to accept in good faith the separation of Church and State, and constantly tries through political means to win advantages for itself and its people—in other words, to be a political power in America, as well as a spiritual power. Denials of Catholic activity in politics are too absurd to need discussion. The "Catholic vote" is as well recognized a factor as the "dry vote". All politicians take it for granted.

The facts are that almost everywhere, and especially in the great industrial centers where the Catholics are strongest, they vote almost as a unit, under control of leaders of their own faith, always in support of the interests of the Catholic Church and of Catholic candidates without regard to other interests, and always also in support of alienism whenever there is an issue raised. They vote, in short, not as American citizens, but as aliens and Catholics! They form the biggest, strongest, most cohesive of all the alien *blocs*. On many occasions they form alliances with other alien *blocs* against American interests, as with the Jews in New York today, and with others in the case of the recent opposition to immigration restriction. Incidentally they have been responsible for some of the worst abuses in American politics, and today are the chief support of such machines as that of Brennan in Chicago, Curley in Boston and Tammany in New York.

All this might occur without direct sanction from the Roman Church, though that would not make it less a "Catholic" menace. But the evidence is that the Church acts directly and often controls these activities. The appearance of Roman clergy in "inside" political councils, the occasional necessity of "seeing" a prelate to accomplish political results, and above all the fact that during the fight in the Democratic National Convention of 1924 the hotel lobbies and the corridors of Madison Square

Garden were suddenly black with priests, all seem to prove that the Catholic Church acts in politics *as a church*, and that it must bear responsibility for these evils.

This is the indictment of the old-stock Americans against the Roman Church. If at any time it should clear its skirts, should prove its willingness to become American in America, and to be politically an equal among equals with other religious bodies, then Americans would make no indictment of it whatever. But until it does these things it must be opposed as must all other agencies which stand against America's destiny.

Just a word about the American Catholics, of whom there are a few hundred thousand only. From the time of the Reformation on there have always been Catholics (like Lord Howard, who commanded the English fleet against the Armada, despite the Pope's bulls) who have put race and national patriotism ahead of loyalty, not to their faith, but to the self-created Roman hierarchy. There are such in America today, and always have been. With these the American people have no quarrel whatever. They, even the Klan, have supported some of them at the polls, and will continue to do so.

But these people are not "good Catholics" in the eyes of the hierarchy. They are really in a tragic situation. They are pulled on one side by their faith and on the other by the deepest racial and patriotic instincts. If there should be a crisis they would be torn between them. They are put into this position not by their religion but by the autocratic hierarchy which uses their faith as a weapon to enforce its own power; which demands not only faith and piety, but subservience, as the price of salvation. What they may do in a crisis no man can forecast, but whatever it may be, they will deserve nothing but the deepest sympathy.

This is the general state of mind of the Nordic Americans of the pioneer stock today. Many of them do not understand the reasons for their beliefs so fully as I have stated them, but the state of mind is there beyond doubt, and the reasons are true at all vital points. It is inevitable that these people are now in revolt. This is the movement to which the Klan, more through Providence than its own wisdom, has begun to give leadership.

The Ku Klux Klan, in short, is an organization which gives expression, direction and purpose to the most vital instincts, hopes and resentments of the old stock Americans, provides them with leadership, and is enlisting and preparing them for militant, constructive action toward fulfilling their racial and national destiny. Madison Grant summed up in a single sentence the grievances, purpose and type of membership of the Klan: "Our farmers and artisans . . . of American blood, to recognize and meet this danger." The Klan literally is once more the embattled American farmer and artisan, coördinated into a disciplined and growing army, and launched upon a definite crusade for Americanism!

This Providential history of the Klan, and the Providential place it has come to hold, give it certain definite characteristics. The disadvantages that go with them, as well as the advantages, may as well be admitted at once.

We are a movement of the plain people, very weak in the matter of culture, intellectual support, and trained leadership. We are demanding, and we expect to win, a return of power into the hands of the everyday, not highly cultured, not overly intellectualized, but entirely unspoiled and not de-Americanized, average citizen of the old stock. Our members and leaders are all of this class—the opposition of the intellectuals and liberals who held the leadership, betrayed Americanism, and from whom we expect to wrest control, is almost automatic.

This is undoubtedly a weakness. It lays us open to the charge of being "hicks" and "rubes" and "drivers of second hand Fords". We admit it. Far worse, it makes it hard for us to state our case and advocate our crusade in the most effective way, for most of us lack skill in language. Worst of all, the need of trained leaders constantly hampers our progress and leads to serious blunders and internal troubles. If the Klan ever should fail it would be from this cause. All this we on the inside know far better than our critics, and regret more. Our leadership is improving, but for many years the Klan will be seeking better leaders, and the leaders praying for greater wisdom.

Serious as this is, and strange though our attitude may seem to the intellectuals, it does not worry us greatly. Every popular

movement has suffered from just this handicap, yet the popular movements have been the mainsprings of progress, and have usually had to win against the "best people" of their time. Moreover, we can depend on getting this intellectual backing shortly. It is notable that when the plain people begin to win with one of their movements, such as the Klan, the very intellectuals who have scoffed and fought most bitterly presently begin to dig up sound—at least well-sounding!—logic in support of the success. The movement, so far as can be judged, is neither hurt nor helped by this process.

Another weakness is that we have not been able, as yet, to bring home to the whole membership the need of continuous work on organization programmes both local and national. They are too prone to work only at times of crisis and excitement, and then to feel they can let down. Partly, of course, this is inherent in the evangelistic quality of our crusade. It is "strong medicine", highly emotional, and presently brings on a period of reaction and lethargy. All crusaders and evangelists know this: the whole country saw it after the war. The Klan will not be fully entrenched till it has passed this reaction period, and steadied down for the long pull. That time is only beginning for most of the Klan, which really is hardly three years old.

But we have no fear of the outcome. Since we indulge ourselves in convictions, we are not frightened by our weaknesses. We hold the conviction that right will win if backed with vigor and consecration. We are increasing our consecration and learning to make better use of our vigor. We are sure of the fundamental rightness of our cause, as it concerns both ourselves and the progress of the world. We believe that there can be no question of the right of the children of the men who made America to own and control America. We believe that when we allowed others to share our heritage, it was by our own generosity and by no right of theirs. We believe that therefore we have every right to protect ourselves when we find that they are betraying our trust and endangering us. We believe, in short, that we have the right to make America *American* and for Americans.

We believe also that only through this kind of a nation, and through development along these lines, can we best serve Amer-

ica, the whole world today, and the greater world yet unborn. We believe the hand of God was in the creation of the American stock and nation. We believe, too, in the right and duty of every man to fight for himself, his own children, his own nation and race. We believe in the parable of the talents, and mean to keep and use those entrusted to us—the race, spirit and nationhood of America!

Finally we believe in the vitality and driving power of our race: a faith based on the record of the Nordics throughout all history, and especially in America. J. P. Morgan had a motto which said, in effect, "Never bet against the future of America." We believe it is equally unsafe to bet against the future of any stock of the Nordic race, especially so finely blended and highly bred a stock as that of the sons of the pioneers. Handicaps, weaknesses, enemies and all, we will win!

Our critics have accused us of being merely a "protest movement", of being frightened; they say we fear alien competition, are in a panic because we cannot hold our own against the foreigners. That is partly true. We are a protest movement—protesting against being robbed. We are afraid of competition with peoples who would destroy our standard of living. We are suffering in many ways, we have been betrayed by our trusted leaders, we are half beaten already. But we are not frightened nor in a panic. We have merely awakened to the fact that we must fight for our own. We are going to fight—and win!

The Klan does not believe that the fact that it is emotional and instinctive, rather than coldly intellectual, is a weakness. All action comes from emotion, rather than from ratiocination. Our emotions and the instincts on which they are based have been bred into us for thousands of years; far longer than reason has had a place in the human brain. They are the many-times distilled product of experience; they still operate much more surely and promptly than reason can. For centuries those who obeyed them have lived and carried on the race; those in whom they were weak, or who failed to obey, have died. They are the foundations of our American civilization, even more than our great historic documents; they can be trusted where the fine-haired reasoning of the denatured intellectuals cannot.

Thus the Klan goes back to the American racial instincts, and to the common sense which is their first product, as the basis of its beliefs and methods. The fundamentals of our thought are convictions, not mere opinions. We are pleased that modern research is finding scientific backing for these convictions. We do not need them ourselves; we know that we are right in the same sense that a good Christian knows that he has been saved and that Christ lives—a thing which the intellectual can never understand. These convictions are no more to be argued about than is our love for our children; we are merely willing to state them for the enlightenment and conversion of others.

There are three of these great racial instincts, vital elements in both the historic and the present attempts to build an America which shall fulfill the aspirations and justify the heroism of the men who made the nation. These are the instincts of loyalty to the white race, to the traditions of America, and to the spirit of Protestantism, which has been an essential part of Americanism ever since the days of Roanoke and Plymouth Rock. They are condensed into the Klan slogan: "Native, white, Protestant supremacy."

First in the Klansman's mind is patriotism—America for Americans. He believes religiously that a betrayal of Americanism or the American race is treason to the most sacred of trusts, a trust from his fathers and a trust from God. He believes, too, that Americanism can only be achieved if the pioneer stock is kept pure. There is more than race pride in this. Mongrelization has been proven bad. It is only between closely related stocks of the same race that interbreeding has improved men; the kind of interbreeding that went on in the early days of America between English, Dutch, German, Hugenot, Irish and Scotch.

Racial integrity is a very definite thing to the Klansman. It means even more than good citizenship, for a man may be in all ways a good citizen and yet a poor American, unless he has racial understanding of Americanism, and instinctive loyalty to it. It is in no way a reflection on any man to say that he is un-American; it is merely a statement that he is not one of us. It is often not even wise to try to make an American of the best of aliens. What he is may be spoiled without his becoming Ameri-

can. The races and stocks of men are as distinct as breeds of animals, and every boy knows that if one tries to train a bulldog to herd sheep, he has in the end neither a good bulldog nor a good collie.

Americanism, to the Klansman, is a thing of the spirit, a purpose and a point of view, that can only come through instinctive racial understanding. It has, to be sure, certain defined principles, but he does not believe that many aliens understand those principles, even when they use our words in talking about them. Democracy is one, fairdealing, impartial justice, equal opportunity, religious liberty, independence, self-reliance, courage, endurance, acceptance of individual responsibility as well as individual rewards for effort, willingness to sacrifice for the good of his family, his nation and his race before anything else but God, dependence on enlightened conscience for guidance, the right to unhampered development—these are fundamental. But within the bounds they fix there must be the utmost freedom, tolerance, liberalism. In short, the Klansman believes in the greatest possible diversity and individualism within the limits of the American spirit. But he believes also that few aliens can understand that spirit, that fewer try to, and that there must be resistance, intolerance even, toward anything that threatens it, or the fundamental national unity based upon it.

The second word in the Klansman's trilogy is "white". The white race must be supreme, not only in America but in the world. This is equally undebatable, except on the ground that the races might live together, each with full regard for the rights and interests of others, and that those rights and interests would never conflict. Such an idea, of course, is absurd; the colored races today, such as Japan, are clamoring not for equality but for their supremacy. The whole history of the world, on its broader lines, has been one of race conflicts, wars, subjugation or extinction. This is not pretty, and certainly disagrees with the maudlin theories of cosmopolitanism, but it is truth. The world has been so made that each race must fight for its life, must conquer, accept slavery or die. The Klansman believes that the whites will not become slaves, and he does not intend to die before his time.

Moreover, the future of progress and civilization depends on the

continued supremacy of the white race. The forward movement of the world for centuries has come entirely from it. Other races each had its chance and either failed or stuck fast, while white civilization shows no sign of having reached its limit. Until the whites falter, or some colored civilization has a miracle of awakening, there is not a single colored stock that can claim even equality with the white; much less supremacy.

The third of the Klan principles is that Protestantism must be supreme; that Rome shall not rule America. The Klansman believes this not merely because he is a Protestant, nor even because the Colonies that are now our nation were settled for the purpose of wresting America from the control of Rome and establishing a land of free conscience. He believes it also because Protestantism is an essential part of Americanism; without it America could never have been created and without it she cannot go forward. Roman rule would kill it.

Protestantism contains more than religion. It is the expression in religion of the same spirit of independence, self-reliance and freedom which are the highest achievements of the Nordic race. It sprang into being automatically at the time of the great " upsurgence " of strength in the Nordic peoples that opened the spurt of civilization in the fifteenth century. It has been a distinctly Nordic religion, and it has been through this religion that the Nordics have found strength to take leadership of all whites and the supremacy of the earth. Its destruction is the deepest purpose of all other peoples, as that would mean the end of Nordic rule.

It is the only religion that permits the unhampered individual development and the unhampered conscience and action which were necessary in the settling of America. Our pioneers were all Protestants, except for an occasional Irishman—Protestants by nature if not by religion—for though French and Spanish dared and explored and showed great heroism, they made little of the land their own. America was Protestant from birth.

She must remain Protestant, if the Nordic stock is to finish its destiny. We of the old stock Americans could not work—and the work is mostly ours to do, if the record of the past proves anything—if we become priest-ridden, if we had to submit our con-

sciences and limit our activities and suppress our thoughts at the command of any man, much less of a man sitting upon Seven Hills thousands of miles away. This we will not permit. Rome shall not rule us. Protestantism must be supreme.

Let it be clear what is meant by "supremacy". It is nothing more than power of control, under just laws. It is not imperialism, far less is it autocracy or even aristocracy of a race or stock of men. What it does mean is that we insist on our inherited right to insure our own safety, individually and as a race, to secure the future of our children, to maintain and develop our racial heritage in our own, white, Protestant, American way, without interference.

Just how we of the Klan will accomplish this we do not yet know. Our first task has been to organize and this is not yet quite accomplished. But already we are beginning our second stage, which is to meet, stop and remove the invader and leave ourselves free once more. In the strict sense we have no programme. We are not ready for one and have not put our minds to it. No such popular movement ever springs full-panoplied from the head of any man or group. For some time we must be opportunists, meeting the enemy wherever he attacks and attacking where we can. This course, so far, has accomplished much more than could have been done by a hard and fast programme. We expect to continue it.

There are, however, certain general principles and purposes which are always kept in view. Enough has been said about pioneer Americanism. Another constant aim is better citizenship. The Klan holds that no man can be either a good Klansman or a good American without being a good citizen. A large part of our work is to preach this, and no man can be a Klansman long without feeling it.

Another constant objective is good government, locally and nationally. The Klansman is pledged to support law and order, and it is also a part of his duty to see that both law and officers are as good as possible. We believe that every man and woman should keep well-informed on all public matters, and take an active and direct part in all public affairs. There is nothing spectacular about this; it is merely good citizenship on the job.

The Klan, however, never attempts to dictate the votes of its members, but does furnish information about men and measures.

In the National Government our interest is along the same lines, with special emphasis on anti-alien and pro-American legislation. Also, far more than in local affairs, we take pains to support men who understand and are loyal to the best American traditions. Apart from that the Klan takes no interest in any government matters except those having a direct bearing on decency and honesty.

We take great pains in all these matters never to be made use of—at least not twice!—by any man, party or faction. We have no political interests except Americanism, and do not belong in or with any party or faction. We do support a certain American type of man, and will support any group which draws the right kind of an issue. If there is no such issue, and no choice between candidates from the American point of view, we keep out. It is true that some men have been able to make use of the Klan once, but it has always reacted against them.

It is inevitable that most of the active work of the Klan, outside our own ranks, should be in public affairs. By no other means can most of our demands be accomplished. And it is against this patriotic activity that the most violent criticisms have been made. We are accused of injecting old prejudices, hatred, race and religion into politics, of creating an un-American class division, of trying to profit by race and religious enmities, of violating the principle of equality, and of ruining the Democratic party.

Most of these charges are not worth answering. So long as politicians cater to alien racial and religious groups, it is the merest self-defense to have also a Protestant and an American "vote" and to make it respected. The hatred and prejudice are, as has been evident to every candid person, displayed by our enemies and not by us.

As to the charge that the Klan brought race and religion into politics, that simply is not true. That was done by the very people who are now accusing us, because we are cutting into the profits they had been making in politics out of *their* races and *their* religions. Race and religion have for years been used by

the aliens as political platforms. The Klan is in no way responsible for this condition. We merely recognized it when others dared not, and we fight it in the open. Our belief is that any man who runs for office or asks political favors, or advocates policies or carries on any other political activity, either as a member of any racial or religious group, or in the interests of or under orders from such a group or of any non-American interest whatever, should be opposed for that very reason. The Klan's ambition is to get race and religion out of politics, and that cannot be done so long as there is any profit in exploiting them. It therefore fights every attempt to use them.

This vicious kind of politics has mostly been more or less secret. We of the Klan wish we could claim credit for bringing the scandal into the open, but we cannot even do that. The open issue was raised for the first time on a national scale at the Democratic National Convention of 1924. This was the doing of the Catholic politicians, who seized upon Catholicism as a cement for holding the anti-McAdoo forces together. The bitter cleavage that followed was inevitable, and it was they—the Catholic leaders—who so nearly wrecked the party and were quite ready to wreck it completely if that would have helped their local Catholic machines.

One of the Klan's chief interests is in education. We believe that it is the duty of government to insure to every child opportunity to develop its natural abilities to their utmost. We wish to go to the very limit in the improvement of the public schools; so far that there will be no excuse except snobbery for the private schools.

Further, the Klan wishes to restore the Bible to the school, not only because it is part of the world's great heritage in literature and philosophy and has profoundly influenced all white civilization, but because it is the basis on which all Christian religions are built, and to which they must look for their authority. The Klan believes in the right of each child to pass for itself on the ultimate authority behind the creed he is asked to adopt; it believes in preserving to all children their right to religious volition, to full freedom of choice. This is impossible if they are barred from the Bible. We oppose any means by which any priesthood

keeps its hold on power by suppressing, hiding or garbling the fundamental Christian revelation.

This is one of the reasons for the Klan's objection to parochial schools of any church. They very readily become mere agencies of propaganda. Another reason is that in many the teaching is in the hands of aliens, who cannot possibly understand Americanism or train Americans to citizenship. In many, even, the textbooks have been so perverted that Americanism is falsified, distorted and betrayed. The Klan would like to see all such schools closed. If they cannot be abolished, the Klan aims to bring them under control of the State, so as to eliminate these evils, insure religious volition, and enforce the teaching of true Americanism.

This, then, is the mental attitude, the purpose and the plan of the Klan today, and it is against this position of ours, and against nothing else, that charges of bigotry, narrowness, intolerance and prejudice can fairly be brought. Charges made on other grounds need not be discussed, but we of the Klan are prepared to admit that some of these charges are at least partly justified.

This does not mean merely that there are "bigots and fanatics" among us. There certainly are; we are weeding them out, but we have some left, and others will join in spite of our utmost care. The fault is serious but not fatal. Every such movement has them, as Roosevelt found when he dubbed the similar nuisances in his own movement "the lunatic fringe".

Nor does this mean, either, an admission of the charges of those who deny to Americans the right—which every alien claims and uses—to speak his mind freely and criticize things about him. Jews or Catholics are lavish with their caustic criticism of anything American. Nothing is immune; our great men, our historic struggles and sacrifices, our customs and personal traits, our "Puritan consciences"—all have been scarified without mercy. Yet the least criticism of these same vitriolic critics or of their people brings howls of "anti-Semitic" or "anti-Catholic". We of the Klan pay no attention to those who argue with epithets only. They thereby admit their weakn[illegible]nd we are still waiting for some one to try to answer us [illegible]cts and reasons.

Aside from these things, however, we of [illegible]n admit that we are intolerant and narrow in a certain sens[illegible]lo not think our

intolerance is so serious as that of our enemies. It is not an intolerance that tries to prevent free speech or free assembly. The Klan has never broken up a meeting, nor tried to drive a speaker to cover, nor started a riot, nor attacked a procession or parade, nor murdered men for belonging to the Knights of Columbus or the B'nai B'rith.

And we deny that either bigotry or prejudice enters into our intolerance or our narrowness. We are intolerant of everything that strikes at the foundations of our race, our country or our freedom of worship. We are narrowly opposed to the use of anything alien—race, loyalty to any foreign power or to any religion whatever—as a means to win political power. We are prejudiced against any attempt to use the privileges and opportunities which aliens hold only through our generosity as levers to force us to change our civilization, to wrest from us control of our own country, to exploit us for the benefit of any foreign power—religious or secular—and especially to use America as a tool or cat's-paw for the advantage of any side in the hatreds and quarrels of the Old World. This is our intolerance; based on the sound instincts which have saved us many times from the follies of the intellectuals. We admit it. More and worse, we are proud of it.

But this is all of our intolerance. We do not wish harm to any man, even to those we fight. We have no desire to abuse, enslave, exploit, or deny any legal, political or social right to any man of any religion, race or color. We grant them full freedom—except freedom to destroy our own freedom and ourselves. In many ways we honor and respect them. Every race has many fine and admirable traits, each has made notable achievements. There is much for us to learn from each of them. But we do insist that we may learn what we choose, and what will best fit the peculiar genius of our own race, rather than have them choose our lessons for us, and then ram them down our throats.

The attitude of the Klan toward outsiders is derived logically from these beliefs. From all Americans except the racial and spiritual expatriates we expect eventual support. Of the expatriates nothing can be hoped. They are men without a country and proud of it.

The Negro, the Klan considers a special duty and problem of the white American. He is among us through no wish of his; we owe it to him and to ourselves to give him full protection and opportunity. But his limitations are evident; we will not permit him to gain sufficient power to control our civilization. Neither will we delude him with promises of social equality which we know can never be realized. The Klan looks forward to the day when the Negro problem will have been solved on some much saner basis than miscegenation, and when every State will enforce laws making any sex relations between a white and a colored person a crime.

For the alien in general we have sympathy, opportunity, justice, but no permanent welcome unless he becomes truly American. It is our duty to see that he has every chance for this, and we shall be glad to accept him if he does. We hold no rancor against him; his race, instincts, training, mentality and whole outlook of life are usually widely different from ours. We cannot blame him if he adheres to them and attempts to convert us to them, even by force. But we must see that he can never succeed.

The Jew is a more complex problem. His abilities are great, he contributes much to any country where he lives. This is particularly true of the Western Jew, those of the stocks we have known so long. Their separation from us is more religious than racial. When freed from persecution these Jews have shown a tendency to disintegrate and amalgamate. We may hope that shortly, in the free atmosphere of America, Jews of this class will cease to be a problem. Quite different are the Eastern Jews of recent immigration, the Jews known as the Askhenasim. It is interesting to note that anthropologists now tell us that these are not true Jews, but only Judaized Mongols—Chazars. These, unlike the true Hebrew, show a divergence from the American type so great that there seems little hope of their assimilation.

The most menacing and most difficult problem [illegible] America today is this of the permanently unassimilable [illegible] The only solution so far offered is that of Dr. Eliot, presi[illegible]eritus of Harvard. After admitting that the melting pot [illegible]ed—thus supporting the primary position of the Klan!—h[illegible]hat there is no hope of creating here a single, homogene[illegible]-stock of

the kind necessary for national unity. He then suggests that, instead, there shall be a congeries of diverse peoples, living together in sweet harmony, and all working for the good of all and of the nation! This solution is on a par with the optimism which foisted the melting pot on us. Diverse races never have lived together in such harmony; race antipathies are too deep and strong. If such a state were possible, the nation would be too disunited for progress. One race always ruled, one always must, and there will be struggle and reprisals till the mastery is established—and bitterness afterwards. And, speaking for us Americans, we have come to realize that if all this could possibly be done, still within a few years we should be supplanted by the "mere force of breeding" of the low standard peoples. We intend to see that the American stock remains supreme.

This is a problem which must shortly engage the best American minds. We can neither expel, exterminate nor enslave these low-standard aliens, yet their continued presence on the present basis means our doom. Those who know the American character know that if the problem is not soon solved by wisdom, it will be solved by one of those cataclysmic outbursts which have so often disgraced—and saved!—the race. Our attempt to find a sane solution is one of the best justifications of the Klan's existence.

Toward the Catholic as an individual the Klan has no "attitude" whatever. His religion is none of our business. But toward the Catholic Church as a political organization, and toward the individual Catholic who serves it as such, we have a definite intolerance. We are intolerant of the refusal of the Roman Church to accept equality in a democracy, and resent its attempts to use clerical power in our politics. We resent, too, the subservience of members who follow clerical commands in politics. We are intolerant, also, of the efforts of the Roman Church to prevent the assimilation of immigrant members. We demand that in politics and in education the Roman Church abandon its clutching after special and un-American privileges, and that it become content to depend for its strength on the truth of its teachings and the spiritual power of its leaders. Further than this we ask nothing. We admit that this is intolerant; we deny that it is either bigoted or unjust.

The Klan today, because of the position it has come to fill, is by far the strongest movement recorded for the defense and fulfillment of Americanism. It has a membership of millions, the support of millions more. If there be any truth in the statement that the voice of the people is the voice of God, then we hold a Divine commission. Our finances are sound as they have been for years; we permit no great accumulation, but have reduced our fees when we found them producing more than enough to carry on our crusade.

Our ritual is still incomplete. We have been too busy getting our army into shape and our crusade started, to perfect the higher degrees, but this is being done. Our first, and so far only largely used degree, inculcates and symbolizes loyalty—to America, to Protestantism, to law and order and to the Klan. The second, just coming into use, emphasizes patriotism. The third will center around Protestantism, and the fourth and last around race pride, loyalty and responsibility. It may be added that members of other orders who have seen such ritualism as we already use, agree that it is unexcelled in solemnity, dignity and beauty.

One of the outstanding principles of the Klan is secrecy. We have been much criticized for it, and accused of cowardice, though how any sane person can allege cowardice against men who stood unarmed while rioters beat and shot them down, as Klansmen were beaten and shot at Carnegie and other places, we cannot understand. Our secrecy is, in fact, necessary for our protection so long as the bitter intolerance and fanatic persecution lasts. Until the Klan becomes strong in a community, individual members have often found themselves in danger of loss of work, business, property and even life. There is also the advantage in secrecy that it gives us greater driving force, since our enemies are handicapped in not knowing just what, where or how great is the strength we can exert.

Both these reasons for secrecy will grow less in time, but it can safely be predicted that the Klan will never officially abandon its secrecy. The mask, by the way, is not a part of our secrecy at all, but of our ritual, and can never be abandoned. The personal secrecy occasionally disappears, as the Klan gains strength,

from the zeal of members who wish to work openly, whereby the Klan can be seen emerging as Masonry did a century ago.

One more charge against the Klan is worth noting: that we are trying to cure prejudice by using new and stronger prejudice, to end disunity by setting up new barriers, to speed Americanization by discriminations and issues which are un-American. This is a plausible charge, if the facts alleged were true, for it is certain that prejudice is no cure for prejudice, nor can we hope to promote Americanism by violating its principles.

But the Klan does not stimulate prejudice, nor has it raised race or religious issues, nor violated the spirit of Americanism in any way. We simply recognize facts, and meet the situation they reveal, as it must be met. Non-resistance to the alien invasion, and ostrich-like optimism have already brought us to the verge of ruin. The time has come for positive action. The Klan is open to the same charge of creating discord that lies against any people who, under outside attack, finally begin resistance when injuries have become intolerable—it is blamable to that extent, but no more. There can be no hope of curing our evils so long as it is possible for leaders of alien groups to profit by them, and by preventing assimilation. Our first duty is to see to it that no man may grow rich or powerful by breeding and exploiting disloyalty.

The future of the Klan we believe in, though it is still in the hands of God and of our own abilities and consecration as individuals and as a race. Previous movements of the kind have been short-lived, killed by internal jealousies and personal ambitions, and partly, too, by partial accomplishment of their purposes. If the Klan falls away from its mission, or fails in it, perhaps even if it succeeds—certainly whenever the time comes that it is not doing needed work—it will become a mere derelict, without purpose or force. If it fulfills its mission, its future power and service are beyond calculation so long as America has any part of her destiny unfulfilled. Meantime we of the Klan will continue, as best we know and as best we can, the crusade for Americanism to which we have been providentially called.

HIRAM WESLEY EVANS.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

BY CHARLES H. SHERRILL

ONCE upon a time, into a small back court of Venice, the stork brought a tiny baby, destined one day to become even a greater traveler than that kindly bird. Go back to the inner, second *Corte del Milion*, behind the *Teatro Malibran*, and you will see a much altered mediæval tower, two of whose Romanesque arches are all that remains of Marco Polo's birthplace. He lived from about 1254 till 1324, and was the first known white man to penetrate "Far Cathay". Not only did he survive his extensive travels throughout all that vast unknown territory, but also and for many years served as Viceroy of one of China's provinces.

To Marco Polo's distinction as the white pioneer of the Yellow Man's empire, must be added another: He never talked any nonsense about undertaking the White Man's Burden! He quite frankly urged others of his race to go where he had gone because it was profitable. He said nothing about the duty of the White Race to uplift those of darker skins: he left that for us moderns to proclaim.

The date of his return from two decades of profitable residence in the Far East was 1292, just two centuries before 1492, an easy date for Americans to remember. There is much more connection between those two dates than would at first appear. Of all his interesting tales brought home to Venice, none were more alluring to that race of enterprising merchants than his account of a certain island called Zipangu, lying off the coast of China, of whose riches and desirability he could not say enough. Zipangu was and is Japan.

Nearly two centuries later, inspired by Marco Polo's and later tales of Zipangu, another Italian (this time a Genoese) sailed westward with three Spanish ships under the Spanish flag, to find that fabled island. This later Italian, Christopher Columbus, by his epoch-making voyage toward Zipangu, transformed the earth

from a flat map into a globe. Vastly more momentous still, his addition of two continents to the known world started the white man to overrun the earth.

From the day that Columbus sailed westward from Cadiz, the white man has never stopped his determined and relentless expansion. He has obtained undisputed possession of the whole new hemisphere of the Americas, as well as of the continent and countless isles of Australasia. He has acquired all of Africa, of the Near East, of India, and occupied all of that northern half of Asia which we call Siberia. In southern Asia, the English have spread on from India down over the Malay Penninsula, and also up over the lofty Himalayas into Thibet. The French took possession of that huge southern district of China called Tonkin, half again as large as France, with forty million non-white inhabitants, while to the south the Dutch did likewise to Java and Sumatra with their thirty-five millions. And we Americans, although not with deliberate intent but by the chances of war, find ourselves the overlords of eight million Filipinos.

Is it any wonder that the Far East finally awoke to this onward rush of the White Peril? Or that Japan drove back the Russians from the China Sea, so as not to have white warships dominating those nearby waters from that Gibraltar-like base, Port Arthur, or holding the Korean side of Tsu-shima Straits, just across from Shimonoseki?

Much has been said and written of the White Man's Burden—of our race's duty to extend our civilization over territory belonging to the yellow or red or black man so as to better the condition of those aborigines. But is that true? Who shall decide whether such a change really benefits those peoples—they or we? Has not the time come to make frank admission that the "White Man's Burden" is after all only a smug phrase coined to cover exploitation of weaker races for the benefit of the white one?

When Bishop Brent and his American associates attempted last year at Geneva, in the home of the League of Nations, to effect a reduction in the growth of the opium poppy, they were opposed by all those European Powers whose nationals profit from opium production in those lands of the Far East seized by white Europeans. The altruistic efforts of these distinguished

Americans failed completely. Those European Powers declined to relinquish that particular portion of the White Man's Burden, nor have they reduced their subsidies to encourage cultivation of the opium poppy by Asiatics in those lands for the benefit of white merchants handling that trade. All the foregoing is well known.

Nothing is further from the writer's mind than a desire to urge that it should not be the acclaimed privilege of the White Man to do all in his power to aid other races. He only desires to protest against the world's opinion that this justifies the *occupation* of territory belonging to those other races. The port of Guayaquil was cleared of yellow fever by the brains and energy of a citizen of the United States, but that afforded no reason for the seizure by us of that port. The White Man's Privilege of Service is far removed from the White Man's Burden policy of territorial seizure.

All around the world we are beginning to hear the voice of the Native raised against the long accepted doctrine of the White Man's Burden. After having traveled extensively around the Pacific Ocean I can testify that there is as much unrest among the natives across that great water as there is among the tribes in North Africa and the Near East. What have we whites ever done in medical service to the islands of the Pacific to compensate for the hideous wrong done them when Captain Cook's sailors spread a dreadful venereal disease, until then unknown in those sunlit seas?

The cry of "Asia for the Asiatics" is seldom heard and but little understood on our side of the Pacific. In Asia, it represents a great and deep-seated movement, and some of their wise leaders express surprise that Americans cannot realize that their beloved Monroe Doctrine is the world's only exact prototype of "Asia for the Asiatics".

"Yes," says a European poppy grower or merchant, now forced upon the defensive, "but what about the American flag in the Philippines?" To that there is a complete answer. In the first place, our fleet did not go there to seize territory. Admiral Dewey's orders were to seek out and destroy the Spanish fleet—nothing more and nothing less. That fleet happened to be found in Manila Bay, and was there destroyed. But that did not

finish his task, for there was still a Spanish army on the shore to be defeated. When that was done and the war ended, there we were, with no local government of natives capable of functioning alone and unaided. So much for our installation in these foreign and distant islands.

"But," continues the said European poppy grower or merchant, "why not now get out of the islands and leave them to the native?" It seems to me that the only way to answer this searching question is not smugly to plead the "White Man's Burden" doctrine, but frankly to point out that we cannot afford, for reasons of worthy national pride, to give complete freedom to those islands unless and until all the great colonizing Powers interested in the Pacific join us in guaranteeing the freedom of a Filipino Republic. It would never do for the United States to withdraw from the Philippines with any risk that, some years later, one of those colonizing Powers on the grounds of avenging its nationals or protecting its trade—the case of the English at Hongkong or the French at Tonkin; the Germans took all Shantung because two of their missionaries were murdered in Kiaochao—should move into some such vantage point as Manila, and stay there. Such a move would inevitably result in the disconsolate but defenceless Filipinos sending us such a heart-rending appeal to return to their assistance as would surely result in our people, always sensible to distress appeals, becoming embroiled with the colonizing Power aforesaid.

No, even though we repudiate the White Man's Burden whenever it means acquisition of lands belonging to other races, we cannot abandon the Philippines until their freedom is jointly guaranteed by all those colonizing Powers who still believe in the superior right of the White Man. We are not a colonizing Power.

Also, this seems a proper place to rejoice that the United States is not a partner to the policy of colonial mandates to which the League of Nations is committed. It may serve for a group of colonizing European nations, but it does not square with the Monroe Doctrine.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

"THE PLIGHT OF ENGLAND": A REPLY

BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

THE Editor's article on this subject in the last issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has rightly aroused much comment in Great Britain. His friendly attitude towards us is very fully appreciated and he is known as one who did much to keep alive the friendship between the United States of America and Britain. For these reasons, and also in view of the whole tone of the article, it has aroused much attention. We are used to the pessimistic accounts in this country of politicians out of office, of captains of industry grumbling about high taxation, and of Trade Union leaders with many of the members of their Unions on the unemployed lists. And we take very little notice of the criticisms of known ill-wishers of our country. But Colonel Harvey's article is in quite a different category and has probably done more to arouse public attention to the needs of the day in Great Britain than anything else.

At the same time I shall find myself obliged to traverse many of the statements and arguments and to oppose certain of the conclusions. In the first place the preliminaries include an account of the declarations of Sir Esme Howard, as Ambassador in Washington, in which he stated that the time might come in the near future when the United Kingdom would be unable to meet her financial obligations to the United States. To speak quite bluntly, this declaration is nonsense. It was certainly unauthorized. No British Government would dare to instruct our Ambassador in Washington to make such a statement without the assent of the House of Commons. I know that assembly pretty well, as I am sitting in my fourth Parliament. Any Government putting forward such a suggestion would strike a blow at its own position which might prove fatal. For both the Labour and Liberal Parties and the bulk of the Conservative

Party itself, which now holds power in London, would instantly repudiate any such suggestion; if the Cabinet proceeded with it it would fall; and either a dissolution would take place or another Cabinet be formed more representative of the views of the great mass of the British people.

Let there be no mistake about this at all.

We are nowhere near default, and the burden of our payments to America for debt service, though heavy, is borne with a good grace and, moreover, without undue strain on our resources. We have built up British credit over centuries of effort and have just worked through a painful process of deflation in order still further to secure that credit. Rather than fail to meet our foreign obligations we would cut down every Government and social service and reduce the interest on our own internal debt. The service of our foreign debts will be the last on which we would economize. Everything else must go first. Let it be clearly understood that there is no responsible public man, business man or labor leader in this country who would not endorse every one of the above words.

As a matter of fact many of our business men returning recently from the United States have reported that harm has been done to the credit of this country by the utterances of our own leaders of thought with regard to the financial and commercial plight in which we find ourselves. I shall deal with the reasons for this presently. Let it suffice for the moment to state that we are suffering like every other combatant country in Europe, and most of the neutrals, from the results of the War; and that it has been necessary at all costs to shake our people out of their complacency.

But what is really the opinion of Britain at Washington and in Wall Street?

The best test will be the terms offered to the several public debtors of the United States. These are avowedly based on the supposed capacities of the several countries to pay. Two settlements have been arrived at so far, one with Britain, the other with Italy, apart from the small matter of the Polish debt. Supposing these to be arrived at with an eye on the paying capacity of the two countries, if we compare the terms agreed upon for interest

and sinking fund to Italy with similar terms for Britain we find that the capacity of Britain to pay is reckoned at fourteen times that of Italy. In other words, if for our debt we had received the same terms as Italy has for her debt, we should be paying only one-fourteenth of what we actually do pay in a year now.

But it may be said that Britain is going from bad to worse and that her trade is actually declining and her unemployment increasing; and very impressive figures are marshalled in the article referred to. I, also, shall quote some figures, but at the outset I would like to draw attention to a national trait among the English which frequently deceives strangers and with which we sometimes even deceive ourselves. This is our national habit of grumbling and self-depreciation.

Nearly all the successful business men with whom I am acquainted are on the verge of ruin all the time, according to their own statements. I hardly know one man over fifty years of age in Britain who is not continually saying, at any rate in private, that the country is going to the dogs. Also it must be remembered that the political leaders of the Opposition parties in Britain are more vocal and active than the leaders of the Government who are engaged in administration, and who, generally speaking, must stick to utterances about their own Departments. Whatever party is in power, the Opposition has made a point of dwelling on the dark side of affairs and not on the bright side. This is with the quite legitimate object of weakening the credit of the Government in power.

And it is not a recent development.

For example, when a Free Trade Government is in power in Britain, the Tariff Reformers have always declared the country to be on the verge of ruin. The most notorious of these cases was the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain when he was leading the Tariff Reform campaign during the more or less Free Trade Government of Mr. Balfour, now Earl of Balfour, and during the actual Free Trade Government of his successors.

In the article referred to, it is stated baldly that England's period of productivity is passed:

Her sole function henceforward can be none else than that of "middleman" or manufacturing intermediary between producers of raw materials and consumers of finished articles, working under the competitive disadvantage of huge costs of both fetching and carrying.

We have always been great middlemen and carriers of goods. Our carrying trade is of the very greatest importance, situated as we are, and makes it possible for us to maintain our great mercantile marine which, in spite of war losses, still represents thirty-three-and-one-third per cent. of the world's tonnage. This mercantile marine links our Empire together and provides a valuable reserve of ships and seamen for the Royal Navy on which, in its turn, our whole Imperial power rests. Did not the United States spend some billions of dollars in attempting to build up a mercantile marine herself to act as an intermediary, and was not this sound policy on her part? But our manufactures are now going ahead and our export trade is actually increasing, as I shall presently show.

We are, however, suffering with the rest of Europe as a result of the incalculable damage of the late War. What this damage was in material destruction, in loss of life, in dislocation of trade, in abandonment of agriculture, in the withdrawal from production of tens of millions of men and women, is quite impossible accurately to assess. The actual material damage done in Britain was not great, and we have been a little slow to appreciate the impoverished state of the world in consequence. Also the cessation of hostilities was followed by an artificial and transitory "boom". It has taken a long time for our people to understand our position in the world clearly; and before the War we had got into rather pleasant habits of not working too hard. The great industries and commerce of Britain were built up by very hard-working and adventurous men during the middle of last century; and their successors found it comparatively easy to carry on and even to increase their businesses. All this is past now, and our people are beginning to realize it. Also this must be remembered: There are many sections of all classes in Britain who are not working as hard as they should even now, and are spending far too much of their time and money on luxuries, sports and amusements. But these actually form a reserve of energy and effort

on which we are just now beginning slowly to draw as the people themselves realize that only hard work will pull us through. But this is being realized.

Let me refer to some of the more hopeful factors.

We have, with an effort, returned to the gold standard. Many say this was premature and that it has added ten per cent. to the cost of our goods in the world's markets. But the step has been taken and has been, on the whole, successful.

Insurance, apart from marine insurance, is flourishing. Our banks are in a very strong position. We are again lending in Europe and to our oversea Dominions. Quite recently two big German loans—that to the Potash Syndicate, and the big Textile Loan—were issued in London, having been taken from under the very noses of American financiers. These two big loans, together with the League of Nations loans to Greece, Hungary, Austria, etc., and our share of the Dawes Loan, were immediately over-subscribed. This is hardly a sign of impending ruin. The same applies to the multitude of rubber, tea and coffee companies which have issued capital. Apart from these latter, the following is a list of issues made just before Christmas, 1925:

Potash Syndicate	£5,000,000 7 per cent. bonds at 94½.
Cunard SS	£4,000,000 5 per cent. debenture stock at 98.
British Tankers	£4,000,000 5½ per cent. debenture stock at 97 (about).
Dunlop Rubber	£2,000,000 6 per cent. second debenture stock at 98.
Textile Trade Corporation	£1,000,000 7 per cent. certificates.
Drapery and General Investment Trust	£600,000 6 per cent. debenture stock at par.
Drapery and General Investment Trust	£600,000 7 per cent. preference shares at par.
Hungarian Mortgage Bonds	£1,000,000 7½ per cent. at 93.

All these public issues show that there is plenty of money available in Britain. The embargo on foreign loans has only just been raised and there is still an unofficial embargo which dis-

courages too much lending abroad. The following are the capital issues made, excluding direct borrowing by the Government:

1922	£235,618,550
1923	£203,759,754
1924	£223,545,932
1925	£219,896,630

During most of 1925 there was a strict embargo on all foreign loans apart from those guaranteed by the League of Nations. The fact is that Lombard Street still holds its position as an international banking centre in spite of the efforts of Wall Street.

In 1925 the Bankers' Clearing House made clearances of £40,437,119,000, being the highest on record and an increase of £904,255,000 on 1924.

Much play has been made with the subsidy to the coal industry entered into last autumn. Nobody in Britain likes this, but it was deliberately decided upon in order to avoid the great upheaval of a national strike. The coal industry has suffered by the effects of German Reparations coal,—one of the blunders of the Peace Treaty,—just as our shipping has suffered by the free deliveries of German mercantile tonnage. But this coal subsidy, which may total £30,000,000, is, after all, being spent within the country and is not a dead loss.

With regard to unemployment: one of the worst hit industries apart from coal is the linen industry. But linen is really a luxury and all luxury trades, especially for export, have been hit by the War. Also the depression in the linen industry is partly caused by the changes in fashion, artificial silk largely taking its place for male and female apparel, for example.

It is perfectly true, on the other hand, that there is far too much "water" in many of our large companies, as the result of wartime and "boom" inflations. But much of this is being written off; an outstanding example being the great engineering, shipbuilding and armaments firm of Vickers, which has tackled the problem in a really heroic manner; and other firms are following the same course.

Let me now refer to the actual figures of exports, re-exports and imports on page 200 of the Editor's article. These show that our re-exports and our imports are actually increasing. It is

true our imports are increasing, but these are largely balanced by "invisible exports" such as insurance, shipping freights and loans made to India, South America and the British Colonies. In the first ten months of 1925 we exported £516,406,791 worth of manufactured goods. This total was £33,000,000 above 1923 for the same period, and £3,000,000 above 1924 for the same period. This is not bad for a country that is supposed to be on the verge of ruin. Included in the above are the following items:

Cotton goods	£170,000,000
Woolen goods	£51,000,000
Iron and Steel goods	£57,000,000
Vehicles, including ships	£25,000,000
Coal	£42,000,000

Take the greatest port in Britain, Liverpool. The total of exports and imports for the last four years is as follows:

1921	£528,000,000 ("boom" year)
1922	£484,000,000
1923	£533,000,000
1924	£582,000,000
1925 (figures not yet out) expected to be over	£600,000,000

It hardly looks as if the grass has yet begun to grow in the streets of Liverpool.

With regard to the much criticized "dole": it has certainly done harm to our work people and this is admitted. But it is an insurance, and the work people themselves contribute, willy-nilly, to these insurance funds. In spite of its many evils, we can hardly cut it off without a breach of faith, especially as it is not the fault of the majority of the workpeople that they cannot find employment; and again, the money is actually spent in this country. Unemployment is very serious; but there were 200,000 more people engaged in industry on December 11, 1925, than on December 11, 1924. The latest figures I have show a reduction of 25,000 less than the previous week and nearly 67,000 less than a year ago. The actual figures from the Government return are as follows:

	Dec. 21, 1925	*Dec. 14, 1925*	*Dec. 22, 1924*
Number of people on registers of employment exchanges:			
Men	896,400	912,369	897,461
Boys	25,900	26,835	30,281
Women	157,900	164,662	215,850
Girls	22,200	23,580	25,635
Total	1,102,400	1,127,446	1,169,227

It must be remembered that, in spite of the War, we have a larger population and there are more women in productive employment in England than before the War.

It is said that our people are reluctant to emigrate. This has another side to it. In most of the countries in Europe involved in the War the people seem only too anxious to get abroad, anywhere. That they are not eager to fly from Britain shows that things cannot be so very bad after all. Also I may be permitted to point out that emigrants are not exactly encouraged to go to the United States. Many are not eager to face the ordeal of Ellis Island. Take the case of a British ex-Army officer, Captain Sidney Fortune, who, for the past five years has been on the staff of our War Graves Commission in the Near East. He recently attempted to land in New York to join a brother in Florida, and was refused permission to land. There may of course have been good reasons, but it goes to show that emigration is none too easy in these days.

Taxation is certainly heavy, though as a matter of fact it was reduced by £30,000,000 this year from last year. Government expenditure is being slowly reduced. But it is not so easy to get rid of the hordes of officials that the British Government Departments established in the War. Our expenditure was reduced from £1,195,428,000 in 1920, which may be taken as the first peace year, to £820,115,000 in 1925. Heavy expenditure has led to heavy taxation, but the standard of living of our people has not been unduly depressed, their savings prevented, nor their physique injured. One indication of this is the enormous and persistent growth of the number of motor vehicles licensed in this country. The actual statistics show that in the past four years

the licenses issued have practically doubled in numbers. The official returns are as follows:

1921	873,665
1922	979,000
1923	1,141,400
1924	1,269,606
1925	1,537,350

The 1925 figures above include 579,501 motor-cars, 571,552 motor-cycles and 224,287 commercial vehicles.

There are now about 600,000 motor-cycles in use in Britain compared with some 200,000 licensed throughout the United States. This hardly looks as if our people are impoverished.

Compare with Germany. A well-known motor manufacturer, a friend of mine, recently proposed to establish a factory for the making of light cars in Germany. After very careful inquiries he was dissuaded by the reports he received from the best sources as to the lack of purchasing power in that country.

Take another test. One of the leading industries in the United States is the production of cinematograph films. Of foreign markets, the British is probably one of the best. In 1924 the number of attendances at cinema theatres in Britain was 1,050,000,000. Last year, 1925, ten thousand new books were published in Britain. The theatres enjoyed good runs when the plays were worth seeing; and, in passing, may I be allowed to observe that I hope the English drama and also the habits of our people will not be judged by the type of so-called British plays recently showing in New York.

Nor are the savings of the people affected unduly. The Savings Bank returns, like the income tax returns, show a continued upward tendency. One of our worst centres of industry, dependent as it is so much on the shipbuilding and engineering trades, both so hard hit, is Glasgow. Nor is it the most sober city in Great Britain, while labor troubles are frequent. The total balance due to depositors in the Glasgow Savings Bank at the present time is £12,566,127. The total funds of the Glasgow Savings Bank are £22,158,014. These figures are the highest in the history of the institution. The increase over last year is £479,502. This Savings Bank aims, primarily, at encouraging

the small depositor. Seventy-three per cent. of the balances in the ordinary department are under fifty pounds, while twenty-one per cent. do not exceed one pound.

Take another index. According to the figures of the United States National Trade Council the value of the raw materials, mostly for manufacturing purposes, exported by the United States of America to Great Britain increased from $2,090,000,000 to $2,530,000,000 between 1922 and 1924, and the figures are still increasing. This hardly looks as if we are becoming entirely a nation of middlemen.

And we have valuable assets.

We control many important raw materials and foodstuffs, for example, rubber, copra and cocoa. Some of our Colonies, particularly Nigeria, are capable of very great developments and possessed of immense riches. These African Colonies are peaceable and orderly, and we are encouraging the native farmers themselves to produce for export. We still make and export large quantities of one very good heavy motor-car and we sell abroad a great many light motor-cars. On British roads the best known of the American cheap cars is being rapidly ousted by one or two of the best known makes of British light cars. The bicycle trade is flourishing, and we are exporting immense numbers of bicycles. The linoleum manufacturers for the past year have had to ration their customers abroad and the demand still outstrips the supply. The tin plate trade is flourishing, as is the new industry of artificial silk-making which is going ahead by leaps and bounds and is doing something to relieve the depression in other branches of the textile industry. We are rapidly establishing an entirely new industry for the production of sugar from beet. As I write there is an acute shortage of pig iron in the Cleveland district. On December 28 last, Sir John Davies, the Chairman of Baldwins, Ltd., one of our principal engineering and steel smelting firms, presiding at the annual meeting of the Swansea Metal Exchange, said that "the depression in the iron and steel industry has touched bottom". On the same day the Abercarn and Cwmcarn Collieries, belonging to the Ebbw Vale Company, re-opened and employed 2,000 men. This year, 1926, the railway companies of Britain are expending £60,000,000 in new works, extensions and

new plant, including important electrifications. The London Midland and Scottish Railway, alone, in this year, 1926, is placing orders for 15,000 goods wagons and 400 new locomotives costing £5,000,000. Where we are hard hit in addition to coal, mentioned above, and shipbuilding, is in the iron and steel industries and engineering. The usual remedy of protection for iron and steel was recently proposed and the application of the industry itself was referred to the Committee of Civil Research. Prime Minister Baldwin, on December 21 last, made the following statement:

> The Civil Research Committee has given the subject prolonged and detailed consideration, and has heard a large number of witnesses, representing employers and employed engaged in the iron and steel industries and in allied trades. The evidence revealed a serious situation. The pressure of foreign competition, aided by long hours, low wages, and depreciated currencies, is being severely felt by our manufacturers, and had the Government been able to deal with the iron and steel industries in isolation we might have regarded the case for inquiry as complete. It became clear, however, in the course of our investigations, that the safeguarding of a basic industry of this magnitude would have repercussions of a far wider character which might be held to be in conflict with our declaration in regard to a general tariff. In all the circumstances of the present time we have come to the conclusion that the application cannot be granted.

This plainly gives the reason: "long hours, low wages and depreciated currencies" on the Continent of Europe are causing the injury. But this cannot last. We are competing successfully in contracts abroad against Continental firms; and in any case, are we to reduce the standard of living of our workpeople to that of our Continental competitors? The answer is, No! We have deliberately adopted the high wages, high organization policy of the United States, and we will win through on it.

With regard to our debt to America, used as one of the counts against us, as a reason for our coming decline, it must be remembered that we never expected the default of our European debtors on whose behalf much of the money is borrowed. Nevertheless France has promised to pay us twelve and a half million pounds a year to begin with, and the Italians have negotiated for the funding and payment of their debt in London.

The observations of those interested and the statistics them-

selves show that in Britain there is less crime, less drunkenness and more happiness generally among the people. The poorer class and the children are better clad than they ever have been, morals are better, and there is already a reaction setting in from the license of the War period, which shows that the spirit of the people is healthy. The physique of the younger generation shows a great improvement, especially that of the young men.

Nor do our arts of statecraft show a decline. We have got over the worst of our Irish troubles and have thus removed a grave canker from the body politic. Thanks to the wise grant of self-government, where it was due, our Empire has never been more firmly knit together nor more loyal to the throne. The same policy is being pursued in India. Our recent action in accepting a mandate for Mesopotamia from the League of Nations for a further twenty-five years has been criticized by many, including myself. But such an action is hardly the gesture of a decadent people. Rather, the criticism is that we are too optimistic of our strength or that we take on too great responsibilities, in the vigor of our revival.

It is true we are going through hard times and still have hard times to go through; but there are unmistakable signs of strength and real indications of a trade revival. The recent signature of the Locarno Pact will help, and, at any rate, it exposes us as the leading political power in Europe. It is to be hoped that a "boom" is not upon us. If we can go on with our slow recovery and improvement, all will be well, and we shall rally from this depression as we recovered from depressions following the Seven Years' War, the war with our former American Colonies, and the Napoleonic Wars themselves.

The American people may rest assured that we shall meet our obligations, and will remain a great market for both their manufactured goods and their raw materials, as well as their sincere friends.

J. M. KENWORTHY.

London, 1926.

CONCERNING ENDOWMENTS

BY HANFORD HENDERSON

EVERY man, however original and independent he may think himself, is in reality the beneficiary of a tremendous endowment. He is the direct heir of that universal experience which we call Civilization. We are all of us the possessors of marvellous wealth. We have our wonderful bodies, the product of an evolutionary process stretching back so far that the most speculative among us hesitate to hazard any guess as to its duration. We have our still more wonderful intellects, creating a world much larger, much more intricate, much more subtle, than the vast world of visible Nature. Most beneficent of all, we have the spiritual life, with its conquest of space and time, and its irrepressible claim to immortality.

No one, not even the apostles of equality, would insist for one moment that this vast inheritance is the same for all, that the heirs of civilization are the recipients of like portions. We have only to compare bodies and minds and souls to realize how endlessly unequal are these human legacies. Even our individual share varies, and we are aware of periods of drought and plenty. We do not bring to the succeeding adventures of life the same body, the same mind, the same soul. These vary so amazingly that after some great emotional experience we rightly speak of a changed man, and of being born again.

In our ordinary moods, and in the midst of our daily pre-occupations, we are not greatly impressed by this tremendous gift of the past, for it represents our accustomed environment. We are prone to take it for granted and to offer no thanks. We seldom stop to think how good the gods have been to us. In spite of all our frailties, it is a marvellous thing just to be a man! But in taking so much for granted, we commonly take too much and assume a human average which does not exist, and apply a generalized standard which labels without really evaluating. There

seems objectively to be one world, but in effect there are as many worlds as there are people in it.

And then, in addition to this personal endowment, this legacy wrapped up in the organism itself, in body, mind and soul, there is a seemingly capricious external legacy which must never be forgotten, since it plays so important a part in human destiny. This outer aspect of civilization represents a skilful adaptation of the raw materials of Nature to human uses. It constitutes a universal contributory endowment which we too little take cognizance of,—the cleared field, the dwelling-house, the public building, the road, bridge, tunnel, the vehicles of transportation, the lines of communication, the stupendous mechanical equipment of industry, all the clever discoveries and inventions, all the lovely creations of art. This vast accumulated wealth is the product of a multitude of dead workers, driven some by want, some by ambition, some by curiosity, some by reverence, some fortunate ones by the sheer love of beauty. And we, the men of today, inherit collectively this immeasurable wealth. Part of our inheritance is personal, our individual share of houses and lands, and the multiform tools and achievements of civilized life. But the larger part is impersonal, the marvellous beauty and convenience of that outer world to which we, late comers among the toilers, have for the moment succeeded. And it is worth remarking that while a man, in thinking of his wealth, commonly has in mind his personal share in our colossal joint heritage, this is not necessarily or even generally the more important. A "poor" man, living in the rich environment of an active, intelligent community, may easily be much better off than a "rich" man out in the wilderness.

But all these possessions, like the organic legacies of bodies and minds and souls, represent only the given conditions, the inherited setting for the living drama of today. As a spectacle, they are impressive; as a potential opportunity, they are beyond price; and I would not willingly belittle either their magnificence or their importance. But they imply no merit on the part of the generation which today happens to possess them. Nor do they, in spite of their large convenience and beauty, carry any guarantee whatever that our contemporary drama will be admirable.

Right here is the crux of the whole matter. It deserves the closest scrutiny on the part of those who concern themselves with social problems, and with the large general questions of our human destiny. Broadly speaking, two points of view are possible. They are both understandable, but they are exclusive and contradict each other; consequently the social theories which grow out of them lead to opposite conclusions and programmes.

The first point of view denies, of course, what I have just said about the impotence of the world endowment to produce of itself an admirable succeeding world; and specifically asserts the contrary. It is a doctrine of necessity. Man is a puppet of fate, the product of the world endowment, the result of his environment. From this point of view, free will is an illusion, and man is logically quite devoid of responsibility. If he make himself too much of a social nuisance, he is imprisoned or hanged, just as wild beasts, when they become a menace, are summarily disposed of. But short of inconvenient extremes of misconduct, man must be looked upon in the same dispassionate natural history spirit that we feel when we watch the antics of animals, or study the growth of plants.

The major objection to this point of view is to be found in the large mass of contradictory evidence. It is too voluminous to be presented in full, but one or two pertinent facts may be indicated.

The rise and fall of nations, for example, is one of the enigmas of history; and it is particularly baffling that while their rise is so gradual, their decline is so rapid, and in so many cases follows close upon the highest wave of material civilization and power. The fortunate nations would seem to be the target for the gods of misfortune—a brilliant flowering and then disaster. Just now America is approaching the crest of the wave, exhibiting a prosperity and a material civilization never before equalled, and already some of her anxious lovers are beginning to ask whether this is but another prelude to another immense disaster. One looks back, and asks, Where is Assyria? Where is Egypt? Where is Greece? Where is Rome? Even in our own day, Where is the German Empire? Will it be asked, a moment hence, Where is America?

It has been the same with families and with individuals. The heavier the endowment of outer advantage, the more certain would seem to be their ultimate deterioration and loss of distinction. It can be seen in New England and also in the South. In the West there are signs of loss, and already on the Pacific Coast one can find, as in Florida, the less fortunate children of the fortunate. If events prove anything, they assuredly prove that growth and progress come from within, and that while they may be helped from without, they may all too easily be smothered.

The second point of view has already been indicated. It accepts most gratefully the tremendous endowment of the past, the highly organized body, the acute mind, the sensitive soul, all the wealth of structures, tools, equipment, our vast and expanding body of acquired knowledge, not as the source of further progress, but solely as substantial aid to contemporary achievement, if the will to achieve is there, and still bent upon the pursuit of perfection. But such a quest, endless in its very nature, involves genuine self-activity, genuine contemporary effort, and this is an entirely meaningless term unless we retain our old fashioned belief in the freedom of the will. If, like the animals and plants, we are the necessary and unavoidable product of our environment, if to our rich inheritance we add no power of volition, we are wholly incapable of self-activity, and are become automatons, tragic but hardly interesting.

I do not hide from myself that this doctrine of self-activity is not without difficulties. But the difficulties are at least no greater than those which dog the course of the first point of view, since both lead ultimately to the unknown, and are equally insoluble. If we were the puppets of fate, it would still be necessary to ask who plays the game and moves the puppets. One's reasonable choice depends, it seems to me, upon probabilities; and so far as I am able to read the evidence it all points in one direction. Inherited endowment, wearing the richest dress of outward civilization, has failed repeatedly, in races, families, individuals, to be the source of an enduring higher civilization; failed repeatedly to maintain even its own level; while human good will, bent upon mastery, has never failed to dominate outward circumstances and attain ultimate victory.

I state the issue between these contradictory points of view so sharply because so much depends upon one's choice. In all that follows, I assume the second view, which is whole-heartedly my own belief, that the human spirit is capable of this genuine self-activity and can control events, instead of being controlled by them,—"Gods are we,—if we will."

Self-activity, from this point of view, is synonymous with life. For each one of us, the given data are unescapable, and to that limited extent we are all fatalists,—what we now are, we are; what we now possess, we possess. But this static endowment is not life, nor is it the source of life; it is only the contemporary opportunity offered to life. The succeeding drama depends wholly upon the way in which this static endowment is handled. That is to say, the drama depends upon something added from outside itself, upon a spiritual force residing in individual human beings. As Marcus Aurelius put the matter, "Remember that this which pulls the strings is the thing which is hidden within." That this spiritual force is an admitted mystery both as to its source and its ultimate destiny does not, I think, invalidate the observed fact of its present operation. Even the dimensions of our human drama do not depend upon the magnitude of the endowment, but almost wholly upon the measure of self-activity which is brought to bear upon it. We have the familiar spectacle of strong men of good will accomplishing great things with the most meagre opportunity, even in the face of powerful opposition; while other men, given what seems to be a magnificent material endowment, make so little of it that eventually they altogether go under. The determining factor in all that happens is just this intangible, imponderable spiritual ingredient which men through their own eager self-activity add to the given data, to that vast endowment of ideas and things inherited from the past. Those who love their fellows and who regard the pursuit of perfection as the major and legitimate purpose in our puzzling earth-life, must bend every effort to conserve and heighten this priceless motive power in themselves and others; and must never under any allurement sacrifice it to the static, lifeless equipment of the outer world of either past or present. To state the case very concisely, the most important thing in every human enter-

prise is the spirit which gives it life and movement, which changes it from inert endowment into meritorious event.

All this is so little novel that it may properly be called obvious, but it may not on that account be impatiently dismissed. The importance of a fact does not depend upon its novelty, but upon its range, and we have here, I believe, a fact of the widest range. If we had the courage to apply it in every case, and to decline all exceptions, however plausible, the earthly pilgrimage would be a livelier and, I venture to think, a much happier and more engaging adventure. I am tempted to cite a number of instances where traditional thinking offers one interpretation and the principle of self-activity something quite different. Having touched upon natural endowments which we inherit willy-nilly, let us turn for a moment to those artificial endowments which well-meaning friends intentionally create.

The first illustration which comes to mind is in connection with the so-called "drives" undertaken by many institutions which fancy themselves in need of money. I was living, at the time, in a distinguished old town which greatly prided itself upon its culture. Among its many organized activities for the betterment of the world was an energetic association devoted to the welfare of young men. I sympathized keenly with many of its purposes. But in an evil moment (or so it seemed to me) the association decided upon a "drive", and for a rather surprisingly large sum of money. An elaborate campaign was inaugurated. Two gentlemen called at my house. They were entire strangers to me, and in their zeal did not so much solicit, as demand, a substantial contribution. If I remember rightly they had even spared me the trouble of determining its amount. I had to send them away empty-handed. Not only did I object to the insolent method of the "drive", but I found on inquiry that in spite of my large sympathy with the general purposes of the association, I disapproved *in toto* of the proposed use for the fund which they were trying in this singularly high-handed manner to raise. It was to be spent, I found, for buildings,—not buildings needed to carry on the excellent work of the association, but buildings which were to be rented out for revenue. They wished, in a word, to create a technical "endowment", an income-producing investment which

would provide permanently for the salaries of the paid secretaries and for other current expenses. They explained quite frankly that it was inconvenient and somewhat precarious to have the work depend upon annual contributions. Many persons—I am bound to believe them rather unreflective persons—assented to this view and gave handsomely. I declined, because I realized that such an endowment fund was not desirable. It would kill the genuine life and self-activity of the association and induce a very speedy dry rot. I knew that so long as the association supplied a real need of the community, it would be generously supported. When it ceased to supply such a need, it no longer deserved support. Given a sufficient endowment fund, it could continue to function after a fashion, quite regardless of whether it truly ministered or not. Had the fund been asked for needed equipment,—libraries, lecture halls, class-rooms, work-shops, gymnasiums,—I should have felt quite differently about it. But to pay an agent permanently in advance for a service not yet performed, regardless of whether it is well or ill performed, whether it is wanted or not wanted, is to offer large opportunity for abuse, and to deprive the community of wholesome coöperation and control. The enterprise becomes inert, the sport of dead souls, and quite divorced from the current, palpitating life of the community. An endowed institution may, for a time, render acceptable service, but the tendency is unmistakably towards inefficiency and disservice. As it draws its sustenance from the past, so it is likely to represent the past, to represent something once wanted but no longer wanted; instead of that fine contemporary reality which a genuine self-activity alone can yield.

The same argument which I have applied to the well known association in that dignified old residence town, I would unhesitatingly apply to all those institutions which aspire to serve the spiritual needs of their day and generation,—to churches, schools, colleges, universities, boy scout organizations, girl scout camp fires, to young men's and young women's societies of all denominations, to public libraries and museums. Adequate equipment means enlarged opportunity, but endowment too often means death.

The one exception would be in the case of specific research

work, yet even here there should be periodic and frequent inspection as to the chosen subjects of research, the organization of the work and the agents employed, with special inquiry into the efficiency of the efforts made to give all results suitable publicity and application. I need not recall the misuse of endowment funds in even our great universities,—courses given to suit the convenience and whimsies of old men in endowed chairs rather than to suit the obvious needs of the students themselves; professors paid six thousand a year or more to lecture to two or three young men on erudite subjects so nearly useless that they would better be left to private curiosity. The need for efficient, well equipped universities is always exigeant; but the endowed institution gets out of touch with life, and accumulates, in spite of itself, a lot of dead timber in the way of men and methods and goals.

It is commonly believed that all education must be endowed, or it will not be able to carry on. I do not myself believe this; I believe the very contrary, that all education, to be vital, must be self supporting. If education is paid for by contemporary effort, it will more nearly approximate the genuine needs of current life, and will be supplied at somewhere near cost. An institution which cannot furnish what the community wants and at a price it can afford to pay, quite deserves to go under. I do not speak theoretically. I speak from a long experience in education. I have come to believe—I have not always believed it—that all schools of whatever grade should be what our commercial friends call "going concerns", that they should in all cases pay their own way. The only endowment which they may properly and safely accept is the endowment of equipment,—land, building and apparatus,—and the small State favor of no taxation. I have found it possible to carry on very interesting educational work without even these subsidies. It has so chanced that my own field has been largely the experimental work of the pioneer, and that is notoriously expensive and precarious. To avoid three common pitfalls I formulated three guardian principles. The first was that there must be no trustees or directors; the second was that I must own the establishment myself, without debt or mortgage; and the third was that the school must be

conducted so simply that I could afford to run it even if I had no students! These simple provisions gave me an immense freedom.

The first experiment, a summer camp for boys, was started nearly thirty years ago, and is, I believe, the oldest camp in existence. They are now numbered by the thousand, and may be found in practically every State. My own camp began with a capital of three hundred dollars,—in those days a dollar went much further than it does now,—and an enrollment of fifteen boys. It clearly offered something that was wanted, for it has paid its own way from the very start and is still prosperous and popular. It had last summer an enrollment of one hundred and fifty boys. The fee was made small, as it was never the purpose to attract rich boys, but rather boys from the more thoughtful professional classes, or even desirable boys who would be accounted poor. It is true that many rich boys came, for their parents found there a simple, wholesome outdoor life which they could not easily inaugurate at their own more elaborate summer homes. But they were all treated alike, and no extra privileges were purchasable. I cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that while I believe all schools should be self-supporting, I also believe that it should be the unfaltering effort of the headmaster to make the fee just as low as possible.

After seventeen very happy summers, I turned the camp over to two younger masters, and shortly after that, started another experiment, a boys' open air college preparatory school on my little plantation at Samarcand. But before leaving the subject of the summer camp, I might mention for the encouragement of other pioneers, that after a few years, as the enrollment increased, the camp became a source of adequate income. From my own limited personal experience, and much wider observation, I should say that all sound enterprises can be made, by good management, to pay their own way, and that the field for legitimate charity is much narrower than we commonly imagine.

In the case of the open air school, the initial outlay was naturally larger, but even here amounted to only twenty-five thousand dollars for everything. The equipment was by choice, as well as necessity, extremely simple, and we allowed ourselves only three luxuries,—a Steinway grand piano, the last edition of the

Encyclopædia, and a seven-passenger high-powered car. In selecting these two experiments by way of illustration, I do not forget that they were very simple and unpretentious and not at all comparable to the huge educational establishments to which rich men give their money, and paid officials their time. But both experiments were significant. I find that the men and boys who took part in them still look back upon those early days as a unique and fortunate experience. And both camp and school became the starting points for later ventures now serving large numbers of American boys and girls.

Without subscribing too literally to Kant's famous dictum that such conduct is ethical which one would wish to see universal, it was keenly felt that as an educational experiment, neither camp nor school would fulfil its whole purpose unless it could be imitated and made the starting point for a further advance. This was an additional argument for making them self supporting. The school was, of course, somewhat slower in reaching entire self support. In my own mind, I gave it four years to make good. Thanks to the skill and devotion of an able colleague, and the generous help of the junior masters, the goal set for ourselves was honestly reached, and at the end of four years we planned not only to continue the school but to double its capacity. The War came, however, and brought it to an end by requiring service elsewhere.

Parents are not, as a rule, educational experts,—they are sometimes curiously ignorant about even elementary educational methods,—but they do want, with almost pathetic eagerness, the very best thing for their children, and they need only to be convinced. It is this feeling which has led me to insist all along that educational experiments, to be valid, must supply something which, after due exposition and trial, is genuinely wanted by conscientious, intelligent parents. And if genuinely wanted, such ventures will be supported. This seems to me reasonable ground, and I was the more ready to act upon it in the case of summer camp and open air school because in still earlier years I had been one of the pioneers in introducing manual training as a culture branch in non-technical schools, and I had been deeply touched by the eagerness of parents to have their boys profit by a

system of instruction which appealed, it is true, to their common sense, but which still had its spurs to win.

We may well accept the considerable endowment of the past in the way of land, playgrounds, school buildings, workshops and general equipment, and also the small contemporary favor of omitted taxation. But to make the schools vital, effective, intimate, progressive, they must be the immediate concern of those whose interests are most vividly involved, that is to say of the parents whose children are to attend the schools. Such a participation would be helpful to both parents and children. It would result in variety and in wholesome competition. We would escape the uniformity so earnestly and in my opinion so mistakenly desired by the National Educational Association when it advocates a Federal Bureau of Education with enlarged activities, and powers of standardization. In the place of this deadly sameness, this educational mill, we might so easily have a genuine self-determination, with its resulting vivacity, interest, experimentation and sincerity. The parents and children, instead of being passive material in the grip of the educational process,—the parents to pay taxes, and the children to acquiesce,—would be active agents, and through their own self-activity, their aroused spiritual participation in the educational venture, would gain an intellectual life, and an emotional and artistic delight which are not the necessary or even the common fruits of an alien administration. Education is an inner process, an unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit, and may only be realized through self-activity.

It is one of the curious anomalies in our spiritual make-up that the liberal and radical minds which fulminate most vigorously against our own control of the Philippines, and England's hand in India, and which cry out for political self-determination for everybody, everywhere, quite regardless of political development, would light-heartedly enter every American home, and prescribe under compulsion of law just what sort of education American parents shall give their own children. In Oregon they would go even further, and make all private schools impossible by the simple device of making the public school compulsory. But happily, the law was declared unconstitutional.

I much deplore the abandonment of our smaller, more intimate

district schools so near the real life of childhood, and the growing use of the motor bus to gather the children into large remote schoolhouses which have no educational merit easily discernible and offer a much smaller emotional appeal to the children themselves. Bigness may yield greater administrative convenience, but it does not guarantee excellence. The small school, near the homes of the children, may be made far more effective, and for the younger children, especially, far more convenient. In comparing the two, it is usual to offer the very modern school palace of today in contrast with the ancient district school of yesterday. The comparison is not fair. The same thought and money spent on the palace would create a series of model smaller schools where they were needed, saving the expense and waste time of transportation; and, more important still, saving the demoralizing effect of crowds. At the present moment, progressive business men are working for the decentralization of industry. Textile mills scatter themselves over the cotton fields; automobile making moves up the River Rouge; New York publishers send their copy out on Long Island, or up into New Hampshire, or over to New Jersey; manufacturing companies combine in order to scatter their industrial plants over a wide territory and so bring them near the consumer. Yet in spite of this significant experience, this growing tendency to take the work to the worker, instead of the worker to the work, educators continue to centralize education and to do it, curiously enough, in the name of progress.

In the case of colleges, universities and technical schools, the argument for self-support is even stronger than in the case of the lower schools, for the students are now of an age when they may properly and helpfully contribute toward their own support. At the present moment many of us who love education and have given a substantial part of our own lives to its furtherance, have regretfully come to the conclusion that too many boys and girls now go to college, too many who cannot offer the legitimate price of sound preparation and earnest purpose. Many of them go for purely frivolous reasons,—for the social distractions and sports; for the freedom which they gain in being away from home; for the chance to have a hand in class politics, dances, organiza-

tions; many from simple restlessness and *ennui*, because they do not know what else to do. Their presence in such large numbers distinctly lowers the standard of both scholarship and morals. It is easily possible to go to college to one's harm, gaining no substantial good, but cultivating a chronic indolence, and the fatal habit of depending upon outer excitements instead of inner resources. The great danger of college life is that it makes boys and girls selfish and self-indulgent. We give too much and ask too little. We concentrate their attention upon their own personal advantage, and during holidays and the long vacation, upon the doubtful adventure of having a gloriously good time; and to this end we absolve them from all home duties and responsibilities, from all money burdens, and too often from even the necessity of good manners. Pour the wealth of the world into the lap of youth, and youth is stifled and spoiled. A better gift is that "refined poverty" which our Japanese friends strive for in their exquisite tea ceremony. There is only one way of becoming educated, and that is to educate oneself. And this can only be done through self-activity and self-restraint. Emerson said truly that men are as lazy as they dare to be. When we do for boys and girls, or for men and women, what they can and ought to do for themselves, we strengthen this tendency and invite deterioration. And I may add, as a lover of perfection, that we can hardly expect youth to escape the ugly exercise of self-indulgence, when they see their own parents and their elderly friends so habitually self-indulgent.

I am not optimistic enough to believe that the abandonment of endowment funds, here advocated, and their expenditure for legitimate purposes, will take place in the near future, or even all at once in any future. But I do believe that it will come about gradually, for already there are signs of intelligent discontent with the fruits of our present system; and intelligent discontent is ever the precursor of reform. In all the forty-eight States men are beginning to ask why we have so many schools and colleges and universities, and so few educated men and women; and they are no longer disposed to put up with the old stereotyped defense that the system is all right but that human nature is at fault. The obvious problem is to make the system work, and no excuses

are valid. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* Furthermore, many earnest and intelligent persons are coming to realize that the one approach to education is not alone through the self-activity of the intellect, but of the body, of the emotions, of the will, of the moral sense—that is to say, a self-activity of the whole person. When the inner life is thwarted or starved, no outward endowment, however splendid, can produce results. That ancient question is still pertinent, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

And now it may be asked, what disposition is recommended for our present large educational endowments, and for those prospective endowments which prospective millionaires, facing prospective death, may be moved to bestow? The answer is very simple. These gathered billions, no longer of any personal use to their gatherers, may all be spent to the utmost advantage instead of being hoarded. They may be made the occasion of life and achievement, instead of apathy and stagnation. There are at least four directions in which every penny of these billions could be beneficently spent, and more billions in addition. But as a necessary preface to their enumeration, let me first say that my own educational preference will always be for small local colleges, just as for small local schools, placed near the home, within easy walking or motoring distance, so that they may serve both youth and age, and enrich immensely our whole family life. At present the college tends to disintegrate this family life by creating unfortunate lines of cleavage, without offering adequate compensations. Boys and girls are sadly stunted in normal development when they are deprived of their natural share of family duties, responsibilities, joys and burdens. These home experiences are deeply educative; dormitory life, however perfect mechanically and impressive architecturally, can offer no valid substitute. Nor is there any reason whatever why the adult world, parents and even grandparents,—a world, by the way, which pays the bills,—should not share in the intellectual life of the college, and move with their children into the ever expanding kingdom of modern thought. The unsatisfied spiritual and intellectual hunger of the older generation is now a part of the pathos and aridity of our current, prosperous American life.

With this preamble it is very easy to name four directions in which all endowment funds, past and future, however large, may profitably be spent:

1.—In building small, provincial colleges in suitable towns and centres, and in improving local institutions already established. In many cases, the county seat would be the indicated site for such a provincial college. This wholesome scattering of undergraduate students would leave the universities free to pursue their own proper work in graduate departments and in research.

2.—In setting aside adequate funds for pure research work at the universities. Even here, if the donations of the year could be wisely spent to further the research most urgently needed, instead of being put out to interest, I believe that human welfare would be vastly advanced. When millions are dying of preventable disease, it seems a cruel prudence to spend only one-twentieth of our funds in trying to save them.

3.—In supplying model industrial plants,—unless already existing in the neighborhood,—where students who so desire may healthfully earn a part or all of their expenses. The possibilities here are very large. New industries may profitably be introduced, and in addition to serving the students themselves might set up better standards for the community. Perhaps the best results would come about if the local college and the local manufacturer could work together in making industry more attractive humanly as well as more efficient. Experiments along this line are already in progress in several parts of the country and give promise of success.

4.—Last, but not least, in the service of beauty, creating parks, roads, bridges, pools, gateways, landscapes, woodlands, in the outdoor world; and indoors making more adequate provision for the fine arts—music, drama, sculpture, painting.

In these four channels for immediate expenditure we have adequate outlet for the multitudinous securities now hidden away in our collegiate strong-box, and for as many additional billions as Time may bring to our store. It is a temptation to enlarge upon each one of these splendid possibilities, but that would take us quite too far afield.

The objection to the deadening effect of endowment funds is

not limited to the case of educational enterprises, but is tragically valid as a general principle in human life. Endowments kill initiative and healthy self-activity and make for spiritual stagnation. "Paddle your own canoe" is everywhere the sounder principle. A socialistic state which does too much for its citizens and decides too many issues for them, is a left-handed giver. Even our good nature is at fault when we too readily forgive offenders before they have repented their evil deeds and attempted restitution. This failure to realize true values, this debilitating softness, we even manifest, and perhaps most disastrously, in dealing with ourselves. We want things without paying for them, we have become spiritual bargain-hunters. We want scholarship without application; we want wealth without work; we want friendship before we have proved our fidelity; we want love before we have earned the right to it,—in a word, we want something for nothing. There are few among us who do not seek residence on that delectable thoroughfare which the vulgar call "Easy Street". We are after a special private endowment fund which will relieve us from the necessity for further effort. We tell ourselves that we would work with still greater assiduity and for more disinterested ends, but the endowment once gained, we seldom do. Yet the uses of leisure are many and beneficent. Our supported men and women have every opportunity in all the sciences, arts and humanities.

Every man who wishes his life to be dignified and well-ordered, and who has a sane regard for ways and means, realizes that sickness and old age are a part of the common hazard of life, and must be provided against. But this does not require either over-provision or premature provision. Life itself is a risky business, and there are many bridges to cross, but they need not be crossed until they are reached. To make life the high adventure it may so easily be, a man must gallantly take the risk. There are many "good" reasons for saving,—in fact to many persons the mere act of saving almost takes on the quality of a Christian virtue,—but the "real" reason is generally fear. Sometimes it is personal fear; sometimes fear for one's family. A man commonly tells himself that he saves in order to keep his family from want, but what he usually means is to keep them from effort. And that, as

I am here contending all along, is a grave disservice to an individual, a family, a school, a university, a church or a community.

In my own educational work, I have touched quite intimately the lives of many boys who were moderately poor, and many boys who were unavoidably rich. If reincarnation holds, and I am returned to earth, I pray to be born into a family of large talents and character, but of very moderate means. Looking out upon our American life, I have come to believe that one of the most curious and mischievous faults of a socially minded community is the almost incurable desire to do for other people what they ought to do for themselves and grow strong in the doing. The slogan of our early manual training crusade was this: *We learn by doing.* It is applicable to the whole of life.

I have come to regard endowment funds, both individual and institutional, not as the benefaction which they are commonly thought to be, but as a distinct menace to our better life. They seem to me the tribute which we pay to our indolence, our inertia, our fear—a blight which makes automatic what ought to be spontaneous; static, what ought to be dynamic; dead, what ought to be alive. If I might paraphrase the famous reply which Pinckney made to the agents of the French Revolution, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," I should be tempted to proclaim, "Millions for equipment, but not one cent for endowment." And I should mean by this, millions for present-day opportunity, but not one cent for present-day sluggishness.

HANFORD HENDERSON.

CADENZA

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

A little longer in the sun
The way is spread. . . .

Such was the crimson spun
In Argos for the king
To walk upon;—
Should he not do what Priam in his stead
Had surely done?—
But all reluctant was his tread,
In fear
Of the high gods and of the lowly dead.

So let us reverence bring
And take the sandals from our feet,
By these red ways and sweet
To pass remembering. . . .

What of the hours
Whose slow defeat
Has shed
This glory here?
Should we not pause who come
Where the bright citadels of spring,
High summer's towers,—
All the green ramparts of the fallen year
Lie low as Ilium?

I SAW A THOUGHT

BY VIRGINIA MOORE

I

I shall not fear the face of God,
Volcanic though it be,
And most magnificently odd;
I shall but lean against a star
And grasp at rails where meteors are,
Being a little overwrought—
But not from God, nor hell, nor heaven,
For what are these to me riven
By the sight of one man's thought?

II

I saw a thought rise in a man
And spill out through his eyes,
I saw the spring where it began,
The tributaries where it ran,
The rocks it ate, the rills it drank,
Before its own imperative size
Had burst a hard cerebral bank
Into a mouth, grown wise.

WHITE AND CRUEL WOMANKIND

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Now thanks be
For white and cruel womankind!
Who taught men how to slay,
And sing as they were slain.
  They smiled upon us,
  When we were cattle,
  And called upon us,
  When we were dumb. . . .
  Song and glances and harps astrum . . .
  And we turned red and mad and whirled
  Our swords and levelled
  Our lances out across the world.
And shining splendid Launcelots
Went riding out of Camelots.

Praise to God
For cruel and white beauty!
That made our days of living
Great pearls of price
To be thrown and scattered in thorns and mold.
  The Mother of the Snows,
  Whose Son was God,
  Lives her everlasting death
  And dies her everlasting life,
  And she is frail and white and very fair. . . .
  Men have loved the thorns within her hair . . .
  They have turned their backs upon
  The day,
  And said to sunshine,
  "Go thy way."
  And the children of their brains,

Joy, peace, and ease,
And the children of their loins
Who might have climbed their knees
They have left unborn
For the cruelest loveliness
And the Rose of bitterest thorn,
For the Kiss that scars and sears,
And walked the way of Francis and of tears.

Glory and praise
To the cruel beauty that has taught us
To tread thorns,
To the women who have taught us
To wear crowns!
They have made the midnight blossom
Morning stars;
They have reared us temples, towers,
Faith, and wars.
They have given us oath and hymn,
Have winged us like the cherubim;
Out of clay our feet had trod
They have shaped and fashioned for us
Everlasting, everlasting God.

MY BABIES ASLEEP

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

April Patience sleeps like dew
Or opal clouds the moon comes through,
The little moonlit clouds that rest
Like down upon an angel's breast.
She is first primrose petals,
All gentle, tender things, and blue
Morning glories,
Cricket songs, roses damp and new.
She sleeps with all the wistfulness
That mothers have when they caress.

July Glory sleeps like dawn
Fiercely eastern hills upon;
Her hands are gripped in dreamful zest,
Proud passions on her lids lie pressed;
Each separate curl is twisted
Into a flaming phoenix' nest
Tightly and hotly;
Albrecht Dürer might have etched them.
She is all spices, Troy's old stress,
And Helen's terrific tenderness.

January Fire yearns
Like clean, clear youths on Grecian urns;
Heat and cold and mystery
Deeper than the midmost sea.
He is the flame of icicles
More splendid than the sunlight is,
Softer than dewdrops
Should he melt to running laughter.
He is the promise mornings are
And the dewy, breathless morning star.

GERHART HAUPTMANN

BY BRIAN W. DOWNS

I

THE practice of dividing literary history into periods leads to abuse; it does, however, seem to have a justification in fact. Very rarely do we find a solitary great man rising above the dead level of his fellows like the Peak of Teneriffe from the ocean; geniuses more generally stand near together in time, and, even when one o'ertops them all, he is some Mont Blanc with Monte Rosa and other giants not far off and smaller eminences clustered round. The corollary to this has been less frequently remarked on. Every history embraces periods when the energies of men lie reposing and the movements of the day derive their impulse from activities of years gone past. No new leaders appear and the old content themselves with a repetition of former successes.

As such periods in English literature we can designate the dozen years or so which lie between *The Dunciad* and the emergence of Samuel Richardson and, almost exactly one hundred years later, the interval from the death of Byron and the breakdown of Scott to the rise to fame of Tennyson, Browning and Dickens. It is not improbable that we, at the present day, after the lapse of yet another century are living in another such fallow time; but that it is impossible to discern accurately at so close a range, and the last of its kind which we can definitely recognize is that of the eighteen-eighties, roughly delimited by the death of George Eliot and the publication of *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

This scheme can be paralleled in other lands: indeed it is probable that the alternating aggregation and disappearance of genius is, like the booms and slumps of commerce, international—though again as with trade, the dates of each cycle may not exactly tally in all parts of the world. In all Western literatures, certainly, on a time of considerable distinction half way through last century there followed, thirty years later, one of hesitation and decline in

achievement; and their present character is determined by the genius of the great writers who first emerged from that minor chaos.

One of the earliest and most important among these was the acknowledged *doyen* of German letters, Herr Gerhart Hauptmann, who not only attained to that position at an uncommonly early age, but has also maintained his prestige and fame more successfully than most of his surviving peers—so that, indeed, certain acute observers of current events believe he may inspire and lead the new generation of German writers as he stood in the van of the old, that he will yet prove himself Lessing and Goethe (say Johnson and Coleridge) in one.

II

In Germany the literary outlook about the year 1885 struck observers as more unpromising perhaps than in any other country. From Konstanz to Königsberg, from Greifswald to Graz, the older men remarked with sorrow that no one seemed waiting for the empty shoes of Freytag, Spielhagen, Geibel, Auerbach and the other veterans who had charmed their generation, and that the most striking and disquieting success of the decade had been gained by Theodor Fontane at the age of sixty and more; the middle-aged, uneasily jubilant at the national unity welded by Bismarck, lamented the weakness of man power wherewith to win an artistic supremacy comparable with that of arms; and the young (or "Youngest", as they pleased to call themselves) could do no more than lay down laws to govern the new writers, if and when they should deign to appear. Prominent among the latter stood the brothers Hart and certain cronies of theirs who foregathered in the Berlin suburb of Friedrichshagen, and precisely to their obscure lodgings, while they were pontificating in full throat, did the coltish steps of a certain young Herr Hauptmann lead him. In him, with his shock of wild hair and uncouth, docile energy, his artistic ambitions and his freedom from any compromising literary Past, the "Friedrichshagener Kreis" (Circle) quickly espied the raw material which it could knead into the new model patented by themselves; and where is the young man of twenty-three who would not surrender himself gladly

to such man-handling—particularly if his writing desk lay buried already with completed and half-completed MSS: sketches of a drama and epic on Arminius, among other things, a Life of Christ which should knock David Strauss and Renan into a cocked hat, and the elegiac epic of *Promethidenloos* (*The Lot of Prometheus's Kin*), all ready for the publisher?

To the flattering interest and the theories of Julius and Heinrich Hart, then, young Herr Hauptmann yielded himself, and at Erkner—just down the railway-line from Friedrichshagen—he set himself to justify the interest and practice the theories. *Promethidenloos* duly appeared before the year was out (1885); its author wrote a grim short story about a homicidal signalman; he turned out a set of lyrics; he began an autobiographical novel, which no doubt told of his birth and childhood in his father's hôtel "*Zur Preussischen Krone*" at Obersalzbrünn in Prussian Silesia, of the impression that Schiller's poem of *Der Taucher* (*The Diver*) made on his very young consciousness, of the secondary school at Breslau where he spent four inglorious years, of the Moravian relatives who tried to make a pietistic farmer of him (as, many years later, he was to tell again in *Anna*), of the provincial School of Art from which he was expelled and of another abortive attempt to turn sculptor, of the pilgrimage to Italy and of the ideals and sufferings from which *Promethidenloos* grew, and of the three Thienemann sisters whom he and his two brothers so precociously and symmetrically had married.

At Erkner too he wrote the tragedy to which at first he gave the title of *Der Sämann* (*The Sower*), but later altered to *Vor Sonnenaufgang* (*Before Sunrise*). Into this play of a young prig who, in fear of alcoholically tainted offspring, runs away from his betrothed, thereby driving her to suicide, the author put all he knew of the doctrines that his friends had preached to him and had tentatively been introducing into practice. It disdains kinship with Heyse, Wildenbruch and the other post-Romantics of the day, and as evidently derives its ancestry from Zola's *Assommoir*, Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness* and Hebbel's *Maria Magdalene;* it turns away from the smart metropolitan society of drawing-room plays to treat of the actual social conditions (wretched, of course) in the easily identified locality of Weiss-

stein, within five miles of Herr Hauptmann's birthplace; it eschews all suggestiveness and mercilessly fixes attention on the bases of suggestiveness—incontinence, rape and childbirth; it freely patronizes what the theatre calls "ideas" by referring, for instance, to Professor Dahn's most worthy novel *Ein Kampf um Rom* (*A Fight for Rome*) and the temperance-propaganda of the enthusiastic Bunge, whose statistics the hero, clad in his nice Jaeger coat, unblushingly quotes at length. Small wonder, then, that the "*Verein Freie Bühne*" (Free Stage Society), newly founded by the Harts and others, accepted *Vor Sonnenaufgang* for presentation immediately after their inaugural performance of Ibsen's *Ghosts* and that its production on October 20, 1889, should have been considered in advance as an epoch-making event, for which the first night of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* alone offered a worthy parallel.

Now, doctrinaire of the tenets of Naturalism as *Vor Sonnenaufgang* was both in intention and in broad outline, keen eyes perceived that it was something less highfalutin at the same time. The hero, Alfred Loth, might unintentionally be presented as a fool and a monster, but the qualities by which unbiassed observers recognized him as such were skilfully turned to dramatic account, if indeed they had not been forced upon the author by purely dramatic exigences; the action might exhibit almost all the horrors attending upon sexual appetite, but it led also to some lusciously sentimental incidents, and the drunken assault of a father upon his daughter or the shrieks of childbed could still titillate senses jaded by a surfeit of silk stockings and double-meanings; the ordinary playgoer might anxiously apprehend the horrid spectre of Ibsen or Zola under the groaning, but manifestly rotten, board spread in Act I or behind the realistic dunghills of Act II, but Loth himself came forward to reassure him by describing their works as "medicine" and insisting that literature, ranging beyond the actual, should describe men *as they should be;* and, lastly, all the prattle about books and ideas proved most grateful to the class of human beings, not peculiar to any single race or age, which always enjoys something better if for its pleasure it can find some reason quite unconnected with enjoyment.

At once, then, Herr Hauptmann found himself not alone the standby of the "*Verein Freie Bühne*" but also—what proved of

much greater moment—the charmer of an influential playgoing public. Piece followed piece in rapid and approved succession: in 1890 *Das Friedensfest* (*The Festival of Peace*), best characterized by its sub-title of "a family catastrophe"; in 1891 *Einsame Menschen* (*Lonely Folk*), another Prig's Tragedy, in which however it is the Ph.D. hero who comes to grief, divided like any Macheath in allegiance to his weak, simple wife and his soul's affinity from the lecture-rooms of Zürich University; in 1892 *Kollege Crampton* (*Our Professor Crampton*), the disgrace and redemption of a bibulous and boastful Professor of Painting; and in 1893 the two masterpieces of *Die Weber* (*The Weavers*)[1] and *Der Biberpelz* (*The Beaver Fur*).

In the former, taking a whole community for his "hero", Herr Hauptmann represents in five grim and stirring *tableaux* the appalling distress of the Silesian weavers during the hungry 'forties of the last century, with the culminating riots and characteristically Prussian repression. In the latter he again attacks the spirit which animates the government of the state to which he belongs, but in the spirit of comedy and so much more directly that *Der Biberpelz* has aroused considerably more indignation in highest circles (whom he has never won) than *Die Weber*. It portrays a typical Jack in Office—titled, patriotic, hide-bound and stupid—, delectably hoodwinked by his own washerwoman and led astray by the hope of disclosing one of those vast, blood-curdling revolutionary "plots" beloved by the bureaucrat, so that he leaves unmolested the thieves of a certain radically-owned Beaver Fur when they disport themselves under his very nose, and in the end compliments them semi-officially on the valuable services they have rendered to the community in making a complete hash of the case which it was his duty to clear up.

With the partial exception of *Die Weber*, each of these early plays excels its predecessor. Subjects lend themselves more appropriately to dramatic treatment and undergo more economical handling; characters, more interesting in themselves, are presented to greater advantage; while tension and atmosphere are more vividly varied. With increasing clearness, they exhibit their author as, above all, an excellent observer of his fellow-man,

[1] Published 1892

with an unusual facility to reproduce his actions and his speech.

The last-named is perhaps the most remarkable of Herr Hauptmann's faculties. With it he has succeeded in realizing more perfectly than any one else at that time the "facsimilar" ideal of Naturalism, and, with his reproduction of peculiarities of dialect, pronunciation and phrase, he makes the dialogue recorded by his illustrious compeers appear nothing short of mannered.

Like the Austrian dialect-writer Anzengruber, who may have served him as a model, and like later writers who have striven for similar ideals, such as Mr. Shaw and C. K. Munro in our drama, Herr Hauptmann has preserved his dialogue from insipidity by a skilful combination with progressively growing quantities of humor: after the total eclipse of it in *Vor Sonnenaufgang* comes the slight iridescence emanating from old Friebe, the servant in *Das Friedensfest;* then the major figure of Old Vockerat in *Einsame Menschen;* then the central figure itself in *Kollege Crampton.* When the realistically portrayed humorous characters involve themselves in a comic situation, a masterpiece results—*Der Biberpelz,* the effulgent humor of which at once suggests reference to the greatest humorists of the past. It is not without significance that Harry Crampton, the German professor with the English name, should recommend a pupil, besides E. T. A. Hoffmann, to study Swift, Smollett, Thackeray, Dickens and Byron. His creator—always an Anglophile—obviously has done so, and has become one of them. Indeed, in one direction he has outstripped the masters just named in maintaining his humorous realism where they would generally have wavered—when the situation turns to tragedy, as it does at the time, for instance, of Old Vockerat's appearance in *Einsame Menschen.* Fielding, omitted from Professor Crampton's list, might have taught him this lesson, but, as we shall see later, Herr Hauptmann does not seem to have benefited by that schoolmaster; and the hint (if any) came from Ibsen's *Wild Duck.*

III

In this fine group of early plays Herr Hauptmann, then, showed himself a first-class observer of mankind, whose reproductions of what he observed were suffused, as time went on, not only with

humor, but also with an equally apparent understanding and pity of the oppressed and unsuccessful. In addition to their theatrical effectiveness they were in complete harmony with the public spirit of an age, in which a Tory Minister had said "We are all Socialists now", which devoured the food put before it by Zola and Tolstoy and whose prevailing art-theory he had substantially developed in practice. But, no less clearly than these things, some of Herr Hauptmann's friends must have realized that he was deficient in a quality, which certainly has not the first importance in the theories of the "Naturalists", but the lack of which must impose limitations on any artist—the quality, namely, of true creative power. The young playwright's plots were feeble, his personages depended too absolutely on the living model, and the situations in which he placed them owed too much either to his literary precursors or to undigested experience.

No reason, however, existed why Herr Hauptmann should not have continued to practise his uncommon talents to the great advantage of himself and a large, international public: the field susceptible to cultivation by the methods he had adopted is almost coterminous with human activity, and, as his historical play of *Florian Geyer* (1895) was to prove, there was still scope for a stimulating extension and improvement of those methods within their own limits. But, most unhappily, a twofold disturbance threw him out of the track on which he was progressing.

The victory of Naturalism in North Germany had been too spectacular to be complete, and it had not had time to win over to its allegiance many other writers of talent. A reaction set in Austria, where the new authors like Herr Hermann Bahr were taking their bearings just as the tide of cosmopolitan taste had begun to flow in favor of Verlaine and M. Maeterlinck: it swept over Germany and overwhelmed the unstable, pseudo-literary, theatre-going public whose young favorite Herr Hauptmann had become. At the same time as the surge of public opinion seemed to seethe so threateningly about him, he saw his anchorage give way. After *Der Biberpelz*—to pass rapidly over a painful subject —his marriage to his first wife, associated with all his early ambitions and triumphs, came to disaster, and a dozen years or so of legal delays and wretched ambiguities ensued before her successor,

the living model for Rautendelein, Pippa and Lucie Heil, could rightfully call herself the second Frau Hauptmann. Small wonder then, the circumstances considered, that the works which Herr Hauptmann produced during what should have been his most fruitful and determinative years, his thirties and early forties, should have written all over them—as they have—and should bequeath to their posterity the character of hesitation, bafflement and futility.

According to the late Paul Schlenther, the dramatist's devoted biographer, the catastrophe in his family is already foreshadowed in the queer dedication to the first Frau Hauptmann of *Hanneles Himmelfahrt* (*Hannele's Ascension into Heaven*, 1893) and the suggestion comes as no surprise: so obviously does this strange and moving piece stand with one leg in the old, solid life and one in the inchoate and problematical. It is the dramatic representation of a village poorhouse in the Silesian mountains, to which Hannele Mattern, aged fourteen, is brought to die of ill treatment, and of the visions which she dreams in the delirium that ends with her death. The endeavor is patent, by virtue of the delirium, to keep the whole action within the four corners of Naturalistic theory, but the pathetic splendor of the dying child's dreams and, more especially, the poetic language which she hears (that is, if the theory be accepted, dreams) defeat any such attempt. Hannele's ascent into heaven at the hand of her schoolmaster, who is also Christ, is a piece of sheer Romanticism, and it was as such that the Berlin audiences acclaimed it and academic Austria rewarded it with the Grillparzer Prize of 1896.

The success with which, at a time of upset and doubt, he had hit the veering taste of a large public proved, in the long run, disastrous to him. The suggestibility which had served the Harts' turn became the object of more ambitious whisperings: the words "*Dichter*" (poet) and "*Künstler*" (artist), which account for so much of the sterility of modern German art and letters, were increasingly often bestowed on the Grillparzer prizeman: Great Expectations were cherished of him and to Great Things accordingly did this second Pip, who had never wanted a high self-seriousness, apply himself. And the nature of these Great Things—that the public vision, which had shown such discern-

ment since 1889 in singling him out for applause, should continue to decide. In the years following 1895, therefore, we find Herr Hauptmann exercising less and less the few but genuine talents which he has at command and correspondingly often wooing, with gestures often grotesque, those which his admirers believe it would be so decorative and gratifying for him to own.

IV

Indeed, it would be hard to find a more reliable index to the fluctuations of literary taste in Germany during the last generation than the chronological list of Herr Hauptmann's works. The cult of M. Maeterlinck evoked the amazing fragment *Helios* (1896); of Russian literature *Gabriel Schillings Flucht* (*The Flight of Gabriel Schilling*, 1912) and the author's first finished novel *Der Narr in Christo, Emanuel Quint* (*The Fool in Christ, Emanuel Quint*, 1910); the cult of brutality and perversion, such as the late Frank Wedekind indulged in, *Kaiser Karls Geisel* (*Charlemagne's Hostage*, 1908) and *Griselda* (1909); of ecstasy for its own sake *Der Bogen des Odysseus* (*Odysseus's Bow*, 1914) and *Indipohdi* (1920); of the kinema (so cynics aver) *Atlantis* (1912); of Sir Rabindranath Tagore and desert islands *Die Insel der Grossen Mutter* (*The Island of the Great Mother*, 1924). When, immediately after the late war, all the world writes poetry, Herr Hauptmann bids a (revocable) farewell to the theatre, publishes his bucolic elegy of *Anna* (1921), and starts on the much heralded "masterpiece of masterpieces" *Till Eulenspiegel;* and now that for many people a book represents just a pretext for a series of smudgy woodcuts he has most obligingly turned out his short story of *Fasching* (*Shrovetide*, 1925), which fulfils its *raison d'être* to perfection.

The readiness with which Herr Hauptmann has fitted public taste often approaches the uncanny. A contemporary of Æschylus would have shuddered at the bounty of the gods in dispatching Tolstoy while *Der Narr in Christo* was appearing and in sinking the *Titanic* just when the novel of *Atlantis* was ready—*Atlantis* that centres in the sinking with almost all hands of a floating palace of its day. The Greek might also have been moved to further reflections on the manner in which the gods destroy men

by witnessing the immoderate *furore* enjoyed by the "fairy play" of *Die Versunkene Glocke* (*The Sunken Bell*, 1896).

Here we have full work of art foreshadowed in the laudable aspirations of Alfred Loth, when he called upon literature to give him men not as they were but as they should be. It tells of the bell-founder Heinrich, who, forsaking wife and children, took to paramour one of the same elfish spirits that had pitched his masterpiece into a lake, who then with the help of these same spirits started to build, high up in the mountains of Silesia, a lofty fane. He did not however complete it: for his helpers withdrew and he himself underwent another revulsion when his true-begotten sons came to him with a pitcher full of their dead mother's tears and he heard the dead woman herself toll the Sunken Bell, down in the depths of the waters where it lay. Completely forsaken and frustrated, he lies down to die, reconciled at the very end to his elf Rautendelein, who construes into favorable omens his last mutterings as the curtain falls amid the rosy beams of daybreak.

This elegiac play owed a great part of its success to the fact that it fulfilled the promise of *Hanneles Himmelfahrt:* the ablest of the newer German writers had accepted the best traditions of German drama, which is serious, poetic and romantic, concerned with matters of morality and religion and given to symbolism; he had ranged himself with Goethe, Schiller, Grillparzer and Richard Wagner. Even an acute critic like the late Heinrich Bulthaupt lauded *Die Versunkene Glocke* simply because it squared with the conventional formula and declared that by the mere adoption of verse for his vehicle the author had stamped himself an artist! He did not so much as entertain the argument that here (as elsewhere) Herr Hauptmann's verse is harsh and less fitted for imparting emotion and ideas than his prose.

The discrepancy between aspiration and achievement is more painfully apparent in what the author probably had nearer at heart than his language: to wit, the "philosophy" and "message" of his play. For, after the second act, Heinrich ceases to be a superior artisan cohabiting with a fairy and becomes a kind of Part II Faust striving on a number of planes for the spiritual regeneration of mankind, with a bee in his bonnet from the same

hive as Master-Builder Solness's. Unhappily, however, the public never learns the exact means by which Heinrich is to consummate his self-imposed mission. Disaster whelms the reformer and he sinks in the stage electrician's roseate flood, leaving the final impression, not of a counterpart to Goethe's *Faust* or Wagner's *Ring*, but of whimsical fantasy, quite innocent of "inner meaning"—something like *A Kiss for Cinderella* or *The Romantic Age*.

Yet one factor in Herr Hauptmann's philosophy emerges definitely. That is his acute sense of antinomy between the views of life commonly associated on the one hand with Christianity and on the other with the pagan religions, coupled with his attraction to each. It assumes prime importance in Herr Hauptmann's most ambitious work, *Der Narr in Christo*, and indeed determines its failure. *Der Narr in Christo* (1910) is, at long last, nothing else than that "Life of Christ" of which as a youth he had dreamed, but it is a Life of Christ" in modern dress", rather like Herr Gustav Frenssen's *Hilligenlei* (1905) or Mr. Timmermans's *Kindeken Jezus in Vlaanderen*. It gives the life-history of a mentally defective bastard whom, towards the end of last century, his religious zeal thrusts into circumstances nearly paralleled in the Gospels, until finally he comes to identify himself with his Saviour and also to submit half fatalistically to a trend of events which would culminate in a martyr's death.

Such a story might easily have been invested with immense emotional power or with supreme interest as biographical or social criticism or as a study in religious fanaticism. But for this the author must assume some definite and reasonably consistent attitude towards his material. Unfortunately, Herr Hauptmann either could not light on a fixed viewpoint, or else, from motives more clear than laudable, saw fit to disguise it. In other words, he shilly-shallies, in some places treating Quint with irony, reminiscent of Fielding in everything but its suitability, and in others dropping it in order to champion him and confound his enemies. When his hero becomes uncertain in his poor clouded wits whether he is a Silesian yokel or Christ himself, his creator, though trying most of the time to describe him from without, exhibits the same uncertainty, and he burks the issue by letting a tragic close peter out into sentimental nebulosities.

In Der Narr in Christo, in fine, the essential kernel of thought proves woolly, as it does in *Die Versunkene Glocke* and, indeed, everywhere else where a patriotic urge to make himself "*ein wahrer deutscher Dichter*" has brought him to grips with abstractions and generalities. Euripides may say in his *Phrixus:*

> Who knoweth if the thing that we call death
> Be Life, and our Life dying—who knoweth?
> Save only that all we beneath the sun
> Are sick and suffering, and those foregone
> Not sick, nor touched with evil any more,

but he does recognize two distinct states and sets of attributes. Bell-founder Heinrich, however, with the plain concurrence of his maker, tells us that Life *is* Death, just as in *Die Insel der Grossen Mutter* we learn that "Dreaming too is a kind of waking". By bare fiat Herr Hauptmann hopes to reconcile things mutually exclusive, to resolve antinomies and illumine the metaphysical deeps; all he does in effect is to rob words of their meaning and concepts of all precision. He does not even make literary capital out of his paradoxes: there they stand in all their idle prettiness, and that is enough. Once he forsakes the realm of actuality, it is not to make voyages of discovery in the lands of thought or imagination, but to play at hide-and-seek in the garden of fancy.

V

Not in the work fashioned by a sense of his lofty destiny must we then seek for edification or entertainment: not in the sentimental prurience of *Der arme Heinrich* (*Poor Henry*, 1902) or of *Kaiser Karl's Geisel* or of *Winterballade* (1917), a dramatization of Fröken Selma Lagerlöf's *Herr Arnes Penningar;* not in the "Shakespearean" tomfoolery of *Schluck und Jau* (1900) and *Indipohdi;* not in the lukewarm re-hash of *Die Versunkene Glocke* called *Und Pippa Tanzt!* (*And Pippa Dances!*) (1906); not in the trochees of *Der Weisse Heiland* (*The White Saviour*, 1919), a play about Montezuma; not in the posturing pretentiousness of that dire document *Griechischer Frühling* (*Greek Spring*), in which Herr Hauptmann saw fit to publish his travel-impressions of 1907. Happily, however, these do not make up the tale of his productions since the upheaval of the mid-nineties, and, besides bits in

everything that comes from his pen, a good half-dozen complete works, with two lesser pieces, remain for consideration and enjoyment. Of these *Fuhrmann Henschel* (*Carrier Henschel*, 1898), *Michael Kramer* (1900), *Rose Bernd* (1903), *Der Rote Hahn* (*The Red Cock*, *i.e.* Arson, 1901) and *Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg* (*The Maidens of Bischofsberg*, 1905) exhibit a straightforward development from *Einsame Menschen* and *Kollege Crampton*, but the rest deserve detailed notice for the boldness with which the author applies the method which he has perfected.

Gabriel Schillings Flucht (1912), like the much paler *Michael Kramer*, treats of the havoc passion wreaks in an artistic temperament. The action takes place on a sandy islet of the Baltic, and Herr Hauptmann has never extended his method further with success than in conjuring up the bleakness of the environment, the great *scène-à-faire* of Act IV when Hanna Elias and Eveline Schilling wrangle like two famished and desperate bitches over the body of the latter's husband, who, without their knowing, stands risen from his sick bed, nauseated by the awful debate, and the final scene on the beach, where as in a Josef Israëls picture, love's miserable victim is carried past out of the sea which had rid him of his wretchedness.

The short story of *Der Ketzer von Soana* (*The Heretic of Soana*, 1918) also takes for theme the devastating might of Eros (as its author would put it), but here, for once in his work, passion, overwhelming a young Italian priest, is shown as bringing not calamity and death, but triumph and life; and the hues in which Herr Hauptmann has painted reckless young love have a haunting vividness and harmonious beauty which he only achieves in quite short stretches elsewhere.

With *Die Ratten* (*The Rats*, 1910)—which he imitated unsuccessfully in *Peter Brauer* (1921)—Herr Hauptmann produced what is probably his masterpiece, since in it he gives full rein to his genuine faculties, now at their heyday, and quite excludes the spurious. In this "*Berliner Tragikomödie*" a pathetic and grim, not to say sordid, story of impassioned maternity, murder and suicide is unfolded with unimpeachable naturalness among scenes of give-and-take intrigue and comical pedantry over which presides the author's finest figure of comedy, the down-at-heel

theatre-manager Harro Hassenreuther. It is the perfect mixture, prepared by a realist master-hand, of the seemingly incongruous elements of tragedy and farce, such as the Romantics of France had yearned for and for which the first practical hints are to be found in Ibsen's *Wild Duck* and in *Einsame Menschen*.

Without any other document than this, without the inimitable *Biberpelz* and its sequel *Der Rote Hahn*, without the joyous *Jungfern vom Bischofsberg*, without the two Vockerat men and Harry Crampton, we should hail its author as one of the supreme humorists of a time and nationality not over rich in such and as a realistic delineator of life, who as completely as anyone has embodied the ideals which animated the most characteristic literature of his generation. To compare him with Dickens savors of hyperbole: and indeed against Dickens's characteristic wealth of imagination and fancy and description he can set but a meagre range of material,—certain aspects of low life in Berlin and its suburbs, some chatterers, mystics, laborers and mountain scenes of Silesia, a few specimens of that futile creature, the German "*Künstler*",—but the artistic faculty that transmutes the material is like Dickens's. And reminiscent of Dickens too are the psychological weakness over against the strength in character portrayal and the strain, uneasiness and falseness that overtake him as soon as humor and observation are deemed inappropriate and he conceives of himself as a Man with a Mission. His greatest asset of humor apart, he is in his best work above all an intuitive artist, who in spite of his sympathies draws a strong line between himself and his creation, the born Naturalist and docile child of anti-Romantic 1890; and if, as appears, the new writers intend a complete break with Naturalism, they will find in him but an ineffectual and vacillating leader. Besides, the true leader, the man of energy and creative originality, must be made of sterner stuff than this typical Silesian. Did not the greatest man of letters among them, Gustav Freytag, characterize his fellow-countrymen as—

> . . . not exceptional in stamina and meticulousness . . . facile and copious in words, but not so ready in deeds, gentle of disposition, very apt to recognize the value of what is foreign to them and to let it influence them?

BRIAN W. DOWNS.

EVARISTE: AN IMAGE

BY ALFRED STANFORD

THERE is a particular and special thing in a student that can make of him a figure at once touching and remote; and it is for this he is glamorous, poignant, and distant. He is not these things because he is a disputant; or because his face bears the simple mask of student. His quality strikes directly to us, and rises from something known and familiar to all living, and ancient in that part of the soul most fiercely and calmly its own.

Man is nothing, Yeats said, until he is attached to an image. The truth of this is necessary to the idea of a student as it has grown for me, till it now has its central point. This idea of a student came one hot June evening, when a scientist told me of the life of Evariste Galois. Evariste is now my star, and something else—closer, more of me. But when my friend Octavius commenced to talk, the name was merely that of a mathematician of vague brilliance, like the valley that fell away before us into a strangely cruel and gentle countryland, yet restful and relaxing after the heat and work of the day just gone beyond its rim.

We rested on the grass together, Octavius and I; he had spoken of Evariste, and had paused.

"Would you like to hear about him?" Octavius asked, and I nodded. At this time we were not far from students, and the picking of their mandolins came down to us from the dormitories, as though from a great distance, sad, in a way, as this June valley was sad, or a black man's melody. In the valley too there were sounds, the farm sounds that come when the night begins, before the breathing of the animals is regular.

Slowly a mist came over the valley, up out of the ground it seemed, and I found myself more clearly hearing the words that came in Octavius's even and gentle voice from beside me. With the stillness, Evariste's father suddenly became a vivid picture, the liberal mayor of a small town near Paris, nearly a hundred

years ago, accomplished alike in playlet and wit and anecdote. Perhaps it was the silent laughter in Octavius's even voice that made me see him so swiftly, and the grave and easy way this father had with his son, Evariste. The mother was the young boy's only teacher until he was eleven, and that seemed so true of the father's gracious manner, the picture of Evariste began to live.

When Evariste left his mother to go to the college of Louis-le-Grand in Paris at the age of twelve, he left tender hands. Freedom fastened swiftly on his heart, where his mother's love had rested, and from the loneliness of being away, not the solemn private tragedy of youth transpired, but the political fires of Empire and Revolution flamed up, those embers that were so bright in all student hearts then. It was freedom in its positive sense, this was the first natural choice the boy made.

This expanding force in his body, that was frail, very shortly left any room for the digestion of his regular studies. Instead there were secretive passionate hours over books on geometry. Hardly had he started algebra before he had read the original memoirs of Lagrange. To take the boy's mathematical precocity as the cause for his abrupt indifference to his masters did not occur to them, for, quite justly they knew but the echoes of the intensity that was burning up young Evariste. Evariste made his second natural choice when he did not tell them of his dreams —because he could not, and have those dreams remain the same. He knew this by experience. A master had reported of him— "he protests loudly against silence." Pride and biting experience made this slim body stand up bravely from within, and gave all he might have said, to the look in his eyes.

It was a surprise to the boy, this intensity of release that dwelt in the thoughts of higher mathematics; it was a wild dance for him; the faster he went to test its limit, the higher upon his toes did it draw him, breathless, exhausted, young.

Nor was it long before Evariste began to shape a way in secret to bring this intensity in him against an actual surface. When he was sixteen, he thought he had discovered the solution of general equations of the fifth degree, an idea found impossible by the greatest mathematicians. Ah, that would bring him into

the great École Polytechnique, the highest mathematical school in France. With sudden boldness and excitement, he began to prepare himself for the entrance examinations.

Originality has little to do with an expected answer in the minds of examiners. But when Evariste failed, with the sense of what he had done under the pressure of examination still with him, it all seemed wrong. Did he know he was brushed aside somehow by the natural power of what he had created upon the paper? But he had failed, he knew that, and worked on.

His first paper came into print when he was eighteen, and the strength of seeing it in type thrilled him to a great, almost clairvoyant state of mind, in which he set down only the uttermost reaches of his thought, and made of these a first direct communication to the Académie des Sciences. By official carelessness, this was lost at the Académie, and this bitter fact had but a short separate existence of its own, for he failed again at the examinations for the Polytechnique.

In July of this same year, the wit and charm of the elder Galois bent, stumbled, and ended. The liberal mayor had taken his life in a small apartment not far from the college, fatally wounded first by the vicious and snarling gossip against him, that was at bottom no more than a grimace of politics.

This cut Evariste. His father had been one in his mind who could hold his independence with graciousness and humor. To see him end, not only made a vacancy in his memory, but undermined all he thought was sure itself, and made him view with more apprehension the strength of the wild fates whose thing he was.

The young Galois entered the École Normale, which was then without that absorption the Polytechnique might have been able to give his genius; an institution dead in its study, as it was safe in its politics. When the three glorious days of the July rebellion came, the students of the École Normale were shut within doors, while those of the Polytechnique were swiftly offered to the fray. Galois watched this with a clear eye, and contained himself until the opportunist director of the École Normale, after the days were over and the provisional government in control, then placed his students at the disposal of the

new powers. His remarks knew no bounds, and he ended a quarrel with the director by publishing a letter which criticized the multiplicity of attitude the director was able to assume. Meanwhile disillusion over the results of the successful revolution had done their part to dishearten him. He was dismissed from the school, as soon as the director understood the letter.

All this produced in him activity instead of contemplation of his injustices; not nobly, but as naturally as he had found the meaning freedom had for him when he left his mother for college.

Evariste feverishly embellished and ornamented the infinity of his second lost memoir—he had sent it to the secretary of the Académie a day or so before his, the secretary's, death, and it was not noticed in his papers. In a few months it was again in official hands. The concision of his ornament was not, however, in the direction of clarity. It seemed a dilution to append vast notes, and a trade, a trick for favor, which both his pride and his speed forbade.

It was returned to him as incomprehensible.

There remained the political turmoil, and at this pitch, Evariste shot toward it. Aflame with passion one night he rose from a dinner table with his glass in one hand and a knife in the other to propose a toast. "To Louis Philippe!" he cried. "To the King!"

This marked him as a dangerous person; his arrest culminated in release, and then in arrest again. His body was beginning to wear through as the container for his force, and he was finally removed to a convalescent home in Paris, ill with fever.

Octavius could not go on; his voice stopped without explanation. It seemed to me a long time, for in its space, this mountain stream that was life in Evariste Galois, had slowly lost speed, and gathered, in a pool. And in that pool I beheld an eternal and beautiful idea.

I knew, in a very humble way, what mathematics does for the scientist: creatively, it gives him numerical order for his predictions. I knew this because, from the measurement of my angle with a star, I have been able to know precisely where I was in an immensity of an extending ocean.

In a way almost peculiar to the artist, it was the projection of himself Evariste sought to find by his mathematics.

A shot is fired from a gun, and we can predict before it is fired where its flight will end. And when it ends at the predicted point, we really find ourselves again, the projection of ourselves.

This tender life of Evariste was ever a projection of itself, leaping ahead—to find itself, the mind in the form of a mountain stream. And here it took on the calm of a pool, here in the silence.

The idea of a student was radiant with this new beauty the pool gave me. Evariste,—all students,—they were ever embracing the projection of themselves, the completion of themselves. They were lovers. This, then, was the necessity, the hurt, the eternal beauty I had so felt in Evariste. . . .

Just as water may be flowing on from a pool without at first securing the attention, so Octavius had been speaking again for some moments before I heard his voice.

It was a fever. Evariste was ill with a fever, and a prisoner. Cholera was raging in Paris, and, in some way I had not caught, this had become the excuse for Evariste's release on parole.

He had freedom again, as far as men can give such a soul a freedom. His vitality seized it, caught it up in a new flame.

He spent this freedom in striking out against a new surface. Woman came to him, and his first love—a prostitute. He furiously drained this goblet, and wrote to a friend he had exhausted it, without joy, without hope, certain it was his last. He felt his work was through, his heart revolt against his head, and said he would do no more. It did not seem a pity to him.

Four days passed after the end of this realization, and he found himself engaged in a duel with two friends of the girl he had loved. The connection between the girl and the duel was apparently remote, and in truth it might be taken for an accident, were it not for the fact that things remote, in an intense atmosphere, couple with flashing immediacy.

He was shot in the stomach. His weakened body, fanned by the struggle against extinction, gave a last heat to his mind. Before the duel, he set down the main discoveries he had made. They were of the character of a child, informed that parallel lines met at infinity, contemplating what happened at that intersection. He waved aside the priest, and while his body

struggled against peritonitis, in his mind these things he had set down gave his mind its final wrench, its last leap for completion, and he died. . . .

Down into the valley my eyes suddenly swept, as Octavius's voice ceased. As though I would find Evariste there. The sense I had of him was immediate. He could have touched me, and I have answered, quickly, without wonder.

For there is a special necessity about a student that is close and familiar to all living. He is a lover. He is attached to an image, that image which as in the pool in Evariste receives its hurt, as well as a beauty of inevitable need and completion.

ALFRED STANFORD.

BASQUE TOWNS

BY WALDO FRANK

In the north of Spain, where the Cantabrian ranges and the Pyrenees rim the Bay of Biscay, lives a peculiar people. Even its land is different from Spain's. The air is temperate and moist. Mountains are clad in forests of oak and pine. Fields of high grass bring to the vales a honied redolence. The peaks are massed on green plateaux above the sea, like low stretches of the Alps brought to the Spanish coast. The land is spotted with stone towns. The houses are gabled, the narrow streets are cobbled: there is a note of sober canniness and of seclusion. These are the towns of the Basque.

When the Romans made a province of Iberia, the Basque lived unconcerned. When the Moslem swept north in the eighth century, the Basque withdrew into the mountains and withstood him. When the Visigoth came down through the passes of the Pyrenees, the Basque stood aside and let him go. When Roland with the troop of Charlemagne followed the Visigoth, the Basque beat him at Roncesvalles. When, finally, the kings of Castile, having cleared the Moor and the Jew from Spain, turned back to subdue the Basque, he submitted only as a vassal bowing the head to a more powerful alien. By decree, Ferdinand VI ennobled all the Basques of the Province of Vizcaya: already, in 1200, the entire population of the Province of Guipúzcoa had been declared hidalgoes.

An indelible people! The Basques seem even to be a race in an exploded, archaic fashion: a race by blood. Spaniards, Chinese, Frenchmen, Jews, are races by culture. But the Basques appear to have had no culture. Their language was unwritten. They possessed no history, no social records. They had no underlying base of ethics, or of religion. If they possessed a culture, it was almost biologic. It persisted in blood, in instinct, rather than in conscious concept. A certain haleness of self-sufficiency, a certain

gusto for aloofness, kept them intact and unique in a land which for three thousand years was a turmoil of invasions.

And yet, in their survival they have not become tragic or heroic. Nothing could be farther from the Basque than such other peculiar peoples as the Armenian or Jew. The Basques had no separate Book, no separate God. Very early, they accepted Catholicism. This did not make them merge with their Catholic neighbors, because their instincts were differently attuned. Spain is a world of tragedy, of mystic ideals, of fanatical devotions. The Basque nature is concrete, light, practical, canny. The Spanish genius is that of confrontation with all that it encounters: this is the genius of tragedy. But the Basque evades; and this is the comedic genius. The Basque supplies the relief of comedy in the tragedy of Spain.

Who they were originally, is not clear: doubtless early dwellers in the Peninsula—part of the peoples whom the Phœnicians found when they first skirted Spain before the days of Tarshish. Their music suggests kinship with the Celt; but this may well be due to the neighborhood of the Celts who named the Spanish province of Galicia. Their music also suggests kinship with the Berbers—the Riffians of Morocco who still make war on Spain. Their language is inscrutably alone: it bears no relation with any of the family tongues of Babel. But whoever they were originally, this they have kept on being. Their blood in the small towns remains unmixed; and their heads unmixed also. While through the ages Spain has drunk in the torrent of ideas—Roman, Moslem, Christian, Jewish—and bent to the tragic task of fusing Africa, Asia, Europe and America into a single Spain, the Basque has been simply himself.

This is why he brings so light a touch. He is light of content. His virtues are simplicity, conservatism and great power of non-absorption. The Basque language paints this well. It contains no word for "God," no word for "spirit." This was a people rooted to the earth, which kept to its pastures and farmyards. Not alone had the Basque mind not reached metaphysics and religion when the tongue was formed: even common concepts were beyond it. There is a Basque word for dog, pig, lizard, cow. But there is none for animal. There is a Basque word for oak.

pine, chestnut. But there is none for tree. A most excellently defended, anti-Platonic people! Their mountains and their mountain courage warded them free of many floods of races. And their heads kept them clear of Spanish metaphysics. Concepts of God, time, substance, are drains upon the business of life. And for the interims, there is the singing of songs, there is the gathering in eights to dance the bland *aurrescu*.

The towns of the Basques express them. The little Guipúzcoan village lies between the mountains and the sea. The mountains slope into a level field with cattle growing fat in the lush grasses. The field rolls to a precipitous edge of rock which falls a thousand feet into the Bay of Biscay. The beach is a conch with sand as smooth and white as the heart of a sea shell. Through the town, a road runs west and east upon the sea wall, girding the Basque villages of the north of Spain. On the one side of the road, the Bay of Biscay—blue as a bluebell: upon the other, the precipice which you can clamber by stone hewn steps that lead to an Alpine verdance of pasture and dingle.

The streets of the town are massive. The houses look as if builded for a siege. But they are not forbidding: they are too sure of themselves. They are smiling, even; though they are dense and strong. On the rounded stones of the narrow streets moves a mellow race in immemorial gesture of traffic and trade. Like the houses, these men and women face the world in sober colors. But their eyes are large, and here one reads peace: the lips have the fret of a smile, and there is laughter tingling the swift cadence of their talk. At night they gather in the Plaza, lined with cafés: and while the old ones drink, the young ones dance. Their dance is a pleasant casual exercise—not far from the usual way of walk and word. It is a hopping and bobbing of couples, a weaving of bodily life and bodily sense into the already existent pattern of their social ease. That is why they dance in the public square, while the old ones gossip.

Every Sunday morning, as the sun tips over the hill, three men —one with a drum, two with *dulsínya* or *chistu* (a shrill metallic pipe which bears much resemblance to the pipe of the African Berber)—march through the silent streets, through every street and alley of the town, incessantly playing: so that no Vasco, good

or bad, shall oversleep the Mass. This music trills in the morning like the cool sun-filaments in dawn. It has the dogged, filagree cadence of a Scottish bagpipe. It is more resolved, however, shriller, less fluid: and its notational dimensions are wider. The tune of the *chistu* interweaves with the plang of drum, and makes the houses smile and dance a bit ere they are quite awake.

The dance, the smile, the song, are never absent. Get you a girl—a *novia*. And afternoons, when her work is done in shop or field, she and her friends will sing for you till the late hour of *cena*. We are in the room of Rosa. (Such freedom is unheard of in true Spain.) You might hesitate to call your *novia* pretty. Her features are a little long. The nose has the Basque droop, the mouth is large, the eyes are resilient and black under the strangely curving brow that gives to the Basque face an Oriental tilt. The hair is a dull surge of chestnut. But you will not hesitate to call her charming. A white kerchief lies on her shoulders, pointed to the low bare throat. The naked arms are bright against the marron velvet bodice; and the breast is caught and divided by a diagonal sash something like the straps of a grenadier. Her hips come out sudden and wide; her legs, stockinged in grey wool, have a full firmness—like her breast—that bespeaks valiance in emotion.

The room is cool and bare, with its high windows through which comes the mellow murmur of the folk walking the rigid street toward the sea or the mountain. The girls are a warm fragrance in the room. They sing. The songs warm them: they dance. Their heads sway, their throats pulse, their arms rise and fall in a subtle graph of emotion.

These songs are older than the tambour and the pipe: the girls sing them without accompaniment. Many have sad themes: there are songs of mariners' widows, of wanting mothers. But even as tragedy invades the brightest *fado* of Portugal, so here a tripping, flexible gait carries along the deepest pathos of the Basque. The music bespeaks a clever, winning people. It has mobility, but it is not plastic. It has the nature of sun splintered on cloud or running upon water, of the patter of rain on housetops, of waves pelting the hull of a sail boat. It is a music of light, of surface patterns of light. Cover the earth, you will not

find a music more alien to that of Spain—the plastic, sculptural, soul-deep song of Spain.

It is good music: its mobile patterns are abstracted into grace and hardness: its swiftness never blurs, its incisiveness never becomes sentimental. It is not deep music. It remains of the periphery, and its various moods are varieties of reflection, rather than of creation. This indeed is the secret of the Basque. He remains one. What varies is the circumstance of life; so he wards it off, he holds it well outside him. Through a hundred ages, Spain has moved in a procession of faith and passion. All of this, the Spaniard has absorbed: all of this the Basque has shut away. So his song trills, skips, plays. It is a flashing of colors and of light. It is a music of intimations, rather than of experience.

This is true, more clearly even, in the dance. One suspects that this pagan people must have been enticed at first to become Catholic because of the many occasions offered by a Calendar of Saints for singing and for dancing. Every church festival is a *fiesta*, a *romería*, for the Basque. The *fiesta* of Saint Ignatius de Loyola is one of the great days of the land, for Ignatius Lopez de Recalde, founder of the Society of Jesus and savior of the Church, was a Basque of Guipúzcoa. The day of the author of the ruthless Exercises, of the chronicler of Hell, becomes a merriment: foot races, water races, trials of strength, lead up to the climax—the contests in the arts of song and dance.

The Spaniard is no sportsman, in the sense of Europe. His bull fight is an ordeal and an art. His games are pretexts for gambling. His carnival is a means of fierce release for the instincts repressed by morality and honor. But the pagan Basque is a sportsman. He turns his feast days into sport days. He is incapable of the true carnival spirit. For the genius of carnival (you can see it at its highest in Sevilla) is one of fusion. Worship and lust, churchman and rascal, lady and light-o'-love, life and death, hide behind a single mask, and marry. Carnival is possible only for a people rigorously repressed, who have not the release of sport. So, on this feast day of the great Basque saint, the Church remains aloof. The procession, creaking with brocades and golden images, moves through the sober streets. The gaiety of the folk is irrelevant and free.

An altar has been decked out on the façade of a house in the great Plaza. In a bower of gilt, the priest harangues the throng in *Vascuence.* His theme is the curse of Modernism and Socialism, the menace to the soul of the laborer's appetite for better wages. (The Basques are the industrialists of Spain: the ore and factories of Bilbao are not far off.) On one side of the square is the summer palace of an Andalusian Duke. The balconies are hung with great *mantones:* gorgeous splotches of gold and green and crimson in the sun. The altar faces an esplanade which steps down to the sea. But the Basque throng in the plaza is aloof from the priest at his garish altar, from the flash of Spain on the walls of the Duke's palace, and from the ruminant sea. The throng is a packed, bright body. It is dispassionate. It is engrossed in play that remains play. Its mood is very like the mood of a sporting crowd in England. Here is none of the hot dark fervor which Spain brings even to the bull-fight.

The races are over, and the last Mass. The crowd circles the platform for the dance contest. There is a piper and a drummer. The cadences of the *chistu* are thin and cool: they are horizontal. The drummer weaves an interminable tattoo that becomes almost a matted background for the imponderous figures of the pipe. When the dancer and piper cease, the drum goes on in an incantation which is moving, precisely because it is so unemphatic, so sub-humanly cool, so pale. It reminds one, indeed, of the nixies of the Celt, the blond green creatures of the northern marshes. It seems as far from Spain as are the braes of Scotland. The designs of the dance are sharp and brief. Here is grace in line and point: daintiness; above all spiritual aloofness. In the pauses of dance and music, ever unceasing the weird weave of the drum. The elves and sprites of the Atlas are around the corner: but the dense, plastic passionateness of Spain is myriad miles away.

Agura, contrapas, anarxuma, zaspi, trititzka, soka, aguruku, taladera—numberless Basque dance-figures. What distinguishes them is that they are all social: and that they are made up of stylised details of the common life. The dance of Andalusia is an essence of the eternal man; it is a plastic form for the movements of the soul. These dances are scenes of human act. There stuff is not spirit, nor essence of emotion. It is a synthesis of homely

gestures taken from farm or field. Here is an apple dance, an intricate elaboration of the bestowal of apples. Here is a chair dance, a design of men and women in easy social converse. The *Siete Saltos* is but a stylisation of the walk—of men walking together. The music is major; the dance is comedic. Indeed, it holds the trait of social comedy which in France produced Molière. But, also, it has a purity of abstract line which recalls the classic dances of the Pueblo Indians or of the Pacific Negroes. With, again, a difference of tone and subject: the dances of the "savage" are elemental, they call rain, they invoke harvest, they enact the sexual passion. These dances of the Basque, despite their form, are fragments of social gesture.

In another part of town there is a match of *pelota*. This game is originally Basque; in its pure form of sport one can see it in any Vasco village: the boys playing on a dirt court against a plaster wall, or against the wall of the church if the hamlet is very modest. The Spaniards, however, have taken to *pelota*. It has become a game for professionals; and although all the crack players are Basque, the spirit of the sport has been transformed. It is played in the *frontón:* a court, three sides of which are high walls of cement. The fourth side (the long one, to the right of the players who all face one way) is for the public whose tiers of seats are placed in a sort of open building. A pair of players make a team, and two teams make a match. To the right hand of each athlete is strapped a thin short wooden bat called *pala*, or else, in a variant of the game, a basket, known as *cesta* or *remonte*, shaped a little like the curved beak of some imaginable bird, scooped and long and narrow. The principle of *pelota* is like our hand-ball which may indeed be a derivation. But the Basque game with its great distance of service and return, its complexity of movement due to the use of three walls, and its fast ball, achieves an extraordinary brilliance. Volleys last for minutes: the ball flashes back and forth from the front wall to the side and rear ones. There is something of the delicacy of billiards, the athletic grace of tennis, and a spill of sheer physical prowess which tennis does not approach. It is a beautiful game: the game of a sane, healthily outward people. But in the hands of the Spaniard, all of this is minor.

Between the public and the court is a railing which until the game starts is empty. With the first volley, however, a large group of men in red *boinas* line up here, facing the public, with their backs to the players. They are the *cobradores*, the bookies: the true principals in what Spain has made of *pelota*. With the first service, they gather their first odds and cry their bets. And until the last of the game, the shifting of odds, the placing of bets, continue: the players themselves serve as a mere pretext for the gambling, like the *petits chevaux* of wood on a gaming table.

The bookies are middlemen between the individual bettors. Each one possesses a little rubber ball with a hole. In this hole, he places a slip of paper declaring the odds of the moment, and by tossing the ball to the man who has laid odds and to the man who has taken him on, the bet is established. The true *pelota* "fan" does not wager once: he wagers a dozen times as the game progresses: he concocts an intricate system of varying odds: his mind is on the betting and his balance: he is aware of the game only as the machine that automatically shifts the chances. Indeed, to go to a *pelota* match and observe the game, and refrain from betting, is so anomalous as to attract attention. The sport is still there: the Basque players enact it: but the Spanish public does not participate.

These are invasions of Spain upon the Basque land. There are whole towns in Guipúzcoa, Vizcaya, Alâva, where Castile or an idea from Castile has rooted and worked havoc. Such a town is San Sebastián, summer capital of the King and of the intellectuals of Madrid. There are even towns which Castile has destroyed.

The *carrera*, that runs along the breasting cliffs from San Sebastián to Santander beside a sea blue in summer as the summer sky, crosses the tip of a little city: it rests on a tongue of land thrust from the mountain far into the Bay. The tongue is high and steep: the streets twine and twist. And in their midst, coiled all about by alleys, stands a smothered church. It is blackened by the salt of seven hundred years. It stands low: there is a street at its door, and there are other streets at rising levels on its four façades, so that it is plunged and buried in the town. And the windows are rare, or are blanked by pavements

and by the cellars of adjoining houses. Only the squat steeple is sheer to the open sky.

It is an ignoble church, rancid and airless, like a ship's bottom after a voyage in the seven seas. Its nave is foul with shadows; its windows have a yellow blear like the eyes of the beggar at the gate.

The town is stifled and sombre: it is an apple rotted by this old church at its core. The Basque here has forgotten how to dance. He has not turned his saints' days into merrymaking. The church has conquered: the empiry of Castile. And the Basque town lies rotting.

But more significant than such invasions of the body of old Spain upon the Basque, are the invasions of the modern Basque into the life of Spain. While the Spaniard spent himself in crusade and conquest, the Basque held aloof and his energy was untapped. To resist invasion took courage. But the effort was as naught beside the heroic effort of the Spaniard to fuse Moslem, Jew, German, Roman, Celt, into one Spanish soul. The Spanish soul was achieved: but the Spanish spirit drooped from the exertion. This was the moment of the Basque. He had no culture but the most primitive; no world for the expanding of his power beside a strip of rocky soil and sea. Spain offered a profound culture, and worlds beyond the seas to act in. Now the Basque passed from his spiritual sleep—passed into Spain, through the door which Spain herself had battered open.

He has repaid the land for his long ages of resistance and aloofness. His reserve of vigorous, mobile power may yet go far in the rebirth of Spain.

WALDO FRANK.

THE IRRESPONSIBLE POWER OF REALISM

BY O. W. FIRKINS

OURS is an age that sifts the qualifications of teachers. Realistic fiction is one of its most powerful and popular teachers, yet realistic fiction is never asked to demonstrate its right to teach. It passes no test; it produces no credentials. The case has indeed some manifest peculiarities. Realistic fiction does not profess to teach; it merely teaches. The realistic reader does not register for the school; he merely learns. Obviously, however, if a professed fiction is believed to be true and is not true, the harm, though not the guilt, is as great as if the deception were intentional.

All this came about in a most innocent and guileless way. Fiction, striving mainly for amusement, found that parts of truth were amusing; insensibly, as time went on, it increased both the truth and the stress upon the truth. But there were no claims and no securities. The writer told as much truth as he could or as he chose; the reader believed as little or as much as he could or as he chose. Meanwhile, in every other field, the age showed an increasing rigor in its demands on teachers and its tests of truth; it would have seemed that in such an age the survival in one quarter of a mixed body of truth and falsehood exciting in the reader's mind a mixture of belief and doubt was impossible. The pressure of science should logically have given birth to one of two results: the expulsion of error from the books, or the eradication of belief from the reader. Fiction met neither of these demands, yet its power, particularly its power as teacher, steadily increased. It holds now, among other truth-tellers, the post of an unofficial informant, an unacknowledged counselor, a Colonel House, as it were, whose undertone, in President Wilson's ear, is as powerful as the voice of cabinets or embassies. It is a power that may err, and for its errors there is usually no remedy (confutation is only now and then effectual), and almost always no punishment. In a word, its power is irresponsible.

Let us survey for a moment the justice and propriety of this arrangement, and later, review some of the conditions which make this power weighty and dangerous in our own time.

I

Realistic fiction, for our purposes, is a wide term, including all fiction, prosaic and poetical, dramatic and narrative, which makes any serious attempt at accuracy in the delineation of life. The reader's views of life and man, of the worth of both, may be materially affected by the pictures and the estimates, express or tacit, of life and humanity to be found in its pages. The first observation to be made is that a very strong case, though a case somewhat stronger in form than in substance, could be made out for the total exclusion of fiction of any kind from the court in which these weighty issues are debated. Realistic fiction is a combination of truth and falsehood with no frontier between the true and the false; no proof is offered of any affirmation, and, in strictness, nothing is affirmed—no sentence is declared by its author to be true. Indeed so curious is the blend of seriousness and frivolity in the mind of the novel-reading public that if an author printed in red ink or italicized or starred (as Louisa Mühlbach, the historical novelist, is said to have done) every sentence that he knew or thought to be true, a proceeding so agreeable to honesty and common sense would be visited with pitiless derision.

As matters now stand, no court would give an instant's hearing to the account of a real murder in a novel, though the novelist were Tolstoi, yet the race will accept precisely similar testimony in a process which concerns, not indeed its life or death, but its justifications for living or dying. The anomaly becomes clear if we imagine a demand for credit on the part of a like mixture of truth and fable in science. The mixture of voluntary lie with truth in a page of a textbook in physics is unthinkable; indeed the mixture of involuntary error with truth in the proportion of one to five hundred is enough to doom the book and shame the author. A final question may be put. Why should a man who is alive, with all the immensity of personal resource inhering in those two momentous syllables, take life at second hand from

authors who do not trouble themselves to assert, much less to prove, the verity of their own pictures?

The plea is cogent, cogent almost to excess. Of the clumsiness of fiction as a carrier of truth there can be no doubt. In an ideal world verisimilitude in fiction would be viewed as a help to art, not as a path to knowledge. Nevertheless, we are faced by a condition, not a theory. In the actual world fiction *does* contain truth; it *does* create belief; it *does* implant convictions. It even moulds history. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* buttressed the Emancipation Proclamation. If fiction ceased to inform, what other informant would take its place? History and biography? Excellent as these are, in sifting the truths from the falsehoods, they leave half the interest in the dustbin; fiction sifts a treasure from the rubbish. The best biography extant—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—is the biography whose method approaches closest to that of the novel. If history will not serve, shall we resort to experience, to life itself, for information? Emphatically, yes; yet if our lives are in one sense *lived novels*, they are novels which it is impossible for most of us to write and difficult for many of us to read. Life, so vast and so near, eludes us by its nearness and its vastness. "It's a puzzlin' world," said Mr. Tulliver; and philosophy must grimly acquiesce. Fiction tries at least to solve the puzzle. It offers a picture with a picture's oneness; it presents a view with a view's solidarity. It is, in a word, receivable, consumable, and is accepted by many minds in lieu of life itself for precisely the same reason that a wheat-raiser, seeking food, would prefer his grocer's inferior flour to his own superior wheat, provided that his wheat were unground. Again, if meal and bran are mixed in fiction, there are sieves of a kind in the reader's own establishment. He has not lived a quarter or a half century quite in vain. He knows certain things to be true; he finds the *verum* sometimes, the *verisimile* rather often. Truth has its own savor, like vanilla or pineapple, which the trained palate recognizes, more or less distinctly, in the artistic combinations of which it forms a part.

Such is the apology for the qualified acceptance of the very peculiar testimony offered by realistic fiction as to the nature, conduct, and lot of man. We speak only of its function as a

carrier of knowledge; of its worth as entertainment and as art, there should be no question in our time. It should be said, further, in its defense, that the position of its authors is, in form at least, impregnable. Their attitude might equally well be the perfection of modesty or the perfection of strategy; in point of fact, it is probably neither the one nor the other, but the unforeseen, and more or less unconscious, growth of circumstance. Furnishing truth with falsehood, they ask no credence even for their truth. They label the entire compound fiction. In the end perhaps they may come to resemble a manufacturer who should put large quantities of butter into his oleomargarine, should dutifully label the mixture with the less reputable name, and should finally profit by the impression spreading in the neighborhood that the percentage of butter in the compound was greater than it actually was. The credence the fiction-writers get is, historically, not a theft, but a gift, from the public. None the less, it is an irresponsible power, and it behooves us to look a little narrowly at the novel conditions which make its exercise at the present hour particularly significant and momentous.

II

Realistic fiction observes; it is part of that general observation and experiment of life which in the last century or so has come to be the only authoritative spokesman on destiny and man. The case was once quite different. A century ago men's ideas on these subjects—often very clear and sure ideas—were drawn, not from inductions, not from the man's own eyes and ears and heart and mind nor from the tongues and pens of conscientious fellow-witnesses, but from an ancient, sacred, and unerring book. Why go to *Hamlet* or to the *Canterbury Tales* to find out what you were taught in *Genesis*? Evidence was worthless in the face of knowledge. The best of ascertainable facts brought no solace, as the worst of ascertainable facts brought no dismay, to a mind prepossessed with the conviction that human nature was essentially depraved. If this was true of discovered facts, it was more emphatically true of invented fictions. Iago was a bad man, but a theology which saw Iagos everywhere, even in Othellos and Desdemonas, was not likely to find in the most lifelike Iago that

inspiration could produce a ground for the revisal of its estimate of human nature.

Of course depravity was not the entire story; a divine power dwelt at the heart of things in whose mercies predestined individuals were to share. But this, again, was only preëstablished certainty in the more attractive form of preëstablished guarantee. With sanctity installed in the core of things, what need to investigate the surface—except indeed for the incidentally useful objects of inhabiting and traversing the surface? The virtue that observation could detect became irrelevant, if not positively misleading. With deity as reservoir, the supply, in so far as the supply could be tapped, was inexhaustible; with the Mississippi practically domesticated in one's bathroom, why calculate the standing water in the pipes? Fiction, like history, might still be useful; it might portray, divert, inform, impel: but the final word as to the value of man's life and nature belonged to other and more august voices.

When this theology was shaken in the mid-nineteenth century, a main agent in its overthrow was the theory of evolution, and, oddly enough, this very doctrine became the source of another form of preëstablished guarantee. Men did not turn to life and man, and ask frankly: "What are you worth?" On the contrary, they proceeded to deduce these values from a generalization vaster and more comprehensive than that which had dispensed Augustine and Calvin from the necessity of examining the facts. It seemed incredible that man and man's life should not be valuable when they were parts of a system that turned savages into Platos and apes into men, though the fact that so few savages became Platos and so few species rose into men argued a certain unevenness and partiality in the distribution of the bounties of the universe. It seemed to the more hopeful spirits that religion, forsaking its harshness, and science, renouncing its austerity, smiled together on a world predestined to unspeakable fruitions. The world's state was convalescence, and the ills which fact or realistic fiction might report were viewed as lightly as the restrictions and sufferings that meet one in the cheerful reascent to health. Then came the disquiet and querulousness of the closing nineteenth century; then, in 1914, the World War. The virility

of optimism was broken. Civilization was saved—at last—perhaps; but it was hard to believe that the evolution which had permitted its agony would have recoiled from its death. That strange power had done, might still do, miracles of beneficence, but we had no longer the heart to affirm that we as individuals, our nation, our race, or even our planet, were its protégés.

The consequence of all this was, in one way, very simple. The evolutionary presumption had followed the theological presumption into limbo; the era of presumptions was over; the way was cleared for the examination of facts. Now inspection or induction had been from the first the primary and natural method of ascertaining these transcendent values; it had been kept in abeyance through the preoccupation of the ground by secondary and artificial methods. Nothing more had taken place than what happens every night in our theatres when the wrongful occupant of a seat is displaced, and the owner takes the chair to which he is entitled. But, in another sense, the situation brought about by this displacement was critical, almost tragical, in its implications. The weight of significance that was now thrown upon what simple inspection at first or second hand could tell us about life was fearful to contemplate. The race might approach such an ordeal with feelings akin to those of the man in the *Suicide Club* turning up the card which might or might not be the death-bringing ace of spades. Yesterday inspection had been relatively unimportant because the case had been vouched for by evolution or theology. A man holding a promissory note given by an unknown and suspected debtor, but guaranteed by a world-famed capitalist, learns suddenly that the indorser's signature is a forgery. The question of the solvency and integrity of the first signer, which was yesterday a secondary matter, rises at a bound to a position of superlative importance.

Realistic fiction, as has been already intimated, is only one of the elements that bear the weight of this increased responsibility; it is not even foremost on the list. Every conscious moment is an observation or experiment in life, and the value of the aggregate of these inductions is enormous. There is also the testimony of our fellows embodied in history, biography, and the other forms of the literature of fact. Realistic fiction is a second-

ary, but very significant, partner in the great investigation, and when we compare the lightness of its original purpose with the gravity of the causes in which its evidence is required, we feel as if a ballet-dancer had been called into court to give weighty testimony as to an archbishop's honor.

III

To this last comparison the prompt and fair retort would be: "Why not?" If a ballet-dancer knew anything material about a prosecuted archbishop, the most austere of judges would call her into court. If fiction knows anything about life, let its voice be heard by all means in the court where life is on trial. In both cases, however, the veracity of the witness would be rigorously sifted, and the rigor would be increased if the testimony were at once adverse and crushing. Now, for a century or more, the testimony of realistic artists about life has been, on the whole, decidedly unfavorable. It becomes in our day increasingly unfavorable. We do not here quarrel with this judgment. We are not pronouncing, or reviewing, a decision; we are testing the credibility of a witness. Realistic fiction is a craft like other crafts. Does it help men to think justly about life? Does it help men to say about life just what they really think? If a jury of fifty were appointed to sit on the value of human nature and destiny, should we care to have literary artists represented in force upon that jury? How does it happen that the sternness and gloom which permeate realism are rarely or never found in men whose business is the investigation of human nature and conduct by other and severer methods, in publicists, economists, statisticians, historians, biographers? In trying to answer these questions, we shall bear in mind that the business of realistic fiction is, not to judge life, but to draw it. This is true beyond a doubt, true in exactly the same sense that it is the business of a druggist to sell drugs and not cigars. Realistic artists do not profess judgment; they merely practise it, as *Anna Karénina*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *Strife*, *The Weavers*, *Widowers' Houses*, and *Main Street* clearly prove. In a sense, they practise without a license, since their opinions commonly win a respect proportioned to their artistic, not their judicial, competence.

Artists are rarely judges; they feel but do not weigh. Their relation to the world is exceptional; their demands are exigent and peculiar. The artist is sometimes an Athenian in Bœotia; he brings the higher sensibility to a world accommodated to the lower. Sufferings actually greater than those of his fellows are greatened once more in the perspective of his imagination, and greatened a third time in the reflector of his art. As artist he is committed at the outset to a point of view which has no necessary or permanent relation to the distinction between true and false. His field is the portrayable, and he is bound by this initial bias to prefer the portrayable falsehood to the unportrayable truth, the portrayable gloom to the unportrayable sunshine. If he sternly excludes the false from his matter, it is next to impossible to bar it from his treatment. Art is the imposition upon life of a unity which life itself does not acknowledge. It is precisely in this stronghold of its unity that a generally veracious book is least trustworthy because it is least disinterested.

Let us borrow an illustration from painting. Suppose a painter put fifty animals on one canvas, all black, black mammals, black birds, black fishes, black snakes, black insects. Blackness would be the unifying principle, and the painting, even if realistic, would be worthless as testimony to the prevalence of black in the animal colorings of our globe. But let him take as his unifying principle some quality apart from color, grace of form, for example, and if, then, three-fifths or more of the animals were discovered to be black, an inference as to the frequency of black in the animal colorings of the planet would be quite legitimate. Substitute literature for painting and sadness or evil for the black colors. Plainly, if the sadness and evil belong, as they almost invariably do, to the unifying principle, if they are part of a design to depress and terrify, they no longer indicate the preference of the universe or even the artist's unbribed judgment as a human being. The darkness on the canvas no longer measures the darkness in the street or even in the studio. This may be good for art, but it falsifies evidence.

The artistic bias is commendable in an artist; it is part of his endowment. But, if he happens to be teacher or partisan, he is subject to another bias which is equally dangerous and rather less

forgivable. Didactic or æsthetic, the unifying principle is dictatorial; it coerces, warps, or silences the adverse facts. The allegiance of all the facts to Zola or Ibañez is preternatural—not one recreant or deserter in the host; the reader whose own facts are always defying his generalizations is amazed at this unanimous docility. The partisan novelist, like almost every other partisan, apparently believes that the inclusion of a single adverse or disquieting fact is capitulation. Philanthropy in defense of its cause is only a little less unscrupulous than motherhood in defense of its offspring. Even when authentic, the facts are brought in, not as volunteers, but as conscripts, and how can their true sense, their quality and meaning, declare itself under the pressure of a discipline that effaces all peculiarity in the uniformity of subjection to a militant purpose?

Either as artist or partisan, therefore, the realist is a discredited witness. There is another point in which the discredit belongs preëminently to the writer of our own day. The witness himself appears to be deteriorating. Once he was the offset to his own testimony. In earlier times against Dotheboys Hall we set—Dickens; against *Hard Cash* we set—Charles Reade; when George Eliot said "Tito Melema", our retort was "George Eliot". Such pictures contrasted with such painters might seem terrifying, but they also seemed anomalous, and the terror was abated by the anomaly. Even Ibsen, though less compassionate and self-forgetful, seemed to stand like a bastion between us and his vacuous and temporizing world. But later times do not produce these consolations. Strindberg is no compensation for Miss Julia; Miss Julia and he are on the same side of the ledger. In a play like *War* Artzibasheff manages to include himself among the objects of the reader's consternation. America is saner ground, but the images—mostly neutral—of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Dreiser, and Mr. Masters which their poems and tales suggest scarcely repair the discouragement implanted by their works. The effect of belatedness, of adhesion to an earlier school, in the sincere and generous M. Brieux is a sarcastic comment on the times. M. France, on the other hand, is personally almost an added reason for "despising man tenderly".

In our day a lighter and colder type of mind has applied itself

to the delineation of anguishes and squalors which a century ago would have been left to redeemers and evangelists. Despair —at least despair on paper—is almost fashionable, and attracts the type of mind which is susceptible to fashion. But the facile despairs are insignificant; the despair that really counts is that which has achieved the overthrow of large and serious and robust hopes. Hopelessness goes with want of character. The names of half a dozen virtues, industry, resolution, perseverance, patience, fortitude, courage, heroism, are nothing but the indirect affirmation of the fact that the world is penal for the trifler, the idler, and the hedonist. Hope will wane as character recedes, estimates of life will shrink as personalities diminish. The object in current literature seems to be to find out what report the world would make of itself to a mind relieved of faith, of hope, of charity, of earnestness, of distinction. Not of course that these qualities are absent from the men who write; they are absent only from their point of view as writers. One might almost as reasonably strip a man of his clothes, his shoes, his house, and his fire, in order to get from him a quite impartial judgment on the merits of life from the body's point of view. Preadjustments are imperative in both cases. The universe is brusque and shy; it shows its best side only to its best friends, and the heaviest discounts must be made from the reports of its enemies or even of the nominally impartial neutrals who have failed to gain its confidence. Let it always be remembered that we are judging of realistic fiction in its quality as witness. It is a pointed, if obvious, remark that in a court the best witness is the most intelligent and conscientious man. It would seem as if the sum of human faculty were what one should bring to the presentation of a case in which life and man are judges, plaintiffs, and defendants.

This sum of human faculty seems less and less discoverable in the realistic witnesses of our time. Sometimes the matter that wrings, or should wring, men's souls is treated as a convenience, plaything, or utensil. Or, again, men merge themselves in their themes, hardly caring to discriminate their own lives or natures from the confusion, the distress, the ignominy, which they paint. Poor human vessels, heaving rudderless in a gloomy and tem-

pestuous sea, are viewed, not from the safe and lighted shore, with its equipment of beacons and lifeboats, but from another deck, tossing helplessly in the same gloom and tempest. Mr. Dos Passos, with his rarely vivific touch, writes *Three Soldiers*, in which everybody's speech is sown with execrations, and the book itself seems like another execration.

We have mentioned some of the motives and conditions which prompt realistic fiction to the portrayal of life and man in saddening or terrifying colors. Smaller motives are allowed an equal freedom; indeed, almost any motive seems large enough to inspire that *superbe allegresse* with which, according to Jules Lemaître, the French youth of his time applied themselves to their destructive recreations. Mr. Masefield, in the narratives that succeeded *The Everlasting Mercy*, seems to have been enthralled by a species of voluptuousness in anguish. Pride in the priority of disenchantment is a second motive. There is likewise the love of a bonfire. Finally, let it not be overlooked that despair itself is merchandise, and is marketable sometimes at two dollars a copy.

IV

It is a notable fact that the new power of realistic fiction as an interpreter of life and man should have coincided with an hour of supreme crisis and calamity in the world's history, an hour when the forces that assault, and the forces that protect, civilization seems balanced with a nicety that defies the competence of foresight. A little thing may turn a hesitating scale; realistic fiction is not a little thing; it is entirely conceivable that in a day like ours this literary force should hold the casting vote, that its report of the worth of life and of man, adding itself to forces still more potent, might arm or disarm, might nerve or unnerve, a faltering race for victory in its final grip with anarchy and ruin. These are formidable powers; it is hard to divorce our measurements of realistic fiction from our sense of the magnitude of this unconfessed and undischarged responsibility.

How should fiction order itself in this exigent and crucial situation? Its traditional and confident retort to all objectors would doubtless be: The Thing is true. Now truth is a great

word and means a great thing, and the largeness of its service to mankind abundantly justifies its elevation into a law for conduct and a goal for science. But it is well to discriminate even in our worship of the worshipful. Truth avails only through its use or through its charm, and the idea that its usefulness is invariable is only a little less wild than the supposition that its charm is universal. Truth, in short, must be appraised by its consequences. There are facts which in moments of peril commanders withhold from their troops and governments from their peoples. No man would announce an only son's death to a mother at the turning-point of typhus fever. A man's faith in the primary and vital human values is part of his equipment for life; the same thing is equally true of a race: to rob man or race of that equipment is a wrong. It is a wrong particularly flagitious in a time of crisis when the remnant of hope and courage surviving in a racked world is its most valuable possession. "Respect the burden" is the law of generous spirits in every exigency. When the family is united and the wage is sure, a woman, in the frankness of conjugality, may call her husband a lazy and shiftless fellow, and remain, in her fashion, a good wife; she is not a good wife if she repeats the taunt on the morning when he goes to sea or into battle.

We talk of the morale of armies and of nations. The morale of the race is at stake, and if a large part of the most widely read literature is contributory to the disintegration of that morale, the literature in question must share the obloquy of the *défaitiste*. Obloquy only, not suppression; the bounds we set are destined for the critic, not the legislator. Let men see what they can, and say what they like, but let it be understood that the reception of their teaching must be gauged by its effect on the age-long undertakings of humanity. Many of these records are not facts, but if they are facts and are traitors to the ends for which we live, two courses are open to us; to give up those ends, a decision with which logic cannot quarrel, or to treat the facts summarily like other traitors. Half a man's manhood lies in the repudiation of certain valid grounds for fear and grief. Is the race's manhood gauged by other tests?

The above remarks may startle many readers; let us be quick

to specify their limitations. The consideration of evil is a main part of the business known as life; its disclosure is inevitable and wise. What is wrong is the separation of the message from the hope, faith, and courage which impel us rationally to know the worse that we may seek the better. A brave man, in communicating disaster, communicates bravery, and the trembling balance is not wholly lost. Mrs. Wharton's *A Son at the Front* is a signal instance of sound equipoise; if the weight of the accumulated suffering is mountainous, the book is invincible in its hold on the faith that removes (or shoulders) mountains. M. Brieux is sunny even in his Tartarus. Mr. Galsworthy's objects are high; what is less helpful is the acrimony of his sorrow.

Again, the strongest distinction should be drawn between the facts that aid the will by the offer of new directions or new instigations to conduct, and the facts—alleged or actual—that palsy or congeal the will. Everybody knows that evil abounds in the world, and the location and specification of that evil is a good. If an enemy exists, the man who tells you where the enemy is, and how many guns he has, is a friend; but he is not a friend who tells you that the enemy is invincible unless he purposes by that assertion to prevent the fight. Views which depreciate the worth of life and man have no pertinence as guides to conduct; they look to no remedial endeavor; they fail to voice even a resolute and purposeful despair. Let art play its little game with such pieces as its hand and eye approve—let it play its game of bowls with death's heads if it please—but let it be told roundly that its game is a game, and is no part of the tutelage or pilotage of a straining race in its grapple with unparalleled adversity.

V

Let us briefly summarize the argument. Realistic fiction is art; as art, its place is high, valid, and secure. It may employ truth as much as it will, provided that it employs truth for art's sake. But the moment it employs truth for truth's sake it is on doubtful ground, for truth, in the broad sense, cannot be effectually served by any agency that looks to other ends than truth. Truth is hard to reach when truth is the sole object; what hope can there be in the results of a divided purpose? The com-

bination of truth with untruth in a fabric whose end is unconcerned with truth is perfectly legitimate; the combination of the purpose of truth with any other purpose is unsound. The words beauty and goodness have no place in the vocabulary of science. The attempt to be true and moral, or to be true and immoral, warps the truth; the attempt to be true and artistic, to be true and beautiful, to be true and interesting, warps the truth. The things may coalesce, but the purposes cannot mingle. Realistic fiction, if we put aside its art, is pseudo-science, and its place in the twentieth century is a place cheek by jowl with alchemy and astrology. Nevertheless—so strange are the vagaries of a scientific age—it exercises as teacher a great and a totally irresponsible power, and it uses that power to a large extent for the emasculation of the race at an hour when the demands upon its manhood are superlative.

O. W. Firkins.

THE MERITRITZKY CONCERTO

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

My train arrived at Milan toward the end of a drizzling grey afternoon. Having arranged to break my journey there and go on to Florence next morning, I had wired for a room at the *Hotel Mazzini*, which had been recommended to me as quiet and comfortable. The *Mazzini* was more than quiet and comfortable; it was an exemplary "family hotel" which had, apparently, preserved its traditions; it had an air of being ready to receive a German Grand-Duke at a moment's notice without the least embarrassment.

As I sat in the lounge hall half-an-hour before dinner, I watched an assortment of slightly dowdy people emerging from the lift or entering it. None of them seemed likely to resent the absence of a jazz band. A few of them were sitting, as I was, in austerely upholstered chairs; most of them, myself among them, perused vaguely the pages of obsolete illustrated papers. The one which I had selected was the *American Musical News*, a periodical which made no pretence of being anything but a vehicle for the advertisement of world-famous virtuosos and those innumerable products of *conservatoires* who aspire to equal or excel them. My eyes rested on a paragraph about Paderewski, who, it seemed, had recently roused the music-lovers of Milwaukee to rapturous enthusiasm, after creating his customary *furore* in Chicago. While I was absorbing this information I became aware that someone was emulating Paderewski in an apartment overhead. This muffled music impressed itself on my critical faculty as having more historical than æsthetic value. It was a floridly efficient concert work composed somewhat in the manner of Mendelssohn. Is it a pianola? I wondered, until the repetition of an awkward octave passage revealed the humanity of the executant. The octave bravados were followed by tempestuous arpeggios, and the fleshy allegro concluded with a crash of

complacent chords. A shamelessly sentimental cantabile movement conducted me to the dining room where I lost touch with the performance. Over my soup I speculated on the identity of the composer—it sounded like a concerto, possibly by Hummel or Rubinstein.

After a prolonged and satisfactory dinner I returned to the illustrated papers. My thoughts were an indolent procession of automatic images evoked by photographs of pugilists, prime ministers, cinema actresses, and other public characters. After a while I ceased my casual inspection of their facial variations; and turned my attention to the hotel interior and its food-flushed occupants. After sorting them out according to their nationalities I ceased to expect any further entertainment. Specimens of mediocrity, they seemed, as they sipped their coffee and puffed their cigars and eyed each other with neutral tolerance or transient curiosity. Not far away from me sat an undersized, middle aged, shabby man with a straggling grey moustache. He was alone; and he was, I observed, reading the American musical magazine with an engrossed, rather worried look on his constricted face. Perhaps he is reading about Paderewski at Milwaukee, I thought—remembering the energetic musician overhead and wondering whether that enthusiast would be returning to the instrument during the evening.

A self-possessed man came down the steps from the dining room—rather a dashing sort of man—crisp black hair tinged with grey—the hero of a young lady's first novel (in the days before psychoanalysis came into its own, when fiction presented the passions with romantic simplicity). With large liquid brown eyes he scanned the assembly; then he steered a debonair course in my direction. A chair was overturned somewhere near me, and I glanced round to see the negligible reader of the musical news, who had risen with a clumsy movement; a dim, astonished recognition animated his countenance. His apparent diffidence had vanished, and he was actually signalling to the black eyebrowed hero, who advanced, greeted him urbanely, and sat down opposite him. I was unable to overhear their conversation, but I watched them with some interest, thinking what a queerly contrasted couple they were. After a few minutes they made for

the lift, and were conveyed upward. Almost immediately the anonymous concerto broke out overhead with renewed vigor and authority. . . . Could it be connected with the two men who had so recently ascended in the lift? I became more and more certain that the black haired swell was the executant of that old-fashioned composition. I imagined the lift of his fine eyes, the ostentatious sweep of his fluent fingers, the emotion with which he would slide into the cantabile passages. With such a "compelling" presence, he might well have enjoyed considerable success on the concert platform. While I was thus formulating his career, the music stopped, as if through some interruption. After a while I became more or less absorbed in a book. By eleven o'clock most of the people had gone upstairs, and I was about to do so myself when the dark stranger emerged from the lift with a perturbed expression on his face. He glanced round the lofty room, ordered a drink from a weary-faced waiter, and came to a little table close to my corner. A large brandy and soda seemed to embolden him; he lit a cigarette; his eyes veered in my direction as if in quest of conversation. And then he did indeed cross the space that divided us. Fingering his neat moustache, he sat beside me. He spoke in exactly the ingratiating baritone that I had expected. He began with polite and perfunctory remarks. Had I heard Toscanini conduct at the Scala? Extremely comfortable hotel, the *Mazzini*, wasn't it? I responded suitably. Would I have a drink? I thanked him and more brandy was brought to us. It was after his second brandy and soda that he became communicative.

* * *

He asked if I would be so very kind as to do him the favor of listening to a most extraordinary story. I replied that an extraordinary story would put me under an obligation to him. Nothing would give me greater pleasure.

"Well," he began, "it's really a most painful affair, most painful. That poor chap I was talking to just now—the man I went upstairs with—I hadn't set eyes on him for twenty-five years. In those days we were, both of us, studying the piano in London. Afterwards I went to Leipsic and he came here. A short time

before we left England I went with him to an orchestral concert —the Philharmonic I think it was—to hear a well known pianist whose name I had forgotten until my old friend reminded me of it this evening. The concerto which he played was by Meritritzky; you, probably, have never heard any of his music; even then it was rapidly disappearing from concert programmes. But we were young, and we came away enormously excited about the concerto; my friend said that it was the finest thing he'd ever heard, and he announced his intention of studying it. He would make his début with it, he said. And, as I've already told you, I never heard of him again until he recognized me here to-night. I am quite certain I shouldn't have known him unless he'd spoken to me. . . . I must tell you that he was, even as a young man, a plodding, painstaking sort of chap, totally devoid of originality.

"But, really, his limitations have become an eccentricity. Will you believe it, he has lived in this hotel for twenty-five years? In the summer he goes out to Como and stays in a hotel there. And he's never been anywhere else, all these years. As soon as I mentioned music (I gave up playing in public some years ago, and am now a director of a Gramophone Company), I noticed a queer look in his face. He asked me to come up to his room, as he had something he wished to talk about in private. Well, we went up to his room. It is a good-sized room, but most of it is occupied by a concert-grand—a magnificent instrument. He sat down at once, and without a word of warning began to play that old concerto by Meritritzky! At first I took it for a joke, and after a few minutes of the stuff I interrupted him by remarking that it was wonderful how well he remembered it after so many years. To my amazement he jumped up and rushed at me with an offended look on his face.

"'Remember it! Remember it! Why I've been working at it ever since I saw you. I'm going to make my début with it in London next winter. Yes, I've mastered it at last. And I'm going to revive it. No one plays it now; and all the better for me. I'll make my reputation with one concert. And then I'll take it to America. All the agents 'll be after me!'

"Of course I saw at once that it was a case of an obsession.

I did my best to humor him. The poor chap produced a letter from a London concert-agent, stating his terms for arranging the orchestral concert at which the Meritritzky concerto was to be revived. The concert was going to cost three hundred pounds. Looking at the date I found that the letter was written nearly ten years ago. Lord knows what they'd book him for it now, though he said he expects to get most of it back for the sale of the tickets! Apparently the poor chap has been dreaming about his concert for years, waiting until he's satisfied himself that he's got the great work absolutely right. And now he wants me to go and see the London agent and renew the negotiations. When he suggested that I tried to dissuade him by saying that I was afraid the public had lost interest in Meritritzky. I asked him if it mightn't be wiser to play something more modern—if he intended to create a sensation? I couldn't have said anything more unfortunate! He broke out in a furious diatribe against contemporary composers. He seemed to regard everyone later than Tchaikovsky as a personal enemy. The fact is he's got Meritritzky on the brain. And goodness knows what'll be the end of it, if he ever realizes the futility of his ideas. I hadn't even the courage to tell him that I'm catching the midnight train to Paris. I got away by promising to have another talk about it in the morning."

He looked at the clock on the wall; thanked me for allowing him to relieve his feelings, and shook my hand. "I'm afraid it's a hopeless case." he remarked. And went out.

Early next morning I left for Florence.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

MAURICE BARRÈS: AUTHOR AND PATRIOT

BY F. D. CHEYDLEUR

THROUGH the death of Maurice Barrès France lost not only one of her most notable writers but also a patriot whose influence on the destiny of his country in regaining her prestige lost through the Franco-Prussian War and recovered through the late World War cannot be overestimated. A Lorrainer by birth and early education, he often discussed problems peculiar to the provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, the bone of contention between France and Germany for so many centuries, and for this reason his writings have probably had a less wide appeal abroad than those of his distinguished contemporaries, Anatole France, Paul Bourget, and Pierre Loti. But the accounts of his life and work in European and American publications recognized in this man one of the dominant figures who have shaped the main current of thought and action in France during the last generation.

To understand Barrès and his important rôle in French letters and politics during the last quarter century, one must recall the state of mind and the kind of literature prevalent in his country during the two or three decades following the crushing defeat of the French at the hands of the Prussians in 1870. As a result of this humiliating *débâcle* France was reduced in the European concert of nations from a first-rate Power, which position she had held for ages, to one of the second or third rank. Writings of all kinds reflecting the various social conditions of this period are generally characterized by a fatalistic determinism, pessimism, and skepticism. This trend of thought is best exemplified by Renan and Taine, who were the torch-bearers of the literary youth of their day, and also by the productions of the realistic and naturalistic novelists and dramatists at this time. Although not belonging to this latter group, even Barrès and Bourget in their early works, and Loti and Anatole France in nearly all they

have written, are tinged with this depressing spirit of doubt concerning the future of their country, with a gloomy feeling that the star of France had reached its zenith and was now setting. Ultimately it fell to the lot of Barrès through the transformation of his mind and the pouring out of his convictions concerning the need of a revival of the good French traditions and the necessity of national solidarity to start the tide of thoughts flowing in the opposite direction. It will be to his everlasting glory and praise that he possessed in an eminent degree the instinct, the foresight, the understanding, the courage, and the public leadership to hold up during the most momentous crisis in history the noblest traits of the French people to themselves and to the world, and to point out the way that led to the reëstablishment of his native land in the front rank of nations.

Maurice Barrès was born at Charmes-sur-Moselle, in Lorraine, in 1862; and studied at the *lycée* of Nancy, and then at the Faculty of Law in the same town. His parents wished to make a magistrate of him, but, though he was a good student, he was more interested in Gautier, Baudelaire, and Flaubert than in Roman law, and early tried his hand at writing. However, he kept at his appointed task for two years. Finally, the calling of letters proving too alluring for him, he abandoned the plan of becoming a lawyer, went to Paris at the age of twenty, having been encouraged by Leconte de Lisle and Anatole France. Then after a setback in his first literary efforts, he bent all his energies on founding two short-lived reviews called the *Taches d'Encre* and *Les Chroniques*, and on contributing articles to various other periodicals such as the *Revue Contemporaine* and the *Voltaire*. Thus far all of this journalistic experience served only as an apprenticeship for Barrès, but in 1888 he published his *Sous l'oeil des Barbares*, which had the good fortune of drawing a favorable criticism from the pen of Paul Bourget in the *Journal des Débats;* the young author had at last won his spurs. Soon after this was followed by *Un Homme libre* and *Le Jardin de Bérénice*, which formed his first trilogy bearing the title, *Le Culte du Moi*. This set of novels is a tantalizing study of the means of preserving one's individuality in a world of Philistines and is marked by curious psychological analyses, touches of dandyism, flashes of wit, and a belief in

the subconscious influences in life that is reminiscent of Bergson's philosophy. According to Charles Maurras, these books marked a new point of departure in French literature by showing a return to a better and more traditional taste than that displayed by the naturalistic and impressionistic school in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. However, there is an undercurrent of skepticism in the *Culte du Moi* trilogy and in nearly all of Barrès's work up to the end of the last century: this is the same spirit that contaminated so much of the literature in France from 1870 to 1900, and from which it was almost impossible to escape. In his justification of the cult of the Ego, Barrès claimed that inasmuch as the ethical code of France, her religion, and her sense of national unity, had crumbled to pieces, the only thing worth paying attention to, until some certainty was again reached, was the reality of the Self. In contradistinction from others who had concerned themselves with the analysis of the Self, he emphasized the cult of the Self. He answered the attacks of those who decried his Egoism by pointing out that patriotism is nothing but a magnified Egoism and causes the same injustice between nations as personal Egoism does between individuals. The best that we can hope for, he thought, was that personal selfishness and national selfishness could be brought together in a common action. Hence, one's first duty was to attend to one's Ego and to harmonize the Self with the rest of humanity.

Many French, English, and American critics have taken evident pleasure in stressing the antinomy—more apparent than real—between the Barrès of the first period and that of the second, between his individualism and his nationalism; but he himself in replying to his detractors, who accused him of being either insincere or else inconsistent, revealed the core of his natural evolution. He claimed and proved clearly enough that by enlarging the scope of his sensations and analyzing the same, by delving into the depths of his Ego to discover its true essence, and by his persistent efforts to preserve his innermost Self from being absorbed by the omnivorous octopus, the great mass of common people, he had finally reached the bed-rock of all his essential characteristics, namely the French race itself, of which he was merely a member. In showing first his development in the *Culte*

du Moi, and then in his second series, *Le Roman de l'énergie nationale*, he proved once more the soundness of Carlyle's philosophy of action which may be summed up as follows: "Know thyself? Long enough hast thou tried to know thyself. Know what thou canst do, and do it, that were thy better task."

In the sociological novel *Les Déracinés* (1897), the historical novels, *L'Appel au soldat* (1900) and *Leurs Figures* (1903), which form his second trilogy, Barrès set forth his traditionalist doctrines, traced his connections with the Boulangist movement, and exposed the Panama scandal. If anyone upon reading this author's harsh criticisms of Germany before, during, and after the late war should be inclined to accuse him of racial prejudice, he would have to admit after a perusal of the works in question that he did not spare his own people from the lash of his tongue whenever he found them guilty of wrong doing. The first of these books aims to prove that a man thrives best in his native country, in his own particular region, surrounded by the molding force of family, home, and local traditions. If he be uprooted without proper regard for his antecedents and probable destiny, the chances are that if he does not fail he will not reach the highest possible point of self-realization. Such a doctrine does not appeal to the average American, who often changes his abode, his profession, even his political or religious faith, over night without serious consequences, so far as can be seen in the short space of a lifetime. But this deracination, according to Barrès, may gradually bring about the disintegration of the nation. The other two volumes of this series are of great value and interest to the student and historian of the France of the eighteen-nineties concerned with the question of the *Revanche* (the recovery by force of the lost provinces from Germany) and the Panama Canal scandal. In these works of fiction real events and people are so thinly veiled or not veiled at all by Barrès that one can see the youth of France at the time of Boulanger vainly groping after a chief who might lead it back to its national self-confidence and lost glory. While Boulangism ended in a fiasco, it was valuable as a symptom of a larger and more powerful movement under way, the slow but sure union of the divergent but conservative forces under the Third Republic. By Barrès's fearless picture

in his *Leurs Figures* of the political corruption of the French Parliament in connection with the miscarriage of the Panama Canal undertaken by de Lesseps, the contemporaries of the author were tremendously aroused and shocked. They learned by the daring *exposé* of his political colleagues in questionable transactions that he was a dreadfully earnest man and a patriot when it was a question of cowardly silence or of national house-cleaning.

In his next series, *Les Bastions de l'Est* (1905–1921) Barrès took up boldly the question of Alsace-Lorraine as the French bulwarks facing the East, and endeavored to show the superiority of the Latin race over the Teuton as a spiritual, intellectual, and artistic force in Western civilization. In the first of this trilogy, *Au service de l'Allemagne*, in contrast with René Bazin's famous novel on the same subject, *Les Oberlé*, he advocated that the young men in the annexed provinces should serve their time in the German army and by the example of their conduct and life keep up the French spirit in the lost territories. In the second volume of this set, *Colette Baudoche*, perhaps the best of his novels, he advocated that there should be no marriage between conqueror and conquered lest this same spirit should be diluted or submerged. The last of the series, *Le Génie du Rhin*, was preceded by two shorter works called *L'Appel du Rhin*, which were plain propaganda for the extension of French influence on the whole left bank of the Rhine, considered by Barrès as the old and natural boundary line between his country and Germany. The treaty of peace annihilated all hopes in this direction, so the author in the third volume of this trilogy limited himself as best he could to pleading for the closest *rapprochement* between France and the Rhineland. However, whatever the *pros* and *cons* of the Alsace-Lorraine problems might be, and whatever extravagance might lurk in some of the author's claims, the decision of the treaty of Versailles to restore to France her lost provinces has justified in a large measure Barrès's stand. By hewing to the line and letting the chips fall where they might, he finished the task bequeathed to him by his predecessor, Paul Déroulède, the founder and first president of the League of Patriots, whose aim was the recovery of the territory ceded to Germany in 1870.

The most extensive of Barrès's literary productions is the *Chronique de la Grande Guerre,* in fourteen volumes, which are made up of articles that first came out in almost daily succession in the *Echo de Paris.* They not only traced the history of the World War as seen by this *littérateur* turned journalist, but they also reflect the ebb and tide of the morale of France and her allies as felt by this most discerning analyzer of souls and sentiments. Probably no other single work on the recent world cataclysm contains so much valuable information about the state of mind of the French nation and its supporters abroad. Barrès's chief aim in these collected articles was to maintain the *Union Sacrée* born at the outbreak of the war, to act as the faithful and inspiring interpreter of his race to his own people, and to win hosts of friends and admirers to the French cause.

In an early study called *Armori et Dolori sacrum,* and some half-dozen others, among which is *Un Jardin sur l'Oronte,* Barrès revealed that at heart he was a modern romanticist, a literary grandchild of Chateaubriand. Although at times he reached a certain classical perfection and restraint, as in *Colette Baudoche,* he is most likely to endure as a writer in these impressionistic works of travel in Spain, Italy, Germany, and the Orient, because of their rare and subtle style. We are yet too near Barrès to assign him any definite rank in the hierarchy of contemporary authors, but those critics who consider him only second to Anatole France as a supreme artist are probably not so far from the truth in their judgment.

For nearly all of his life Barrès was an apologist of the Church outside of its fold, and many evidences of this were shown in his political and literary career. His successful campaign for creating Jeanne d'Arc as the patron saint of France first comes to mind, and then his fervent addresses in the Chamber of Deputies, and his eloquent appeals in two of his best known works for the preservation of numerous old churches allowed to go to ruin through the law of the separation of the Church and the State, attracted wide attention and support. Again in his *La Colline inspirée* and *Les Familles spirituelles de la France,* we find him the firm upholder of Catholicism, although in the second work we perceive a liberal tolerance of other faiths.

Furthermore, one of his last missions as a Deputy found him actively engaged through long study and travel in preparing a report to his Government on an investigation carried on in Egypt and the Levant that looked forward to the founding of lower and higher institutions in France for recruiting the teaching force for the French Catholic schools in those countries. His sudden demise interrupted him in the midst of this last project.

As stated before, Barrès's name dominates the history of political and literary France during the past thirty or forty years. Whatever position posterity may assign him in the hall of fame, it will certainly be a prominent one. During his twenty years as Deputy he played a leading rôle in all the important issues that have harassed his people to the depths of their soul, such as the Boulangist movement, the Dreyfus affair, the Separation of Church and State, and lastly the World War. Before and after his entrance to the French Academy in 1906, he had a profound influence in lifting the literary taste of his generation to a saner, healthier, and more inspiring plane. His most abiding honor, however, will be to have been one of the foremost artisans of the victory of France.

As Victor Giraud, one of his best biographers, appropriately says: "Happy are the writers who by circumstances and the nature of their preoccupations and talents are led to make of themselves the spokesmen of their country!"

F. D. CHEYDLEUR.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

A STUDY IN AMERICAN LETTERS

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT: 1833–1847. Edited by Roger Wolcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

One hundred years ago—on January 19, 1826, to be precise—William Prescott, then at the age of twenty-nine, entered in his diary his decision to write a history of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. Misfortune had retarded his career. Blinded in his left eye by an accident during a Sophomore scrimmage at Harvard, he had since passed through periodical ordeals of cruel suffering and the tragic threat of blindness. This threat was to shadow his path throughout his life. Yet he had laid out for himself a vast course of study in many hundred books, though the Atlantic lay between him and most of his materials. Further, the blessings of Prescott's destiny as well as its mischances were to act as deterrents of his large purposes. His family's ample means enhanced a tendency of his to utter indolence; and he had an uncommon power of enjoying life apart from the art and science of history. Everybody delighted in his company and loved to serve him. This had its advantages. In his months in a darkened room his sister used to lie on the floor with a book placed to catch the streak of light entering at the sill of the closed door, and read aloud to him for hours. But in general Prescott's pleasure in companionship was a distraction from history.

He was a tall, dark-haired youth, long-limbed and free-moving, with a vivid color and an inexhaustible fund of high spirits and good humor. The injury of his sight was not disfiguring. Many persons considered him the finest-looking creature they had ever seen. Testimonies to his social talent are as abundant as those accorded to Burns:

> I have never known any other man whose company was so universally attractive—equally to men and to women, to young and to old, and to all classes that he mingled with.

It was only by a powerful effort of will that Prescott tore himself away from all this pleasurable intercourse with his classmates, friends, family and wife—for with all the rest of his ties with his kind, he was happily married at twenty-four—and devoted himself by a rigid programme to his great plan. A secretary read aloud to him for many hours daily, while he took notes with a device used for writing by the blind. From the first months of his seclusion he had cultivated a phenomenal faculty of composing mentally without the outer aid of pen or dictation. His power of memory was so great that he could hold and repeat accurately sixty pages of narrative, either of his own creation, or from the records read aloud to him.

Such in brief is the impression of the historian's remarkable "works and days" which one receives from the sympathetic and quick-moving preface of this volume, supplemented by its reference to Ticknor's biography. Prescott has been working on *The Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella* for seven years at the period when this collection of letters begins. His research for his first book is mainly finished; and before its publication and through its resounding success and acclaim he has begun to gather data for *The Conquest of Mexico.* The greater part of the correspondence is concerned with his accumulation of historical material from friends or literary agents abroad; and undoubtedly the book's leading interest lies in its record of his methods of documentation.

Probably the greater number of Prescott's readers are in somewhat the position of his lifelong friends. They have always known and delighted in his books. But as one grows older and reads some of the Spanish chroniclers of his reference, one is puzzled by his arbitrary choice of authorities. His relation to Las Casas, whom John Fiske has justly called "the corner-stone of American history", is especially bewildering. Prescott gives high praise to Las Casas. He quotes him extensively in footnotes. But he follows Oviedo, whose disinterestedness is doubtful, or Herrera, who is notoriously an apologist for the Conquistadores, and not a contemporary witness.

Las Casas possessed a wider and more intimate knowledge of the Indians of the western continent than any other man of his age. In his inter-racial sympathy, his anti-imperialism, his

hatred of cruelty, he was centuries ahead of his time. This correspondence shows that circumstance obscured his mighty chronicle from Prescott, who tries to obtain a full copy and fails. The historian is competently directed later to a complete manuscript in America. But a letter to Stephens in this collection and the footnotes of *The Conquest of Peru* indicate clearly that he did not consult it.

Throughout the letters we notice an inclination on his part to edge away from Las Casas's testimony against the Conquistadores. The intent of Prescott's composition requires the softening or elimination of all those lines and colors of Las Casas's great history which convince the reader of the poverty, ignorance and defencelessness of the Indian populations of the New World, Aztec and Inca alike; and outline the continental conquest in the terrible and piteous terms of an empire strangely like that of the *Emperor Jones*.

> You ask me about the Conquest of Mexico and Peru — Prescott writes. . . . I have materials such as never writer, Spanish or foreign, had before, and as the narrative is a perfect epic and as full of incident as any tale of Chivalry, it will be my fault if I do not make a pleasant story of it.

He did make a pleasant story of it. Too pleasant for Las Casas in the sixteenth century. Too pleasant for Morgan and Bandelier in the nineteenth. (Fifty years ago, in 1876, Morgan published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW his vivid criticism, "Montezuma's Dinner.") A little because of the state of research in Prescott's time, but more because of his own temperament he chose to record a conquest over foes at once more powerful and more advanced in the arts of civilization than the Indians of Las Casas's picture, or of Morgan's.

Prescott's researches take us through the magnificent European and English libraries and literary collections of the early nineteenth century, in the company of his correspondents, the chief of these being Gayangos, a Spanish gentleman and generous scholar allied to the glorious line of the Great Captain. The conquests of Gayangos form a peculiar romance of their own, delightful perhaps only to those who like to wander in the realms of gold, in the vast, literary land of early Spanish-American chronicle.

For such readers this volume is invaluable. For others it must, one imagines, seem lacking in "the personal touch"; and must appear to offer a somewhat monotonous record of historical material. The book will however be most rewarding to all those who are especially interested in the nature of Prescott's contribution to the truth of history.

We have here a record of the honor and praise which the world justly heaped upon him for his many services to that truth. Perhaps the most precious of these services for us is this: he understood the great qualities of great men and women. He could reveal with reality the force in Philip that built the Escorial, the magnanimity of Isabella, the resourcefulness of the Great Captain. He knew the ways of courage, devotion, generosity, humor, and freedom and endurance and richness of heart. His letters to his family, his friends and the finest scholars of his time show us that he was a profound observer of all these human powers.

Where Prescott's truth is romantically arbitrary it is on the side of idealization. This is the defect of his signal value, his true interpretation of the greatnesses of the great. We have seen lately a strong tendency towards a species of history and biography not precisely romantic, and yet more arbitrary, more non-realistic than Prescott's. Where this later non-realistic history and biography is arbitrary it is all on the side of disparagement. It has had an admirable success in describing the smallnesses of the great. But perhaps because amusement at the expense of other people is easier than understanding them, it has largely edged away from their greatnesses.

The truth presented by every historian and biographer is severely limited by his knowledge of humankind. Undoubtedly Prescott's predeterminations have given us a more realistic portrait of Queen Isabella, a picture closer to truth than we could possibly have received from the predeterminations of, let us say, August Strindberg. This is not only because of the data the historian collected in Spain, but because of the data he collected throughout his life—because, for instance, he had a sister who was glad to lie on the floor and read to him for hours: and he knew how to appreciate her.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS AND PEOPLES

HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By S. F. Platonov. Translated by E. Aronsberg. New York: The Macmillan Company.

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By James Mavor. Revised Edition. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

RUSSIA. By Nicholas Makeev and Valentine O'Hara. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH. By Sisley Huddleston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

POST-WAR BRITAIN. By André Siegfried. Translated by H. H. Hemming. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Whether one's interest in foreign peoples have its root in naïve curiosity, in a craving to appreciate and in some degree to appropriate what is best in foreign culture, or simply in a desire to gain an unbiased understanding of the course of events, one is likely to find that satisfactory conclusions can best be arrived at through the study of economic causes. That these are the only true causes, or that their operation can be clearly traced in every sphere of life, it would be rash to maintain; yet the fact remains that we cannot understand the *spirit* of a people without knowing something of its economic conditions, past and present. By beginning with what can be in some sort weighed and measured we may reach a clearer conception of the "imponderables". Through common sense we may attain to "spiritual" values.

If this be true, then, in a deeper sense than is usually implied, economics rightfully holds its place at the head of the newer "humanities"; and it is from this point of view that I am inclined to evaluate and rank the several important works that are now before me for consideration.

Professor Platonov's history may be not unfairly described as a sort of bourgeois history of Russia. The Professor, a man of humble origin, who worked his way to high academic position, was at one time tutor to Grand Duke Michael and Grand Duchess Olga, brother and sister of Nicholas II. If Russia had been such a country as England (or the United States) Platonov might have written such a patriotic and humanly interesting work as Green's *Shorter History of the English People*, and that work, like Green's

(or like the Bible), might be found among the books of every household with pretensions to culture. But the history of Russia is not like the history of England. It reveals no clear *constitutional* development; and any historian who manifestly took the popular point of view would be rather clearly identifying himself with underground and not very respectable forces. Not that Professor Platonov glosses over serious defects—he is thoroughly honest. But his analysis seems to be kept within safe and rather narrow limits.

Platonov's history gives a clear and convenient outline of events. It is particularly interesting in its account of the earlier period of Russian history, throughout which the author has made extensive use of the old Russian chronicles somewhat as Green used the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and other such sources. There is perhaps rather a marked tendency to emphasize the glories of the Slav race and to deal rather too fully with changes of dynasty, court intrigues, military campaigns, and traditionally important personages—matters, in short, of which the final importance cannot readily be seen. But the tone of the narrative is not unduly nationalistic, and significant social and economic changes are properly noticed. The book occasionally throws clear light upon the mode of development of the Russian people and their present characteristics, laying stress, for example, upon the *beneficial* influence of Byzantine civilization, upon the civilizing effect of the Russian Church, upon the reasons why this church so readily became an organ of the State, upon the comparative freedom of Russian culture from Tartar and other Asiatic influences. Some of these matters would not be found so clearly discussed in any other book available to English-speaking readers.

What one misses is a sufficiently full and thorough account of economic conditions. The political thread in Russian history is not easy to follow; the development of social institutions, the rise of the spirit of nationality, do not provide the historian with materials for a coherent narrative. In order to understand the paradoxical spirit and social structure of pre-Revolutionary Russia, one must study the economic factors. Important as are such factors in the history of any nation, they appear, to the foreign student of Russian history, to tell nearly the whole story.

Russia of the old régime preserved mediæval conditions into modern times, and thus affords, as it were, a great laboratory in which the economist and historian may study the process of transition from mediæval to modern conditions. Its more recent history is thus of especial interest, but Professor Mavor in his now famous *Economic History of Russia*, recently issued in a revised edition, is as thorough and as successful in studying primitive conditions as in explaining the social and economic problems of later periods.

For most readers, Professor Mavor's exhaustive work is, I believe, by far the best source of real knowledge about Russia. The information it contains will need to be but little supplemented from other books. So little are we helped by our traditions and our general knowledge to understand Russia and the Russians that it seems better to take the time and trouble necessary to obtain a view at once detailed and comprehensive than to rely to any extent upon the "little books" which can scarcely avoid being incomplete and tendential. Nor will the reading of Professor Mavor's two volumes be found a dreary task; for this history is one of those works which, in the pregnant phrase of Henry Holt, help one "to live in a larger world".

The *Russia* of Messrs. O'Hara and Makeev is perhaps as good a book as we may now reasonably expect to have about contemporary and recent Russia. The book suffers especially in its earlier chapters from the need of extreme condensation, and one also has the impression that conscientious collaboration has not favored readability. With coherence none too obvious, the subject matter is presented in a series of rather monotonously emphatic statements, mostly of a very general character. The style inclines somewhat too much toward the jargon of modern political comment, and it is not always easy for the reader to discern fundamental causes or even to know whether the discovery of such causes or mere description is at any given time the author's true objective.

In their earlier chapters, the authors are desirous of impressing us with the idea that the Mongol invasion, without exercising direct cultural or "racial" influence, did prevent Russia from being swung into the current of Western civilization and was indirectly instrumental in fixing upon the Russian people the yoke of

absolutism. With prospective reference to Bolshevism, they point out that Communism is not an ancient form of Russian land tenure, but a comparatively recent and partial development. If the Russian of today seems to us shockingly crude in his political thinking, we are made to realize how unavoidably, under the old régime, the *Intelligentsia* became for the most part either conspirators or unpractical idealists, "anchored to theory". All this and much more is informing. The point of view expressed is just. That we owe a debt to the Russian people, who for so long acted in some sense as the bulwark of civilization against the hordes of barbarism and who suffered in this service the disadvantage of total subjection to their own rulers, seems undeniable. Nothing could be more unjust than to attribute Russian peculiarities and misfortunes to certain "racial" traits. For if we learn nothing else from Russian history, it seems to me that we may learn this: that *race* is little more than an abstraction based upon kinship of languages.

On the whole, while I have a thirst for more thorough discussion of causes than Messrs. O'Hara and Makeev have given, I am inclined to attribute great weight to their conclusions. Their book is, it seems to me, quite unmistakably the most *authoritative* book about contemporary Russia that we have had in recent years or are soon likely to have. Thus definite encouragement is to be found, I believe, in the statement that the revolution of 1917 was not a carefully planned political conspiracy but rather a spontaneous uprising of the whole people, in the opinion that the advent of Bolshevism in Russia will prove to have discredited all forms of absolutism (including "the dictatorship of the proletariat") for all time, and, most of all, in the conclusion: "There is now every reason to believe that Russia desires a sound democratic régime, that a federative system of government will arise, and that the present nominal federation will become a reality". Surely the myth of what Zangwill called "Rosy Russia" has been effectively destroyed. We are now rather in danger of entertaining in regard to her what may be called pessimistic illusions. Some of these the authors of *Russia* have dispelled. To see that in view of certain political and economic conditions the observed results were, humanly speaking inevitable, may be to gain hope.

When we turn from Russia to Western Europe, we may feel less in need of the economic clue, and yet that clue remains important. Though Mr. Huddleston in his *France and the French* writes from a political rather than a purely economic standpoint, his clear and persuasive interpretation of French thought and life—an interpretation especially suited to the needs of English-speaking peoples—doubtless owes something to the enlightened view which economic history gives. In speaking of the French, he has in mind no imaginary race, no mystical nation, but a people such as economic, geographic, and political conditions have made them. They are even now in process of change, but in this process we must distinguish the primary and relatively unchanging traits that are rooted in fundamental conditions from the secondary or altogether illusory traits that we discern or think we discern. The supposition, for example, that the French have *only recently* become an athletic and sport-loving people is simply untrue. Nothing in their "race", or in their past, gives real color to this idea, which arises simply from a false contrast between Gallic and Anglo-Saxon ideals. On the other hand, the status of the *jeune fille* in France, though it has changed to some extent, and though the change has been accepted, is not likely to undergo any sudden or rapid transformation. This social attitude is deeply rooted in the French conception of family life, and this in turn in historic and economic facts. When we reach a factor like the prevalence of peasant proprietorship in France, we have found a basis, however, from which it is somewhat safe to generalize.

That France is, at heart, not at all warlike, but beyond most other nations peace loving, is one of the clear conclusions which Mr. Huddleston, with his intimate knowledge of the French and his firm grasp of economic and political fact, has set before his readers. That *security* is the keystone of French foreign policy, is of course easy to see; but what security means to the French—that is something that needs to be interpreted. It is not, inevitably, an attitude of suspicion or an insistence upon military guarantees. Speaking of the enthusiasm with which France welcomed President Wilson, "there seemed to be no reason," writes Mr. Huddleston, "why the enthusiasm of those days should not be translated into a treaty which would genuinely put an end

to the great European feud." Nothing in the French temperament, we are to infer, stood in the way, though cynicism, ineptitude, and the sheer magnitude of the task which confronted the treaty-makers at length placed France in such a position that her insistence upon security seemed bellicose.

This is the more unfortunate since security, thinks Mr. Huddleston, is "the philosopher's stone of our age", the search for which is somewhat absurd. "Security," this able publicist believes, "even of the relative kind, lies only in a Franco-German *rapprochement.*"

An interesting analysis of the economic condition of France reveals a financially poor government in what is really one of the richest countries of the world, suggests the likelihood that France, with reasonable political wisdom may succeed in building up a splendid colonial domain, and points to the possibility that a great syndicate of Franco-German coal and iron interests may be formed—a possibility the full significance of which is hard to realize. Certainly the advance on the part of French business men toward larger business and commercial conceptions is one of the important factors in the European situation of today.

Mr. Huddleston's *France and the French* may be classed with the *psychological* books about foreign nations; that is, it keeps before us the French people as actual living persons and the nation as a unity having characteristic traits. It is an interpretative book rather than a technical treatise; but its interpretation is based deeply on facts, and its comment will always be found to have close relation to verifiable truth.

Great Britain is to us largely a nation of traditions—all the more so because her traditions are to a considerable extent the same as our own. We have been told a great many times that she is essentially a commercial nation, that her prosperity depends upon open markets, that she requires command of the sea, that she does not produce enough food to maintain more than a small proportion of her population. Realization of the full political and economic significance of these generalities is not, however, easy. We forget that the main fact about Britain nowadays is not the fact that she is the "mother of parliaments", not the fact that she possesses a pride which forbids her to default upon her

financial obligations, not the fact that the British Empire is far flung and powerful, but rather the fact that without the economic rehabilitation of Europe, England cannot remain what she has been—the financial center and commercial mart of the world.

M. Siegfried reveals these and kindred facts in something of a glaring light. To us, even more than to the presumably better-informed native of Great Britain, it may be a shock to learn that the very efforts to avoid further inflation, to deflate, to stabilize the currency, that all this seriously hampered England's export trade and hindered her recovery.

M. Siegfried's book, like that of Mr. Huddleston, is interpretative, by which I mean that it not only supplies us with economic facts but presents a convincing picture of a people—a picture drawn with liveliness and sympathy. In tone, the book is entirely friendly: the "nation-of-shopkeepers" reproach seems, indeed, to have been quite as fully forgotten as the myth of the "volatile Frenchman". If the account of British conditions given by M. Siegfried seems rather ruthless, this is only because economic facts are inelastic. In the end he professes confidence in the future of a people whose sterling qualities he seems quite unaffectedly to admire. But the conditions that he pictures may well disturb the assurance of those who have not already discovered and to some extent discounted them. The dilemma as between Free Trade and Protection, the increase of unemployment —such difficulties are deeper and more permanent than one would gather from current comment. And, of course, as a Frenchman, M. Siegfried has little faith in the process of "muddling through".

The leading impression left upon one's mind by a perusal of the books considered in this inadequate and summary criticism is that economic and political science tends to become ever more closely related to our broader interests and more enlightened views. Economics has long passed beyond the stage at which it could be more or less correctly described as "the dismal science". And if it is necessary for the economist to be a man of letters, it is equally desirable that the man of letters, if he is to have real insight into literature and life, should have some understanding, however modest, of political economy.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

WOMEN AS REVEALED

THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL. By Ruth Suckow. New York: A. A. Knopf.

WOMEN. By Booth Tarkington. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

FRÄULEIN ELSE. By Arthur Schnitzler; translated by Robert A. Simon. New York: Simon and Schuster.

THE ELDER SISTER. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

That a woman should be the center of a tale is no new thing. There was certainly a Helen in the epic of the Ur-Homer, whether that mythical bard was one of her own sex, as has sometimes been suggested, or a man. It is, however, noticeable that women have been given an increasing amount of space, if not of importance, in more recent fiction. For all their glamor, not too much of the text was wasted on the ladies by the author of the *Iliad* or, let us say, of the *Morte Darthur*. Both these romances would be described in this tautological age as stories of "he-men." Is the greater attention to women in Mr. Erskine's witty *Helen of Troy* due to greater interest in them? Probably not. It may be due to the more varied part they play in the general scene.

Here are four novels in which the chief figures are all women. The affairs of the men take a secondary place. Not only that, but they are given scant treatment and are looked at, so far as they are looked at at all, largely through the eyes of the female characters. The books differ widely in background—one is Austrian, one English, and even the two that are American are committed to groups of people almost wholly unknown to each other. But in no case is the background felt to be of more than usual significance. It is not studied as so much social setting but is presented merely as the ambient of so many lives. All four books are concerned with the women themselves.

Three of them are by men. One would perhaps like to say that the fourth, Ruth Suckow's *Odyssey of a Nice Girl*, is the most sensitive and complete of these revelations of feminine psychology. But this cannot be said. Sensitiveness is one of the qualities that this book lacks. It has acumen, vigor, integrity—all so-

called masculine traits—but not sensitiveness. Without sensitiveness, the revelation cannot, of course, be complete. It is full—too full. One keeps asking, at first hopefully, What are all these piles of details being accumulated for? In the end, one despairs. The fine purpose which was surely there has been buried under the mass. This consists mostly of observed minutiæ of the outer life, not altogether impertinent, but to a large extent insufficiently related to the inner life.

Miss Suckow is not the only novelist now indulging in this endlessly faithful transcription of objective existence. Is it the diversity of our civilization that makes the method seem necessary? Are villages in Iowa so different from villages in Ohio or New Jersey that we must be thus elaborately initiated into each? Or is this all the result of modern psychology with its stream of consciousness? Now, to give any sort of close account of the flotsam and jetsam of this turgid stream for the first twenty-five years of a girl's life would require volumes upon volumes. The only practicable solution would seem to be some scheme of selection carefully rounded out. Much as the author tells us about Marjorie Schoessel, there are whole phases of her experience that are hardly touched upon. Moreover, there are too many facts—psychological facts—and too few impressions to give the effect of a living being. By facts in this sense I mean impressions grown rigid in retrospect, established by reason, cold and dead. You would never guess from this portrait of a girl that consciousness is a flickering flame, fanned by lightest air.

Mr. Tarkington is less ambitious in *Women*. The limits of his ambition are shrewdly set in a Preamble. So cleverly is the Preamble drawn up that he half persuades us he intends to be wholly satirical. Should he be allowed to hide behind the plan of the Woman's Saturday Club to try turning their own lives into fiction—all as the result of the discussion following Mrs. Cromwell's essay on *Women as Revealed in Some Phases of Modern Literature*? In certain matters, such as the rules for length and unity, the prescriptions for the treatment of husbands and children, he may be granted the benefit of the doubt. But beyond that I should say not, for there seems to be no attempt to tell the skillfully fitted parts of these stories of the members,

their families and friends, in the various styles of the various women. I am glad Mr. Tarkington did not adopt this last device for satire as an expedient against criticism, for the ladies of the Saturday Club appear not to have progressed in intelligence beyond their adolescent daughters. Indeed, I recall no grown-up in the book whose mental age is above twelve.

He is at his best in the sketch of Lily and her attendant morons, and in such deft descriptions as that of the afternoon tea-party:

> At times during Mrs. Cromwell's "tea" the face of almost every woman in the house was distressed by the expression of caressive animation maintained upon it. The most conscientious of the guests held this expression upon their faces from the moment they entered the house until they left it; they went about from room to room, from group to group, shouting indomitably; and, without an instant's relaxation, kept a sweet archness frozen upon their faces, no matter how those valiant faces ached. Men may not flatter themselves in believing it is for them that women most ardently sculpture their expressions. A class of women has traduced the rest: those women who are languid where there are no men. The women at Mrs. Cromwell's "tea," with not a man in sight, so consistently moulded their faces that the invitations might well have read, "From Four to Six: a Ladies' Masque."

Although they live in a different social atmosphere, Mr. Tarkington's well-to-do suburbanites at least belong to the same society as Miss Suckow's small town Americans. If not overintelligent, the people who gather at the Green Hills Country Club are a healthy, unsophisticated lot and do not require scientific probing. In these respects they form a bizarre contrast to the Viennese staying at a mountain resort hotel in Schnitzler's *Fräulein Else*. Here are people and a theme that will yield only to the scrutiny of the scientist. A beautiful, neurotic, highly self-conscious young woman—so the story goes—is forced by her parents to beg a considerable sum of money from a rich, aging connoisseur. After a great effort she makes the request, fighting against the premonition that he will consent, if at all, only on the usual terms. He does consent, but on the terms of the not-quite-good animal. Else breaks under the shock of realization, goes wild with hysteria, and then drinks a lethal dose of veronal. No reader is likely to put down this short novel until the end is reached; for it is all wonderfully condensed and expertly narrated,

displaying to advantage Dr. Schnitzler's facility, brilliance and theatrical power. But, first and last, *Fräulein Else* is a specialized analysis, with a touch of the pathological that leaves one with a shiver—and no more.

It is a relief to turn to the warm humanity of Mr. Swinnerton. There is tragedy in *The Elder Sister*, sordid perhaps, certainly unrelieved, but not sinister. If Mr. Swinnerton had not already shown himself a master hand at revealing the emotional life of women, young women, we should probably be moved to acclaim this novel with enthusiasm. Coming from the author of *Nocturne*, and the less perfect but more varied *Young Felix*, it is a disappointment in that it does not show an advance or a sufficiently fresh test of his powers.

I am always impressed in reading Mr. Swinnerton's fiction with his two manners. One is for the older people—Pa Blanchard in *Nocturne*, Grumps and Mr. Hunter in *Young Felix*, Dad and Mum in this latest book. It tends toward the jocular, the broad Dickensy effect. One thinks, for example, of all the Swinnerton fathers as heavy, rather comic men sitting in their shirt-sleeves devouring the sensational news-sheets, fond but impatient of their families.

The other manner is for the young, for Jen and Emmy, for Felix, for Vera and her elder sister. It is all sensitiveness, fine strokes, nuances. No one else writes of the sorrows of youth in love so sympathetically as Mr. Swinnerton. One may, of course, draw one's own conclusions from this duality of manner, which is obviously deliberate and is adhered to with some consistency—the portrait of Felix's mother is a notable exception in the gallery of parents. Does it mean the author feels that age coarsens at the same time that it hardens personality so that the features of youth lose their wistful delicacy and become set in a heavy, grimacing mask? Or does he wish to emphasize the fact that rather stolid parents have frequently children of extreme sensibility? Whatever the intention, the effect is striking.

In *The Elder Sister* Mr. Swinnerton returns, generally speaking, to the situation of *Nocturne*—two girls of a poorish though not poverty-stricken family belonging to what may be called the upper-working class or the lower-middle class, according to one's point of view. They have their struggle for a livelihood, for a

footing in society, and a certain amount of natural affection to bind them together, while marked differences of temperament and their loves throw them into conflict. The conflict in this new work is sharper, bitterer, more intense than in the extraordinary story of one night, because it centers from the beginning exclusively around one man. It is on a larger scale—there are excellent pictures of the girls at work as well as at home—and it is more tragic, though I think less convincing for reasons that will appear. Anne, the older and stronger-willed of the girls (older by scarcely a year) becomes engaged and then married to a quiet young clerk named Mortimer, who is, nevertheless, really all the time in love with Vera as she is in love with him. For a time, Vera struggles against her unstable nerves and rising passion, but she loses and in the end she and Mortimer go off together. We get a glimpse of Vera's feeling, which fits in well enough with what we know of her. She leaves us, frightened, but clutching at a happiness that she doesn't believe in. But what of Mortimer? He remains on the last page the enigmatical figure of the passage in which he is first introduced to us:

> Mortimer, between them, was a little older, but not more than five-and-twenty. . . . His brows were well arched, his nose was straight, his lips full. But what gave his face character was less the moulding of his features, which was clean and delicate, than the light in his grey eyes, which made them appear to change each instant. They were the eyes of a passionate man; and the mouth was the mouth of an impulsive one. It was easy to see that both girls turned to Mortimer with ease and with some understanding, but without fear. Both instinctively knew themselves to be stronger in character than he. But he was mysterious to them, because he was silent. They could not calculate his moods.

The catastrophe cannot rise above this somewhat less than human figure, whose moods, though they continue to be incalculable, bring it on. One becomes restive before the end under the unrelaxing intensity of a story which is, it would seem, a disastrous episode rather than a final calamity in the two lives. But although it does not perform the purging office of great tragedy, Mr. Swinnerton's *Elder Sister* must take its place among the nicest revelations of feminine sensibility—of "Ladies that have intelligence in love".

HELEN MCAFEE.

ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR: Mostly in Following His Authors in America and Europe. By Joseph Pennell, N.A. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Mr. Pennell has discovered that the world is hollow and his doll is stuffed with sawdust. He "views with alarm" America, War, Prohibition, tourists, authors, business men, and other things too numerous to mention. The world was wrecked by the War; our country is ruled by fools, fanatics and females; art has gone to the demnition bow-wows. Having seen all the works that are done under the sun, Mr. Pennell, like the Preacher of old, declares that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Americans "mostly do not grow up, but are mental and moral runts and feeble-minded." This is the result of gymnastics, kindergartens, boy scouts, sports, "all hypnotizing and standardizing machinery for killing character". We are become "a race of cocksure imbeciles". We cultivate only our arms and legs and starve our brains, "and keep our bellies going on predigested food out of cold storage and soft drinks". "Fools, fanatics, reformers, uplifters, advertisers, females, and the War have wrecked us, and we have become the joke of creation." America is "the dreariest, stupidest, stodgiest, snobbiest place on earth."

"In our blind conceit, smug cocksureness, we are sure that we are the greatest, the biggest, the richest, the driest and therefore the most virtuous country in the world,—only we don't know the whole world has an absolute contempt for us in our blindness, and only flatters us in order not to pay its debts, and to drag us into the League of Nations and the World Court, when our own courts are comic and our nation is rotten with notions and fads." We are now dictated to by "fools, fanatics and females". We have "sunk to the *Ladies' Mothers' Home Saturday National Weekly* journalism, cubism, futurism, expressionism, the radio, the movies, the comics, the delight of the vulgar Amerricun-speaking world, which wallows in the slough of filth it has buried itself in and is happy." "The world 'do move' backwards in all that made it decent to live in, but nobody knows, nobody cares."

As for art, literature, culture, what can you expect? This is the land of Main Street. We are all Babbitts, and many of us are "blustering, bellowing, Middle-West bores". We are dry, "and there can be no art in a dry desert or a Bryanized land". We live on cereals, cold storage food, chewing gum and candy. Art has become "the business of nobodies" and "the sport of those who do good to art", and a "refuge for incompetents", including newspaper reporters who call themselves art critics. We have hardly a decently trained painter, and "the ignorant duffers glory in their ignorance". We steal our art from photographs and fake it in museums. Everywhere the people hate art, or fear it. Good work is always hated by the bourgeois and the middle class, and by the whole of the Anglo-Saxon race, "which loves banalities, boorishness and buncombe". The arts and crafts are all in the hands of amateurs, uplifters, and pifflers. The encouragement of art as now practised is a curse. We labor under the delusion that any painter can make a decoration, and infant prodigies decorate schoolhouses "when not studying comics". Today, American illustration is "the most contemptible and artless in the world", and most American engraving and printing is a joke. The graphic arts, like the country, are "dry, flat, degenerate, and the overlord is the trade union". The American business man is always "shoving his way into art by doing good to it and advertising himself".

The book is full of tirades of this sort. Those here quoted are but a few examples of the many. If we grant, as we must, that there is a measure of truth in Mr. Pennell's arraignment of mankind, we have only to remind him that the imbecility and humbug at which he rails with so much gusto are not new phenomena, are not confined to his time, and that he is not the first pessimist.

"All I want is in this book to make some record of what was done when the world was worth living in," he sadly writes, "as it was in those days" (i.e., when Mr. Pennell was doing his work). This he has done in an interesting and original way. His life has been full of action and achievement; he has come into contact with many persons of note; and there have been exciting adventures, which he recounts with spirit. There is abundant material for an entertaining narrative, and the author, whatever we may

think of his taste, is seldom dull. To be thoroughly interesting, an autobiography should be frank and gossippy; it should reveal the writer's personal idiosyncrasies; and if he happens to be crotchety, grumpy, and cantankerous, there is this advantage, that these characteristics lend spice and individuality to his story. Mr. Pennell's *Adventures of an Illustrator* is not unique in its egotism, which, being the egotism of an able artist, is as inoffensive, ingenuous and amusing as was that of Benvenuto Cellini. Moreover, like his eminent predecessor, Mr. Pennell had achievements of which he could be legitimately proud.

When we contemplate his illustrations, we are convinced that he is an artist of many good parts; but when we read his comments on his authors, the men and women whose books he has illustrated, the impression is not so pleasant, for he is alternately flippant and patronizing.

Can it be that the slight coolness which existed in the relations at times was the result of the authors' want of appreciation for the artist's work? Mr. Howells, we are told, "never praised anything" done by the artist, which was a grave sin of omission; his "want of interest in art, or in my art, is characteristic of many of the authors with whom I have adventured". As to Hewlett, his books are pronounced unreadable; one of them was thrown out of the window by Mr. Pennell. "I have a standard of literature of my own," he remarks complacently, "and Hewlett did not fit it." (In another place he states that Shakespeare always bored him to death.) Hamerton was delightful and kind, but "he did not quite come off".

Apparently Mr. Pennell and Mr. James got along fairly well together, though the former confesses that he was afraid of the latter at first. When, in New York, Mr. Pennell advised Mr. James to go to the top of a skyscraper for the view, we are asked to believe that the latter made this absurd reply:

"But for you, they are yours to draw, but—ah—oh—just to think of it—difficult, yes, no, impossible, forty skyscrapers—each forty stories — each story forty windows—each window forty people—each person forty tales—My God—maddening—what could I, or am I—yes—certainly, no, of course—do with such a thing." One cannot avoid the suspicion that this is a travesty.

Of the numerous illustrations in this handsome volume, the best are the reproductions of Mr. Pennell's comparatively early etchings and pen-and-ink drawings made in Italy, such as the "Ponte Vecchio, Florence," "On the Arno," the "Skyscrapers of Florence," the "Harbor at Leghorn," "Up and Down in Siena," "San Gimignano," the view of Urbino, etc., many of which were first published in *The Century Magazine*. The later works, lithographs and drawings on a somewhat more pretentious scale, including the Panama Canal series and the Wonders of Work, are not, on the whole, so satisfactory as the early examples. In addition to his own works, Mr. Pennell has introduced a number of portraits of authors with whose books he has been associated as illustrator.

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES.

"AS OTHERS SEE US"

LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Francis W. Hirst. New York: The Macmillan Company.

BEYOND HATRED. By Albert Leon Guérard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE DIVIDING LINE OF EUROPE. By Stephen Graham. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A DIPLOMAT LOOKS AT EUROPE. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: Duffield and Company.

THE RE-MAKING OF THE NATIONS. By J. H. Nicholson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

CHINA AND THE WEST. By W. E. Soothill. New York: Oxford University Press.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that many of the best books about nations or their great men are written by aliens. This is the case alike in the domains of history and description, of biography, of sociology, and of politics. The supreme tribute to the genius of Hannibal lies in the fact that all our histories of him were written by his foes, yet abound in panegyrics which his own countrymen could hardly have excelled. The first great history of our Revolution was written by an Italian; the unrivalled history of the Dutch Republic and the United Netherlands was the work of an American, as were the histories of the Spanish con-

quests in the Western Hemisphere. Lincoln's best biographer is an Englishman. The first great exponent of American democracy was a Frenchman. The master treatise on the organization and operation of the American Commonwealth was written by an Englishman, and a comparable work on the Government of England by an American. These are the landmarks. The spaces among them are filled with a multitude of others, increasing in number year by year; a highly desirable process. For the gift—and the exercise of the gift—"to see oursel's as others see us" is splendidly profitable, both subjectively and objectively. It is well to have each nation made to know how it, and its institutions, and its great men, look to others; and it is well for those of one nation to study other nations. Thus is promoted that reciprocity of knowledge and appreciation which is one of the best bases of peace and friendship. So we must regard it as one of the encouraging and hopeful signs of the times that people are more and more writing about others: Specifically, Americans are writing about other nations more than they ever did before, and so are men of other nations writing more and more about America and Americans.

It might be excessive to suggest that Mr. Hirst has done for Thomas Jefferson what Lord Charnwood did for Lincoln. It is possible to praise his work very highly without going so far as that. And indeed his *Life of Thomas Jefferson* merits cordial though not unstinted commendation, for its comprehensive view, for its painstaking industry, for its generosity of estimate, and for its lucid, often epigrammatic and always interesting style. The fact that it appears to have been written in a measure as a counterblast to Mr. Frederick Scott Oliver's essay on *Alexander Hamilton* probably explains some of its most striking features, of both merit and demerit. Seeing that the traditional view of Jefferson is that of one usually unsympathetic and often actually hostile to Great Britain, it is a little unexpected to find an English writer making from first to last, and especially in his international policies, at least as favorable an estimate of him as any of his most enthusiastic eulogists in America. In some important particulars, indeed, Mr. Hirst gives him greater credit than any American panegyrist of whom I have knowledge.

Certainly it is going far for an English writer to point out, with demonstrative citations, that Jefferson's conception of the Common Law of England was in some essential respects more just, logical and authentic than that of Hale and Blackstone. And when we reach the chapter which tells of his "glorious task" in drafting the Declaration of Independence, we involuntarily turn back to the title page to make sure that it is an English life of Jefferson and not a compilation of American Fourth of July orations. "Of a document," says Mr. Hirst, "which stands in the history of liberty with the Magna Charta, praise is superfluous . . . criticism is vain;" for that document is "an imperishable expression of a great moment in the history of freedom, in the history of nationality, in the history of republican government."

For the reason which I have already suggested, it is not surprising to find Mr. Hirst a strong champion of Jefferson in his quarrel with Hamilton. His description of the latter as possessing "French morals and English politics" is a deft touch, and far more just than some other of his reflections, not to say aspersions, upon his hero's adversary. But the antagonism between those two great men—both truly great—was so intense that it seems to be entailed, even after the lapse of a century and a quarter, upon nearly all who write about them. It is the rarest of things to find the eulogist of one restraining himself from injustice to the other. In several other particulars, too, the author seems to be unduly moved by his profound admiration for Jefferson. Thus he passes over the Genet episode so lightly as altogether to ignore the indiscretion—to use no stronger term—of which even his best friends have had to admit Jefferson to have been guilty. And seeing that by general consent the foreign policy of Jefferson's second term is esteemed as the least admirable passage in his public services, it will excite comment that Mr. Hirst roundly declares that it was equal to the best of all his achievements: "Jefferson's statesmanship never shone brighter than in those dark and difficult days of the embargo policy, for which he has been so often and so unjustly assailed."

It might properly be wished that more attention had been given to various essential details of the Louisiana Purchase, which Mr. Hirst scarcely treats adequately; and it is impossible to es-

cape amazement at the extraordinary performance of giving practically the entire credit for the Monroe Doctrine to Jefferson, and never so much as once mentioning John Quincy Adams in connection with it. On the other hand, there is an unnecessary dwelling upon various economic, educational and other phases of Jefferson's career. But these imperfections and faults are more than outweighed by the undoubted merits of the work; and indeed are to be noticed chiefly, perhaps, by way of contrast to the general excellence of a work which we must be glad to accept as an English estimate of a great American statesman.

From the stormy policies and passionate hatreds of Jefferson's time we have not altogether emerged. But it is at least heartening to have publicists give earnest attention to the propagation of better things. Such is the motive of Mr. Guérard's volume with the suggestive title *Beyond Hatred.* Taking for his major theme the contrast between American and French republicanism, or democracy, he discusses searchingly the racial, religious, lingual and other estrangements among the peoples of the earth; arguing and exhorting against them with a fervor which by contrast makes many a League of Nations propagandist seem coldly indifferent. Born in France, educated in England, naturalized in America, fighting against Germany in the World War, he loves all nations, and would have them all love each other. And however much you may dissent from some of his ways and means, the end is of course irreproachable—as irreproachable as, I fear, it is unapproachable. The volume is, however, not unprofitable reading; with an almost incessant sparkling of wit, irony and epigram which suggests that the author may be a lover and disciple of Voltaire. When he tells us that America has principles and Europe has traditions, he suggests a volume in a phrase. When he says that "Germanophobia was merely a passing fever, a sharp reaction against a temporary danger; but Anglophobia is an endemic disease throughout the world," he tells us that which may be quite true, but which surely discounts hope of getting beyond hatred in our time.

Indeed, we may say that a veritable propagation and perpetuation of hatred has been established along what Mr. Stephen Graham appropriately calls by the title of his book, *The Dividing*

Line of Europe. It is a dividing line, extending from the shore of the Euxine to the Baltic and thence northward to the Arctic Ocean. So much for its geographical significance. But still greater is its political and social significance as a sanitary cordon, separating Russia from Western Europe. Mr. Graham, who knows his Russia thoroughly, makes clear the necessity of such a barrier, for civilization's sake, until the final curtain shall be rung down upon the hideous tragi-comedy of Bolshevism. Meantime it is perfectly clear in his vivid, vital and often fascinating views of life and speech and thought in those border regions that racial animosities and lingual differences are there being cherished and developed as never before, while the cynically immoral propaganda and intrigues of Bolshevism in France and Britain are making for enlargement and confirmation of international suspicions and hatreds.

If Mr. Graham discloses to us an Englishman's views of Europe, an equally illuminating and even more authoritative American view of much of the same field and of some other fields is presented in Mr. Child's volume, *A Diplomat Looks at Europe.* Mr. Child had the double advantage of being at once a trained observer and writer and the American Ambassador to Italy and incidentally an American official looker-on at the international conferences at Genoa and Lausanne. In these capacities he came into intimate and authoritative contact with all phases of international complications in Europe, and these he was able to analyze and estimate, and to expound to his American readers in a manner as authentic as it is vivacious. Moreover, it is gratifying to perceive, he continued always to look at Europe not merely as a diplomat but also as an American, loyal to those principles which Mr. Guérard, as we have seen, contrasts with the traditions of Europe. He flouts and scorns as sheer nonsense—as of course it is, despite the petty patter of our Internationalists—the pretense that America lacks a foreign policy and that it is isolated from the rest of the world. He points out convincingly that America since the World War has done much more for the peace and welfare of the world than has the League of Nations; and he exposes the folly and worse that would be involved in our entering the League. Since our greatest service to the world is to be able,

when requested, to be an impartial mediator or arbitrator between contending nations, why should we sacrifice that capacity for service by making ourself a party to all their broils?

Mr. Nicholson, in *The Re-Making of the Nations*, surveys the world almost literally "from China to Peru". Most attention is given, however, as is fitting, to Europe, Egypt, and Asia. In Europe a transition period prevails. Some States have shrunk, some have grown, and some have come into existence, or at least had a new birth. To what extent the changes thus far effected are finalities, or how long they will remain as they are, if nothing in this world is really a finality, is a commanding problem. The re-making to which the author refers is not, of course, merely that which has been effected by the Treaty of Versailles, but even more that which, either because of or despite that instrument, shall hereafter take place. In Asia, too, there are new States, under the Treaty of Versailles, while the old empires are being mightily stirred by political, economic and religious motives. Upon the problems of all those lands, and upon the efforts which are being made for their solution, Mr. Nicholson looks with an intelligent and impartial eye, always with an inclination toward optimism, though with full realization of the folly of "expecting all things in an hour". Void of dogmatism, he suggests rather than dictates; and for that very reason reaches, like *Rasselas*, a conclusion in which nothing is concluded.

In *China and the West*, also, Mr. Soothill strives to tell, with admirable brevity, what has occurred, leaving it to the reader to draw conclusions and to make forecasts. So far as comments are made and opinions are expressed, these are instinct with a benevolence and an optimism above all praise. A finer spirit animates no other book that I have seen upon the subject:

> East sought West and West sought East. It was destined the twain should meet. They each had ideas and commodities to share. They have met and are sharing them. Friction was the inevitable result. How to ease the friction and live together in a shrinking world is the present problem. Other means than those of force must be evolved. It is the office of men of reason, of goodwill and of large statesmanship, to discover and apply them. . . . Whether we like it or not, the nineteenth century has brought East and West to each other's doors. We are no longer strangers, with all the uncouth notions pro-

duced by tribal prejudice. We are neighbors, and must answer the question "Who is my Neighbor?" with a wider definition.

Action upon that benign principle is the supreme attainment to be had through possession and culture of the gift "to see oursel's as others see us."

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

THREE GLIMPSES

WELLINGTON. By the Hon. John Fortescue. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

THE EARL BISHOP. By William S. Childe Pemberton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

WILLIAM T. STEAD. By Frederic Whyte. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

"A very deep ravine separated the two commanders, who stood only five hundred yards apart." These words of Mr. Fortescue's written about Wellington and Soult the day before the battle of Sorauren in the Pyrenees campaign of 1813, describe the difference between the way men waged war then and would or do wage it to-day. Compare the cannon range of the Napoleonic Wars with that of the modern .75's and you have explained to you how Arthur Wellesley could do what he did. Yet, although in physical terms the scale of everything was smaller, the spiritual factors were quite as mighty as they are now. Had one intimated to General Wellesley or the Duke of Wellington that he was spiritual, that hard-bitten man would have been surprised, but not unflattered, for he embodied the spiritual factor in the military sense necessary to a world that must either destroy Napoleon or be his province. We do not know what might have happened instead of what did, we are not sure that Wellington was the best soldier that fought Napoleon, but we do know that it was Wellington who raised his hat on that June evening at Waterloo as a signal for the British line to advance, and that as it advanced Napoleon was forced back into the past.

The man who raised his hat at Waterloo and never afterwards boasted of his controlling part in that event, has had so much written about him, has so much been conventionalized like

Cæsar's head on coins, he lived so long, that it is well to have such a picture of him as Mr. Fortescue gives, for it is more than a sketch of great military achievement. The book itself draws largely on those Ford Lectures of Mr. Fortescue's, later collected as *British Statesmen of the Great War; 1793–1814.* One of the lectures, indeed, got him into a squall in America, but we are spared going into that matter and all are left free to enjoy the view of a man who was strong enough to serve his country without losing too much sleep about what his countrymen thought. He began in India not to have any illusions about human beings in quantities, and the experience was extremely valuable to him in cooler climates. This trait of Wellington's, largely unconscious on his part, showed itself again and again; he was not a cynic, he was a realist, that is, as he believed he saw men and things.

It is an agreeable feature of Mr. Fortescue's book that it gives an earthly, not the Olympian, glimpse of an Iron Duke who was not all iron. It refreshes us to hear that in an era when the old nobility felt in no need of being saved, Arthur Wellesley came back from India with the habit of daily bathing, ever to be retained. It is jocund to know that he played the violin until he was thirty, when he gave it up as unseemly for a General. Observe this detail in a life: Arthur will no longer fiddle himself, but will delight in others' virtuosity, and when peace comes at last and a dukedom, in London he will frequent the Antient Music that he loves. He was a natural born conservative, but his common sense had no date, as we can see by Mr. Fortescue's book. As you read it, you see that Wellington's career was a cumulative development, consisting of a series of acts done as well as he knew how. He was not so much unselfish as that he followed a code that made it dishonorable in certain situations to think of one's self. Many today would call him a snob, though of marmoreal structure. He liked Pall Mall, a fresh white stock, and his own boot varnish; he preferred one set of acquaintances to another; he would have regarded some of the burning and shining lights of 1925 as fools and would have said so with perfect candor. He was congenitally a Tory, but had not much admiration for any kind of politician, a trait that had excuse in the Whig Oppo-

sition's steady effort to hamstring him and his armies in the Peninsula. He did not believe in democracy, a disbelief founded not on social prejudice, but on a conviction that there was too much water mixed with its wine. Had he chosen, Wellington might have become the greatest demagogue the English world has ever seen, but such a thing would never occur to such as he.

In certain questions of personal conduct, he took an impersonal, not a personal, view of duty and so was called "hard". What is forgotten often is that he included himself in this sacrifice. These hard men, what softlings they often prove to be when they are great men! It is the little men who can preserve an unruffled granite—the great ones often break down. Wellington could weep unabashed at times in a way that would shock the sound and second rate, and he could remember justice more often than most. A few months after Waterloo, there was question of a certain officer's misconduct at the battle, fortunately later disproved. Here is something that Wellington wrote in a letter about it; "Many a brave man, and I believe some very great men, have been found a little terrified by such a battle as that, and have behaved afterwards extremely well." These are merciful words and noble, such as Washington might have used.

We now go a little lower than the angels to behold some aspects of a career as desolate and futile as can be imagined, the career of a man who had pretty nearly everything on which the world sets store and with it did nothing in particular for the good of the brethren. But it is a consolation that it gives a most entertaining taste of eighteenth century life; Mr. Childe Pemberton says with truth that Frederick Hervey belonged essentially to the latter half of this fascinating century, and so he did to an extent that after reading about him, one has him fixed in the mind's eye as firmly as Goldoni or Rousseau. Horace Walpole disliked him heartily, or as heartily as the Walpolian dislikes permitted. John Wesley commended him; Lord Charlemont could find no moral stability in him, the Irish Presbyterians addressed him as "of unaffected purity and rectitude." He really understood the grievances of Ireland, gave good counsel, and never put himself out for the distressful country; he was a lover of art and designed some large if not beautiful buildings;

he had a finger in many European pies and never affected Continental affairs by a pennyweight's influence; he was born the grandson of an earl and he died one himself in the outhouse of a peasant's cottage in Italy.

Frederick Hervey was born in 1730, the son of John, Lord Hervey, and Mary Lepell, his wife, a parentage that gave an inheritance of brains and charm, whatever else there might be in it, but he managed to become a figure that one sometimes sees in Europe, wholly notorious and more or less ridiculed. How could he be taken very seriously, this Vescovo Inglese, who was Earl as well and wore scarlet breeches and a white straw hat, who was blasphemous when so disposed, who was the bosom friend of the King of Prussia's mistress and a playmate of the preposterous Emma, Lady Hamilton? This is not the conduct of well behaved bishops, even in the eighteenth century. Hervey started well with an excellent education at Cambridge, where he worked rather more than did most lords' sons; indeed, in 1749 his mother wrote to his tutor that her son ought to have "an admixture of amusement". It is gratifying to know that not late in life Hervey provided himself with this excellent remedy. He did not take a degree when he left, but in after years took one as a nobleman's son according to the agreeable practice of the time. He read law for a time and ate his dinners at Lincoln's Inn, but he fetched up in the Church, for which he had about as much calling as Ninon De Lenclos. At the age of twenty and still an amiable youth, he married a young lady of nineteen, not much to the pleasure of either set of parents, and the question of a livelihood became concrete with him. He may have had some ideas of a politico-legal post such as then abounded in profusion,—we know that after he had taken orders he was given a lay billet in the shape of a Clerkship to the Privy Seal. Meanwhile, a new career had been preparing; his brother William, who had thought of the Church, changed his mind, whereupon Frederick changed his mind, too, and proceeded to be ordained, his reasons for this step being worth noting: "My inclination, my interest, and what though last mention'd yet first consider'd, Mrs. Hervey's desire."

Once ordained, his next step was to hunt preferment, a chase

on which he entered with zeal and thoroughness, though the results were deplorably slim at first. He did bring down a Royal Chaplainship, but that did not mean much; he had to wait a little, and in 1765 went abroad with his wife and some of their children, a visit that begat so many more visits and finally a residence. This one, at least, was not very long nor was it suffered to becloud the preferment horizon. Hervey had not long to be patient, for in 1767 he had what he wanted, a Bishopric, though an Irish one. He did not treat it as Arthur Wellesley's brother did his Marquisate and speak of it as "a gilded potato", but accepted it with calm acquiescence. How did he get it? Nothing simpler. His brother, the Earl of Bristol, asked for it and the King saw that he had it, though the much bigger plum, the Bishopric of Derry, was postponed for a year through the inconsiderate survival of Barnard, the incumbent. The letters about this job are most delightful and should be read by all Industrious Apprentices. The Bishopric of Cloyne was Hervey's real springboard, for presently the worthy Barnard went where there are no tithes or peculiars and Hervey was made Bishop of Derry in his thirty-eighth year, which, it must be confessed, was doing pretty well. In the last twelve years of his life he did not go near the see, and before that was often absent for long periods, yet he was a good Bishop in a sense; he never let things run down and he stocked the diocese with good clergymen.

Wag heads as they may at Frederick Hervey, no idea will be gained of a man who amazed some and puzzled more unless it is carefully noted that he made an excellent Bishop and lived in more amicable understanding with the Irish than any Anglican prelate before or since his time. He was without much doubt a real friend to the Irish who cried out against the English Parliament, but his wayward dæmon interfered as it did all his life; he so carried himself that he was accused of self-seeking, and after a while dropped the cause as he did anything or anybody when he was no longer amused. No human being could gallivant about, half Bishop and half Colonel, as Hervey did in 1783 at the Dublin Convention of the Volunteers of Ireland, and not have men ask questions. It did not mean insanity, nor demagogy pure and simple, but it meant that he was doing what pleased him and that

he was far too clever not to do it well. Hervey was what the Scots call "flea-lugged" and could hop from one flirtation or a reform to another with a smiling heartlessness none the pleasanter that you see that he can act in no other way; indeed, there were times when his lordship strongly reminded of a faun in a bishop's apron. Let us be not too magnificent in reprobation; there are thousands of Frederick Herveys still extant and breathing good air, but few of them have his income or his station. The world was much smaller then and such a figure stood out.

Women were only a detail in his general scheme of enjoyment: in 1794 he writes from Siena, "I bathe every day at Noon in a whale of a tub," with the cheerful exultation of a boy of sixty-four. Goethe once decidedly dusted his jacket for him, but when they parted, Earl and jacket were as resilient as ever. If he ever felt love, it was for Italy and a sensuous charm that holds many more simple-minded than the Bishop of Derry. Back to Italy he went again and again, the last time to stay as an old man laughed at for his costume and his sycophants, sneered at or reprobated for talk that came too easily from his lips. He loved the sun steeped air and the velvet nights, he loved the pictures and the architecture, but what he loved best was the irresponsibility. He had seen "those Baboons", as he called the French, take his collections in Rome, he had seen the disappearance of the Irish Parliament, he had known Franklin and written notes in the best Sternese to La Lichtenau, he proposed to Von Humboldt to go to Egypt in a yacht "with a kitchen and a well provided cellar," he had hopped about to the last when one July day in 1803 he set out from Albano, fell ill and was taken off his horse dying far from Downhill and Ickworth. Much abused while he lived, after death he was described, not praised, except by two groups much unlike; the artists at Rome and the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland. His history, if it be called that, is almost fascinating for its accessories of the most crowded, the most lively and the most intelligent of centuries, in which Frederick Hervey chose to waste and spill what in a plainer man would have furnished forth a splendid career.

Short of a supplement to Landor, we cannot say what Arthur Wellesley or Frederick Hervey would have made of William T.

Stead, or he of them, but Mr. Frederic Whyte has written a very good biography of a man that he evidently admired. A mere critic cannot share this enthusiasm at its crescendo, but he can say that Stead's was a life to interest and the biography does this. Touching this same matter of interest, and of the attraction such a man's life can have for different spectators, let us recognize that men of a certain upbringing and turn of mind will never praise Stead, that is, without a wrench, as they must praise some things that he did. When they do, it will be in spite of a downright repugnance for some of his other qualities. On the other hand, there will always be some to regard him entirely with admiration and a resolute denial of all analysis.

He was a master of bad form and, as Mr. Whyte virtually acknowledges, quite without the understanding of good form. It may be that the latter reeks of the pride of life, it seems to be anathema to some hot gospellers, but there are others who do not think it negligible or vicious or that its knowledge bars one from honesty and good deeds. In a manner, Mr. Whyte takes away the ground for criticism on this point, for when he shows us Stead not too nice about printing interviews, borrowing a couple of thousand pounds from Cecil Rhodes, forcing himself on Suzerains, Sovereigns and Satraps, constantly talking about himself, performing a series of acts that were the denial of the physical and moral reticence called self-respect—when he shows us all this, he virtually tells us that it could none of it be helped. Why? Because it was Stead's way. To our thinking, this is dogmatic apologetics with a vengeance and not much of a defense. Why could not Stead amend his ways? Mr. Bernard Shaw throws some light on this when he says that Stead "had to work single handed because he was incapable of keeping faith when excited; and as his hyperæsthesia was chronic, he generally *was* excited." Mr. Shaw is not an uncharitable man, in maturity of thinking indeed he towered above Stead, but he here simply states a dispassionate conclusion and you cannot make much out of it but that Stead would not control himself. Shaw's estimate is decidedly charitable in its implication that over this hyperæsthesia Stead had no control. We think rather that his "æsthesis" was a trifle leathery and that he was content.

This is why Stead is an easy study; for some he is impossible and there's an end on 't; for others, he is a gratifying combination of Horace Greeley and Oliver Cromwell. One man has the more than welcome task of picking him to pieces; another, the sacred duty of showing that in this naughty world Stead alone was right, even if it were with headlines. Of course, there will always be a modest minority, sometimes called humorists, that will regard this restless North Countryman with a good deal of indulgence and with the compassion which was explained in not classical Greek to a startled world some time ago. His faults were such as to make some loathe him, yet two such men as John Morley and Alfred Milner could know and like him; Morley, the rationalist Radical with the door of the eighteenth century ever ajar, and Milner, the Balliol man, of whom a Frenchman said later, "Sir Alfred Milner *n'agite rien, il précise*"; they both could compassionate, though perhaps they were never conscious of it.

As a matter of fact, the man's life was so crammed and so restless, that you can in this compass but hope for a general impression, which Mr. Whyte's book does not deny you. There is a great deal of detail, but it does not blur the general effect. For example, read some words spoken by Stead in the 1890's in talking about peace; "I have talked with as many sovereigns as would consent to meet me, and as many diplomatists as I had time to meet." Mr. Whyte quotes Miss Huntsman that Stead's words were "arresting". They must have been all that, but one can use other adjectives as well, for there is a good deal of impudence, innocence and vanity compressed in these twenty-three words.

Mr. Whyte modestly describes himself as editor, but he is a great deal more than that and in his comments is clearly bent on fairness. His extracts from Stead's letters and writings are perhaps more voluminous than always necessary, but he has the right to praise a man whom he admires. His comments, Stead's writings that he gives, and what he quotes from others, are so well handled by him that he gives a picture that makes first-rate thinking material for the reader with a conscience.

JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK.

A FAR EAST PROBLEM

MANCHURIA: A Survey. By Adachi Kinnosuké. New York: Robert M. McBride Company.

Can a land have as dramatic a history as a man? One who reads this book, modestly characterized by the author as a survey of the resources and the history of an ancient empire, will find thrilling drama in the many parts the land has played and is playing. Its most fascinating development will be found in its change from battlefield to nursery of the peace of the Pacific, if not of the world. Physically, Manchuria is an irregular inverted triangle, covering 382,627 square miles, with its base in the north along the Amur river, which separates it from Siberia, and its southern apex where Port Arthur thrusts into the Yellow Sea. Korea is on the east, and westward lie Mongolia and China.

Peopled at the dawn of history by the virile Tungus of the Mongol Tartar blood, a race of hunters, herdsmen and warriors from whom are sprung the Japanese and Koreans of today, the land has been flooded by waves of immigration from China, and has been the scene of countless battles, notably those of Japan against the Chinese and the Russians. Always it has been rich in forests, grain and coal. Centuries ago it was called the granary of Asia. Today it is serving the cause of peace by providing a vast field for Japanese activities as well as food for the Japanese people. Says Mr. Adachi:

> The question of war or peace for Japan will be settled—not in Japan nor on the Pacific, as some of the navy people on both shores of that ocean dearly love to believe. But in Manchuria. The question of food for Japan is being settled there to a considerable extent. And the question of food is one of the aliases of war or peace. This must be of some interest to the people of America, where every time money is needed for a warship the propagandists feel it a moral duty to drag forth the overworked ghost of a Japanese menace. . . .
>
> Japan is about to find in Manchuria the source of life and national peace. For of all the thousand troubles Japan has, two are serious: the lack of food and the lack of vital materials, such as iron and oil. And Manchuria seems to be the answer, to a large extent.

The food products of Manchuria range from wheat to rice, and include the wonderful soya bean. Good lumber is plentiful along the upper reaches of the rivers; enough, if carefully used, to

supply Asia for centuries. Coal, bituminous and semi-anthracite, is present in enormous quantities. The Fushun bed, the thickest seam on earth, is estimated to contain twelve billion tons. It is mined largely by the open cut system. Careful surveys indicate in Mukden and the Anshan district nearly 600,000,000 tons of iron ore. Oil shale to the amount of 5,500,000,000 tons has been surveyed in Fushun, which it is believed will supply Japan's annual need of 6,000,000 barrels of petroleum for the next three centuries.

The chapter on the South Manchurian Railway Company is a tale of modern magic. In less than twenty years of existence this enterprise, shares in which were one thousand and sixty-six times oversubscribed by the people of Japan, has worked a phenomenal improvement in the country and earned undreamed of profits. The Japanese Government invited the Government of China to invest in the company, but the Chinese declined. Of the company's total investment of 536,000,000 yen, nearly forty per cent. has been spent in building and equipping its lines with American mechanism throughout, including two hundred and five bridges, the mile-long tunnel through the mountain at Fuchinling and another of 3,254 feet through Chinkuanshan. The company operates the Fushun coal mines. It has greatly enlarged and modernized Mukden, the capital city, and the port of Dairen, and has created throughout its territory a system of free public schools teachers' training schools, public health bureaus, hospitals, playgrounds and parks, all of which are used as much by the Chinese as by the Japanese people. At Mukden the company has established a university and medical school which occupy four full city blocks of buildings. The company's electric light and power plants deliver to five cities energy rate at 20,000,000 kilowatts a year. In a word, the South Manchurian Railway Company seems to have become the social and economic fairy godmother of Manchuria.

It is cheering to read of the constantly increasing productiveness and commerce of peaceful Manchuria, and especially to note that many of the business enterprises are owned by companies in which Chinese and Japanese stockholders, executives and workmen are pulling together as a harmonious team.

W. O. Inglis.

THE DIARY OF A SOUL

DIARY AND LETTERS OF JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Selected and edited by Christina Hopkinson Baker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

In some ways, Josephine Preston Peabody's *Diary* is her greatest book. We know the artist,—but here is the woman; and since, finally, no artist can ever produce anything greater than her own soul, there is something particularly precious in these more intimate glimpses of the soul from which the songs came. I never saw Mrs. Marks, but she was very kind to me when, in my young college days, I wrote her, boy-fashion, of my enthusiasm for her poetry, and the sharp pang with which I read of her early death has never since wholly left me. In her case there were many good reasons why the soul never did fully express itself, and all of them are made clear in the light of the new book. Her theory of poetry was undoubtedly right. "I don't want to be a 'literary poet.' Heaven forbid!" But only in her passionate motherhood did life give her the intensity of experience that her talent needed, and by the time this came, her poor body was so tortured with pain that writing seemed often very far away.

And the *Diary* can hardly be read now, by the lover of poetry and of life, without a sense of being, many times, profoundly moved. The sensitiveness to beauty that is in it—to Shakespeare and Saint Francis and the Greek language and trees and water; the vague suggestion of tender fluttering wings—all this is very lovely. And the story of her long struggle with illness is extremely touching. "Ye Gods," she would cry, "no wonder the Dumbness of Women is more striking in the history of Poetry than anything else!"

Mrs. Baker's editing errs somewhat on the score of proportion: there are rather too many utterances of youth and not enough of maturity, and the consequent impression is one of "young-girlishness" that is probably not quite fair to Mrs. Marks. Nevertheless this is a noble, a beautiful, and a moving book, for we have little in American literature or life more precious than the quality of such womanhood as was Josephine Preston Peabody's.

EDWARD WAGENKNECHT.

ENGLAND AWAKENING

AROUSED TO THE NECESSITY OF FACING SQUARELY HER VERY SERIOUS SITUATION

"The Candid Friend"

From The London Times

The picture of the economic position of this country that has been drawn by Mr. George Harvey, at one time the Ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James's, is not flattering. We are not sorry, however, that it has appeared in a paper so widely read as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, because, if it does nothing else, it will at least make a great number of Americans realize as they have never realized before the extent of the sacrifices made by the United Kingdom in the war.

That our case is as desperate as Mr. Harvey would have his readers think we do not for one moment believe, but it is high time that the world began to realize that this country is no longer able to play the rôle of benevolent godmother to all the needy peoples of the earth, and that its wealth is not so enormous that it can afford to carry an undue proportion of humanity's load. Hitherto there has always been a tendency to believe that Great Britain in her dealings with other countries could afford to make concessions for which she got no adequate return because of her great wealth. Mr. Harvey is under no such illusion. He goes to the other extreme and has declared that, saddled with a tremendous debt, Great Britain is faced with the danger of default in her debt payments and with a struggle to maintain her position as an industrial and commercial power. . . .

It would be interesting to know at what date Mr. Harvey formed these pessimistic views, seeing that he was one of those who took part in the negotiations which resulted in funding the British debt to the United States, but we are less concerned with the mental processes of Mr. Harvey than with the conclusions at which he has arrived. . . .

Mr. Harvey praises the efforts made by Great Britain to maintain standards of national integrity in assuming her vast obligations. It remains to be seen whether in the long run this country or the United States of America will ultimately secure a greater advantage from the payment by this country of debts contracted on behalf of its Allies. We do not say that it is necessarily advantageous to this country to be under an obligation to pay between thirty and forty millions a year to the United States for a period of sixty years, but

it has yet to be shown that the receipt of this money by America will ultimately benefit her people. . . .

Meanwhile, although about half of the taxation of this country is utilized to pay the interest on its national debt, it is to be remembered that that debt is mainly internal and that what is taken from the people in the form of taxes for this purpose is returned to them in the shape of dividends. . . .

So long as the national debt is not unduly high, and is maintained on a sound basis with reasonable provision for a sinking fund, it does not permanently affect adversely to any large extent the supply of credit or trade capital. The processes of readjustment are slow and painful, but they are going on without intermission. If Mr. Harvey's object is to induce the people of America to take broader views in regard to what should be their attitude towards the rest of the world we wish him all success, but it is premature for him to begin to count this country out. It has had a nasty blow, but that is a very different thing from being knocked out. Nor should it be forgotten that the strength of a faggot vastly exceeds the strength of any single stick in it. The people of this country are beginning to realize that it is part of a great Empire, the economic strength of which is incalculable. The family is growing up; the old firm will be strengthened by the inclusion of new partners.

"Pessimism as a Stimulus"

Arthur W. Kiddy in The Spectator

There is a pessimism which is demoralizing, and we are all familiar with it. It leads nowhere; indeed, by its paralysing influence it can produce on the individual or the nation something akin to a paralysis of the body, crippling initiative and enterprise. On the other hand, it is open to question whether very much the same crippling effects may not be produced by an unfounded optimism. It would be a poor kind of optimism, for example, if, in the case of some business which is declining through bad management or excessive expenditure, attempts should be made to gloss over matters and, with a cheery optimism, reserves should be drawn upon to maintain high dividends hoping that something "will turn up" to put things right later. In such a case, a little pessimism, a plainer facing of the facts, however unpleasant at the time, might prove to be a better way of reaching happier times, later on, than ignoring the actual facts of the position. . . .

Now, I am far from asserting that for a foreign country to conceive the idea of our financial and industrial position here being of an unsatisfactory character is desirable. Just as, in real warfare, we do not make known our weak positions to the enemy, so, in the great industrial competition and struggle we shall do well to observe a certain reticence lest what is really intended for stimulus at home, should occasion an impression that the industrial position in

Great Britain is much worse than it actually is. Nevertheless, I believe that of the two courses, namely, an over-emphasis of the economic difficulties with which we have to contend after the War and an easy optimistic underestimate of such difficulties, it is the latter which in the long run is the more dangerous. . . .

It is a matter where the shortcomings apply to almost every section of the community. If Governments were alive to the demands of the position it would not be necessary to goad our statesmen into the adoption of drastic economies in National Expenditure. If Capital and Labour both perceived whither things were tending there would be a greater effort to come together and to abandon many Trade Union restrictions, recognizing that, above all things, what was required at the present time from the highest to the lowest in the country was the stimulus of reward to the efficient and industrious and short shrift to the slacker, whatever indulgence in the matter of minimum wage might be meted out to the willing but less capable worker. . . .

Of course, Great Britain is *not* "down and out," either industrially or in any other sense, but the question is whether at a critical moment in her financial and industrial history she is not holding back that united effort which was never more urgently needed.

"From John to Jonathan"

James L. Garvin in The London Observer

We do not greatly care about what most nations think. We do care about what America thinks. Since the coal subsidy there has been no stemming the flood of dismal misunderstanding in the United States. We have jested about these vicarious jeremiads, but when repeated by a statesman recently Ambassador to this country, they require more serious notice. Colonel Harvey is one of the most incisive writers alive. His galling pen has been felt in turn by each party amongst his own countrymen. He does not gild his pills. Whether he writes about us or his own people, the style is the usual man. But let there be no mistake on our side about a main thing. The ex-Ambassador is no ex-friend. He is a staunch well-wisher, and if affairs depended on him, would prove it. For that reason he is well worth a dialogue.

The pith of Colonel Harvey's argument is that we are fundamentally insolvent. We are making a magnificent but pathetic effort to pay twenty shillings in the pound. Considering the mass of our domestic and foreign obligations, the attempt is as exhausting as heroic. We are dying of honour and dignity. John Bull will make a "handsome corpse" over whom honest tears ought to be shed. Meanwhile under an insupportable load John is vainly trying to lift himself up by his bootstraps. Our national bankruptcy is coming, as facts stand. Before that event occurs America ought to be considerate. The conclusion is meant well and we take it well.

It is staggering enough that a statesman of Colonel Harvey's rank and ability can set down these ideas and believe them. Far more staggering is his method of reaching those ideas. What does he do? He does the simplest thing in the world. He ignores our assets, material and moral, developed and potential. He ignores them all. As though we had no counter-balancing resources whatever, he presents the sum of our liabilities as our balance to the bad. . . .

The real trouble is one that no human wisdom could foresee. We never dreamed that we would have to pay America without being paid ourselves. That is where we are hit. An equal squaring of accounts all round would have left us well on the right side. As it is, we are some £80,000,000 annually to the bad—a pretty sum for a country not one-fifth as rich as the United States. If it were not for that, we could so readjust the whole pack as to shoulder it with a smile. . . .

We will indeed confess this—that many of us quite quietly expect Britain in due time to be greater than ever. Why? Because everything beyond a doubt is forcing us—clean contrary to what Colonel Harvey supposes—into higher and wider home production to compensate for our disadvantage in the matter of foreign tariffs and the foreign debt. Why? Because there is an Empire yet capable of vast development in its tropical dependencies alone—an equivalent for the American South. . . .

There will be yet a United States of Europe to link up equally with the United States of America. All who watch vigilantly, all who have eyes to see what movements are stirring, and thought to know what they mean, are already aware that the slow creative irresistible impulse towards some form of a United States of Europe has already begun. For it is the genius of civilised man to rise from profound troubles to mightier ideas, and to find a new salvation when he must.

Facts Recognized

Harold E. Scarborough in The New York Herald Tribune

LONDON.—No one who has ever known Colonel George Harvey has for a moment doubted his ability to start something. This time, however, a roar has gone up from one end of the nation to the other as a result of Harvey's article, *The Plight of England*. In his article Britain is cast for the rôle of the corpse, but has grown so indignant that one is forced to conclude that after all the British lion is not dead, but merely dozing.

At any rate, this symbolic beast seems to object as much to the Colonel's pat on the head as it used to object when pressure was applied to the other extremity. As might have been expected, the first reaction to the cabled extracts of Harvey's article could be summed up in the ejaculation, "God preserve us from our friends!" . . .

Conservative papers, such as *The Telegraph* and *The Morning Post*, have not yet replied to Colonel Harvey, probably because they were better able to appreciate his philosophy while he was Ambassador here, and perhaps also because his thesis is not so very different from what they themselves have been preaching. Of course, a serious answer to the question, "Is England Done?" can no more be given in the negative than in the affirmative sense offhand. If one selects to deal in generalities it must be admitted that most of the counts in Harvey's schedule are well founded so far as fact is concerned.

The Prime Minister's Cautious View

From The New York Times

LONDON, Jan. 27.—Premier Baldwin, in his long-awaited speech at Sunderland tonight, held up America as an example for Great Britain to emulate.

"I sometimes wonder," said Mr. Baldwin, "if we've gone to sleep, some of us, in these last six or seven years, while others have been particularly wide awake. I believe we should do well to study and emulate the progress that has been made in the United States of America during that time.

"I would urge employers and trade union leaders to make the point of visiting that country quickly and often just at present, to study their methods, which are proving to be of such success in production, and I venture to think that no trade union leader could do better service to the cause he represents than by investigating closely what the methods are that enable American workmen to enjoy a better standard of living than any working people in the world, to produce more and at the same time to have so much higher wages.

"I venture to think there is much more for us to learn from studying conditions in that country than by spending any amount of money studying conditions in Moscow."

The Premier touched cautiously upon a brighter outlook becoming noticeable within the last few weeks which has aroused unmitigated joy in the hearts of British super-optimists.

"I think there are grounds for what I may call a sober confidence for a moderate optimism," he said. "I always like to understate a case and undoubtedly in some industries an improvement has been helped by the coal subsidy and it is impossible to say at this moment whether that help will have more than temporary effect upon those trades. . . .

"The symptoms are more favorable than they have been since the war. The slow process of the funding of debts and the stabilization of currencies, a better spirit than ever has been engendered, is all helping trade."

Summing up, Premier Baldwin said, "I think you will agree with me that the Government has not been idle, nor are we shirking problems because of their difficulties or their unpopularity."

A Famous Economist Disagrees

C. W. Barron in The Wall Street Journal

LONDON.—America's late Ambassador to England, Mr. George Harvey, is more entitled to credit than any other American for the international debt adjustment between Great Britain and the United States.

The British Cabinet was against it with the exception of three members, but Mr. Harvey and Stanley Baldwin secured delay in action and then made their forceful arguments which of course were never in the public press. The result was that the Prime Minister accepted the responsibility and the Cabinet assented to the settlement.

Evidently the arguments which Mr. Harvey combated have had a strong after effect upon his mental vision, but Mr. Harvey should have delved deeper into British finance. You cannot safely take the Englishman at his own depreciated valuation. While France shrugs her shoulders and endeavors to patch or hide her unpleasant problems, John Bull digs his up and puts them in the front yard. Then he sits down with the whole family to discuss and debate and to solve England's burdens, taxes and problems which are always to the front. . . . .

England was the great war sufferer. She had most to lose in trade, shipping, coal and manufacturing. But in seven years after the war she has balanced her budget, advanced the pound sterling by 50% to its parity with the United States gold dollar, settled Ireland and thrown over free trade. . . .

The war cost the three big successful Powers each $40,000,000,000 and more later. The United States and Great Britain laid on the taxes and have to date paid a large part of the cost; the United States nearly one-half and Great Britain several billions. France looked to Germany to pay and now must suffer. To use the language of her new Finance Minister—"taxes infernal."

Great Britain borrowed $4,000,000,000 of the United States to help her allies and this is the only debt that can ever trouble her, for it is her only external debt. . . .

England is still English, and the reds and the Russian agitators are now being deported. Those who opposed the coal settlement admit that in view of all the circumstances a coal subsidy was the cheaper way. England's worst troubles are behind her. . . .

No, Mr. Harvey, the trouble is not in England nor in her budget nor in her interest payments nor in her threatened trade decadence. The trouble is still on the Continent of Europe.

Mr. Barron perhaps paints too rosy a picture. Our troubles are not all behind us. The outlook in the coal-mining industry is still very obscure. A large proportion of our workers, male and female, are still suffering from the demoralising effect of war-time wages and working standards, an effect which

in many cases is perpetuated by the "dole." The biggest step towards complete recovery—namely, the realisation by all our workers that "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay" is the only sound basis of living—has still to be taken. But that it will be taken, though not without heartburnings and disillusionments, we firmly believe.—*The Glasgow Herald.*

The best observers—statesmen and business men—now see some signs of slowly-returning prosperity in many of our industries. Britain is not a "back number." A very effective reply to Mr. Harvey's dismal forecasts—written more in sorrow than in complacent satisfaction—has already come from another (and on this topic better-qualified) American writer, Mr. Barron, the editor of *The Wall Street Journal.—The Bristol Times.*

Much though his words may be designed to comfort our hearts, we fear Mr. Barron has looked rather at the potentialities of British industry than at its reality. The reality is, at the moment, more in tune with the picture which Mr. Harvey has tried to paint. Whether the potential will ever become the real depends not upon industry but upon finance.

We can tell him further that the problem of Great Britain is not correctly stated in the form of his question: How can a man go broke by writing his own notes, payable only to himself. We are not making notes payable to ourselves, unfortunately; but the producing class of Great Britain is paying interest and taxes to the consuming class. This is a very different matter, because it means loading up industry with a vast burden of debt, which is crushing its productive power.

That is what is placing in the hands of finance, and of finance alone, the power to turn British industrial potentiality into reality. If it fails, or refuses, to do so then Mr. Harvey's case is true.—*The London Referee.*

For our part, we do not think either Mr. Harvey or Mr. Barron have very much knowledge of what they are talking about. But of the two, we resent much more the optimism of Mr. Barron than the pessimism of Mr. Harvey. —*G. K.'s London Weekly.*

How England Misrepresents Herself

From The London Sunday Times

Everyone knows or has heard of Mr. George Harvey as a friend of this country and a practical promoter of Anglo-American goodwill. As a publicist with real influence among his fellow-citizens he has consistently striven to portray Great Britain and the British people as they really are. During the war there was no American who worked harder for the Allies than he did. As the Ambassador of the United States in London he was able to contribute powerfully to that Anglo-American understanding he had always championed in print and on the platform. Since his return to the United States he has continued by every means in his power to effect a sympathetic co-operation between the two countries. Great Britain is perhaps the most difficult nation

in the world to understand, but if any man, and especially any American, might fairly claim to know it, Mr. Harvey could. Yet he has just written an article which betrays a surprising inability to get below the deceptive surface of things English. He seems almost to have forgotten, or forgotten at least how to make allowance for, one of the most pertinacious of our national traits.

The trait in question is our humorous gift for "grousing." When there are difficulties ahead or around we complain bitterly and loudly that they are insuperable before proceeding to get the better of them. If in that conquering process we make a mistake or receive a set-back we shout it from the housetops in accents of anguish. If we register a gain we take it for granted and say nothing about it. The trick deceived many onlookers during the war, and it seems to have deceived Mr. Harvey in his studies of our economic state and prospects to-day. The picture he draws of our plight is gloomy beyond words. He sets forth in no gloating spirit, but with a profound emotion of commiseration and regret and a real desire to help. . . .

It is a most generous thought, but no one will be more delighted than Mr. Harvey to learn that it is mistaken. His well-meant anxiety on our account is superfluous. Like most of his fellow citizens, Mr. Harvey has been listening to what we say about ourselves, and committing the egregious error of taking it at its face value. . . . Mr. Harvey need have no misgivings. We shall meet all our liabilities; we shall pull through.

"Candour and Consolation"

From Punch

Dear Mr. Punch,—I confess to having found considerable difficulty in attuning my spirit to the proper pitch of Christmas merriment in view of the pessimistic pronouncement of Colonel George Harvey, lately the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, on the perilous condition of British trade and finance and the improbability of any revival or restoration of our prosperity. The cry of "England is Done" is echoed or only faintly disputed in certain widely circulated English newspapers, though you, Mr. Punch, have been immune from the infection and have refused to allow yourself to be stampeded into national self-disparagement or despair. And, quite apart from your example, I have now been reconverted to optimism by the startling evidence of the compatriots of our sternest critic. England may be decadent and impoverished, but there are still some things that we manage better than in the great Republic.

The *Tu quoque* method is always undesirable, but here it is not necessary; the critic is answered by the admissions of his own countrymen. America is enormously rich and prosperous, but she "is the most lawless nation on earth." The homicide rate of the United States is "nine times that of England and Wales. . . . Robbery is thirty-six times as prevalent in New York as it is in London. In Chicago it is one hundred times as prevalent as it is in London."

The financial loss through the operations of criminals in the United States at the lowest estimate—three billion dollars per annum—"is practically equivalent to all the expenditure of the Federal Government." That crime "has become an established business" has been officially declared by the City Council of Chicago. "It is centralized, organized, and commercialized. It is as steady a business as the automobile industry."—MODERATE OPTIMIST.

"We have, indeed," proceeded Lord Birkenhead, "grave troubles in the years that have followed the war, and we shall have grave troubles in the years which still lie in front of us, but when I read that a distinguished gentleman and a great friend of this country—where he has many friends: one who was formerly Ambassador of the United States of America in London (Mr. George Harvey)—has recently informed his fellow-citizens that there is much to be said for the view that England is doomed, I will venture to tell him that he may leave us to deal with that risk and to measure its reality. I will tell him that we have gone through graver days in England in our historic past; that our fathers did not lose heart, and neither do their sons and daughters intend to lose heart to-day. And I will remind him also that the reporters of his own country, who are notoriously accurate in all respects—(laughter)—are indebted to the system which, after all, like so many things which are of world-wide occupation, came from England, and they are writing Pitman's shorthand to-day. (Hear, hear.) You young people who are going out into the world go out with bright and confident eyes, realising that, after all, the extent of our difficulties is to some extent determined by the fact that we, after all, had four years of war; that until the United States of America entered the war we financed nearly all our Allies; and that we have an incorrigible habit of paying our debts—(cheers)—which has, unfortunately, not proved contagious. (Laughter.)—*The London Telegraph.*

Mr. Stanley Machin, President of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, proposing the toast of the visitors from Canada, said that we had recently had the advice of a distinguished man oversea, Mr. George Harvey, who pointed out for our good that we were likely to become defaulters, and that we were going to develop into middlemen. Mr. Harvey did not understand British grit or determination. We had never defaulted and we never would default so long as we had health and strength. Anybody who considered this country played out did not know what he was talking about. We were at least doing our fair share of the world's trade. But Mr. Harvey's words were not without use if we looked into them carefully.—*The London Telegraph.*

The United States and Great Britain must always pull together. There are differences in their commercial methods, but their ideals are in common. Would it not be possible for the United States and Britain, in their efforts to

come together and promote that dominance of their common ideals which Mr. Harvey desiderates, to arrive at an arrangement by which the former lowered her tariff against British goods?—*The Gloucester Echo.*

Those croakers at home or abroad who seem never to weary of telling us that our day as a great mercantile and industrial power is done should extract congenial nourishment for their pessimistic outpourings from an article contributed by Mr. George Harvey to the current NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Mr. Harvey, who was formerly American Ambassador in London, is a master of the slapdash style cultivated by the impressionist journalists of his country. It is a very effective style, doubtless, up to a point, but it is scarcely suitable for discussing intricate questions of economics, in which reserves and qualifications must almost necessarily play so important a part. Accordingly, we should accept Mr. Harvey's assertions very guardedly, if we accept them at all. . . . Of course, there is another vital condition, lacking which our trade may yet, unhappily, sink into the wretched plight described by the imaginative Mr. Harvey, and that condition is settled industrial peace. The trade of the world is still mainly our heritage if we have the courage and insight necessary to have and to hold it. Surely it is worth a strong effort of self-discipline and renunciation to retain so rich a possession.—*The Liverpool Post.*

Two remarks I want to make. The first is about Abraham Lincoln—a very great man: the American Cromwell. Who saved the United States? There is only one answer: Abraham Lincoln. Could any man have prophesied Abraham Lincoln? About that time on this side we had a great many prophets at work upon the future of America. Gladstone took a hand, and made a pretty mess of it, though his was quite as capable a mind as Mr. Harvey's. All America seemed gone to the dogs. Only one man stood up against the dogs. They worried and barked, yelped and snarled around him, and at last they pulled him down. But he had saved the United States. After Lincoln was gone, America approached within measurable distance of a worse confusion than ever; but that work stood, or the ideas of Lincoln got hold. Anyhow, America was saved—by the force of a great personality from the wilds, a personality as unexpected as it was magnificent. These things give me pause, as I meditate the muse of dolorous romance touching the future of great nations. Granted all this about commerce, taxation, and the rest of it—which is mostly balderdash—a nation's need generally thrusts up a national something or another uncommonly like Abraham Lincoln. Why suppose Great Britain has lost every possibility in this dubious hour? Somehow I hear, in British history, "The voice that roars along the bed of Jewish song." And America is not outside that strange harmony, nor deaf to its trumpet tones. . . . I say it is comic—comic, I mean, if you link this with the dark forebodings and the dismal distress of croakers near and far, at home and abroad.

There is not the slightest sign we are without ideas, either of truth or beauty, of keeping faith or self-sacrifice. America should know that quite well, when she makes up her annual accounts and notices the contribution she draws from our derelict and hopeless land. So long as there is vision, beauty, truth, keeping faith, so long will old England be able to trust in God.—*The English Methodist Recorder.*

As it is the British pound can look the dollar squarely in the eye, and when we hesitate or fail to forward our instalments then America and the world can believe Colonel Harvey's estimate of us. The best way the Americans could show their sympathy and avert the downfall which they think is approaching for us, would be to fix our account at the sum actually due them. That would be practical sympathy, but even without it it will be a long time yet before we reach that stage when the brokers have to be called in and Macaulay's New Zealander views the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge.—*The Greenoch Telegraph.*

We have no reason to doubt that Mr. George Harvey, the former American Ambassador in London, is a good friend of this country, though we have always regretted that he did not succeed in persuading the Washington Government to give more practical proofs of friendship in the settlement of the debt question. . . . If Mr. Harvey would emphasise and reiterate his appeal to the American people to show their appreciation of our "financial integrity" in a practical manner, instead of representing us as a nation whose decline and fall has begun, and suggesting that we are faced with the danger of default in our debt payments, he would earn our gratitude. It is in America's power to afford this country great relief merely by obeying the voice of conscience, which cannot fail to tell her that she is at present levying almost extortionate toll upon us for having helped her and her friends to win the war, and for having held the enemy during the years when she was "too proud to fight."—*The Cardiff Times.*

In the main, Mr. Harvey's statements are absolutely true. This country is carrying financial burdens that would break any other nation. Her industries, such as coal mining, are struggling for survival with the aid of State subsidy and in other respects Harvey relates acknowledged facts. When, however, he declares that Great Britain's period of productivity has passed and that her sole function in future is that of middleman, he enters the precarious realms of prophecy.—*Hal O'Flaherty, London, correspondent of The Chicago Daily News.*

I do not doubt the figures and data Colonel Harvey has published. I do not doubt that they are true. But figures prove nothing of the spirit of men. It is true that England is poorly off at present, but her men are young and not

old. They have vision and are even learning from you how to come to better things.—*W. S. Crawford, Chairman, British Empire Commission.*

Mr. Harvey has apparently taken as his text a speech made by Sir Esme Howard, but the influence of some of our home-keeping pessimists is also to be discerned in his jeremiad concerning the future of Great Britain. And it must be said that, to judge by the telegraphic summary, the comment of the British Embassy in Washington by no means meets the case. "Fortunately," it says, "since those words (the speech of Sir Esme Howard) were uttered the outlook has improved greatly owing to the re-establishment of security by the resolutions of the Locarno treaties. We may now look forward to the restoration of confidence and credit throughout Europe, and to the re-establishment of European markets, which should in some months alter so much for the better Britain's economic prospects and have already begun to do so to a remarkable degree." If this were all that could be said, we could not blame the average American for concluding that Mr. Harvey is right.—*The London Evening Standard.*

Precisely why Esme Howard confided to the New World his belief that, in due course, Britain would be too poor to keep up the payments on her debt to the United States, I really cannot say. On this text, Colonel Harvey preached a discourse in which, not in anger but in sorrow, he expatiated on Britain's doom. The fact is, that Harvey is anxious to avoid the embarrassment inflicted on poor Page of a window in Westminster Abbey.—*London Truth.*

Most people will applaud the spirit shown by Mr. George Harvey, formerly American Ambassador in London, who has written in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW what is virtually an appeal to his countrymen to lighten the burden imposed on this country by the discharge of its war debt to the United States. At the same time we are certain that Mr. Harvey's view of the present and future of Great Britain is unduly pessimistic. It has been characteristic of American Ambassadors that they have come here as friends, and grown to be great friends. But it is possible for a man to hold the position of Ambassador without becoming fully acquainted with the resources of the country in which he acts for his own Government.—*The Yorkshire Telegraph.*

If Mr. Harvey has taken at its face value all that has been said by Labour of Capitalists and by Capitalists of Labour he might readily assume that industrially and commercially we are rapidly going to the dogs. We do not usually take a man at his word when he says he is a miserable sinner. But when partners in enterprise will persist in calling each other dunderheads and incompetents the world is not over eager to do business with them. As a specimen of profitable "publicity" it leaves much room for improvement.—*The Priestgate Echo.*

It is not often that a man whose impending death has been announced by his doctor sits down to a chatty conversation about the nature and date of his end. But that has been the reception given to the gloomy bulletin about the approaching downfall of England signed by Mr. Harvey, formerly American Ambassador in London. For the most part Englishmen have taken it lightheartedly. But it does not follow that they are right. They may be living in a fool's paradise. Mr. Harvey, with the kindly object of exciting American sympathy on our behalf, may not be utterly wrong. When he says that "England's period of productivity has passed," he evidently exceeds the truth. But if he had said "England's period of productivity will pass if she does not soon take heroic measures to improve production," his remark would have been strictly true.—*The London Daily Chronicle.*

Colonel George Harvey is an experienced journalist, and we should not take too seriously his latest attempt to give his readers what they enjoy, a strong dose of sentimental Pessimism as to the future of Great Britain. It is only his reputation as former Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and as one who played a distinguished part in the negotiations that led up to the funding of the British debt to the United States, that makes his article in his own North American Review of some consequence. . . . But we must make a vigorous protest against these unwarranted assumptions of senility in our economic affairs, and would with all politeness remind Colonel Harvey of the fate of the cocksure young man who ventured to say: "You are old, Father William."—*The London Financial News.*

Side by side with this candid talk comes the opinion of a famous surgeon, Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane. "Prohibition is a farce," he said. "In America you can get liquor everywhere." Sir William knows. He has just returned. The only difference in the quality of the liquor that the distinguished surgeon noted was that the good stuff was sold to the rich and the wood spirit to the poor. "I have seen more drunken people in America in a month than I have seen in England for the last two or three years," said Sir William. I leave Colonel Harvey and his middlemen theory at that.—*The Liverpool Courier.*

The disposition in some quarters to receive with a certain impatience the lectures of President Coolidge upon conditions in Europe, and the compassionate assurances of ex-Ambassador Harvey that, as a great producing country, we are now "down and out," is very readily intelligible. The truth is that in this country we are rather sadly concerned about the future and fate of the United States with its millions of cranks, its millions of unassimilated aliens, its ten million negroes, and its hundreds of millions of gold in reserve. The President and Mr. Harvey will do well to look at home. As for ourselves, we are coming along very nicely, thank you.—*The Yorkshire Observer.*

AMERICAN COMMENT

"Must Not Happen at All"

Edward S. Martin in Life

What will happen about the farmers will happen by the operation of economic factors; what will happen about the schools will happen when we get sense enough to make it happen, but what Colonel Harvey sees on the way to happen to England must not happen at all.

It should be recalled that the debt agreement with England was made while Colonel Harvey was Ambassador in London and heartily backed by him. It was probably not precisely as he would have wished it. The rate of interest is too high; he would have had it lower; but he was strongly in favor of the funding of the debt and managed a good part of the negotiations to that end. Now in the NORTH AMERICAN, starting with the British Ambassador's recent disclosure that the time might come soon when the United Kingdom would be unable to meet its financial obligations to the United States, Colonel Harvey prints the figures on the subject, discloses the current state of British trade, turns the light on the alarming prospects that seem to await it and says in effect but not in so many words that the British are paying us too much money. "No one country," he says, "has ever had so huge a stake in another as the United States has to-day in Great Britain." We have a money stake, of course, and he speaks of that, but what he stresses is our obligation to her for upholding the standard of integrity among nations.

The Colonel may put it that way if it suits him. Others may base our concern about England on different grounds so vital and various that they can safely be left unenumerated. The real fact that Colonel Harvey brings out is that the flow of the life blood of England into the veins of the United States ought not to go on—at least not at anything like the present rate—until the affairs of the United Kingdom are in a far more prosperous state. One of the most urgent duties of the hour, probably the most urgent, is to check that flow.

America cannot but feel a genuine sympathy for the British people. Should England slip, and become a second-rate Power, it would seriously affect the United States, the greatest Anglo-Saxon nation of the world, but needing the collaboration of Great Britain in the age that is dawning.—*The Lexington Leader.*

It is a situation in which the United States is interested on many counts: Blood ties, similarity of traditions, institutions, ideals, political fundmentals and, in a way, the joint guardianship of human liberty, equality and peaceful relations. But those of us who reject all that as mere hands-across-the-sea

twaddle will at least acknowledge our interest as creditor in one-time Merrie England's destiny.—*The St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

The point raised by Colonel Harvey is well taken. He deals with figures that are official and show the financial condition of Great Britain. The facts are as they are. Great Britain will undoubtedly work out her problem. She is, however, facing financial difficulties which indicate the foolishness of any plan for tax reduction in this country based on possible payments by our European debtors.—*The Miami News.*

The Colonel is delightfully entertaining, but not necessarily reliable in his judgments.—*The Troy Record.*

George Harvey, former ambassador to Great Britain, is launching a campaign in favor of revision of the British debt agreement. He points out that her annual payments are in excess of her present ability to pay, as measured by imports and exports, and that compliance with the agreement year after year is likely to lead to results favorable neither to the debtor nor creditor nation. After the favorable terms received by Belgium and Italy and the informal assurance which has been given France that she may anticipate easier terms than this country insisted upon when the Caillaux commission was in Washington, the question has been raised time and again in England whether that country, too, would ultimately receive more favorable debt terms from the United States.—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Colonel stops short of advocating a reduction in Britain's debt to America. In fact, he advances no practical suggestion by which we might help Britain. That the British have a stiff problem to solve and that they are not yet out of the woods, every one who has followed European affairs, even in the most casual way, is prepared to admit without reservations of any kind. Colonel Harvey puts emphasis on the value of strong Anglo-American relations and with that object there will be general and ready agreement.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Of course, they are in a plight now, and they should have sympathy and any aid America can give. They deserve it and we owe it to them. But it will be many generations before we need wear crêpe for the passing of Great Britain. —*The Los Angeles Express.*

Industry and trade over there may be in a bad way, but they'll show the condemned Yanks whether they can pay or not! It is an admirable mood for a debtor, as viewed from the creditor's standpoint. Yet the suggestion is one that the United States government may find it desirable to consider sooner or later.—*The Geneva (N. Y.) Times.*

The doleful Colonel seems to have put his foot in it, though his intentions may have been of the best. Evidently, England did not want sympathy or condolence, and just as certainly the United States did not want to be called harsh in its demand on England, which was nevertheless far more stringent than the demand on all other debtor nations.—*The Wheeling Intelligencer.*

It sounds like the worst rebuff experienced by Mr. Harvey since the memorable repudiation of his embarrassing support by Woodrow Wilson. The Anglo-Saxons of Peacham, Vt., will be pained and humiliated by the rejection of Mr. Harvey's hands across the sea. But the Colonel might have known better. The British may have their troubles, but they certainly do not relish the risk of impairing their credit by being advertised as hopeless bankrupts. Strange how a former London ambassador could misjudge British temper so sadly as to "get in bad" and become the target for indignant repudiation. —*The Milwaukee Sentinel.*

England may deceive her disparagers, as she has done not a few times before. But her danger to-day is great, not because of her obstacles or foes, but because of her workers' attitude. If in that they persist, if her people do not recover their old wish and will to work, not only will they deplete old England's strength, but also doom their children to worse poverty than has afflicted themselves.—*The Minneapolis Journal.*

The argument reads very much like an opening plea for revision of the British debt settlement, a comparison of that with the settlement made with Italy and the expected settlement with France being items in the citation. But the Colonel's lament has produced something of a repercussion in England. He is receiving small thanks for his wailing, even for the obvious purpose he has in mind of moving a revision of the debt settlement. Indeed his article has moved some exceedingly sharp rejoinders from British publicists, who probably take Colonel Harvey more seriously than he deserves.—*The Charleston Post.*

Unintentionally, perhaps, Colonel Harvey has rendered the British nation a service of great value. His article, which has been printed widely in England and the colonies, has awakened public pride. The Britisher does not believe that things are as gloomy and seriously bad as Harvey has indicated. But he is going to find out if it is so, and he will set to work to make the necessary repairs.—*The Utica Dispatch.*

It is just possible, of course, that ex-Ambassador George Harvey takes too unfavorable a view of the British status, just as his predecessor, Mr. Page, invariably took too partial a view.—*The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JUNE-JULY-AUGUST, 1926

"THE HON. MUSSOLINI"

WHITHER AND WHEN?

BY THE EDITOR

Is "the Hon. Mussolini", as he was designated by his most discerning interpreter, the Baron Bernado Quaranta di San Severino, three years ago, or "Il Duce", as he is now commonly denominated, a mere *Bombastes Furioso* or an extraordinarily astute egomaniac? That is the question which at the moment, more vexatiously than any other, agitates the Chancelleries of Europe.

And well it may. So long as the Dictator confined his amazing activities within the boundaries of his own country and exercised them to its apparent advantage, there seemed to be less cause for concern than for gratitude at the success of Fascism in withstanding the encroachments of Bolshevism upon the apprehensive democracies of the Continent. Phenomenal though it seemed, his rise to a position of authority in Italy unsurpassed by that of any Cæsar was regarded as no more than a passing phase of the tumultuous aftermath of the great upheaval which presently would disappear in the wake of a popular revolt or of a personal assassination.

But nearly four years have elapsed since the King accepted the resignation of the Hon. Facta and appointed the Hon. Mussolini Prime Minister, and neither of these pleasurable anticipations has been realized. Indeed, as to actual happenings, the precise reverse has transpired with respect to each expectation. The futile attempt of a demented foreign woman to kill served only to

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awaken sympathy and to increase the heroic stature of Il Duce to a degree that enabled the President of the Chamber of Deputies to evoke tremendous applause by attributing to him divine origin.

"God gave Mussolini to us!" shouted Signor Casertano; "Beware who touches him!"

And the Imperator himself, with the deprecatory gesture of a natural actor, rejoined calmly: "The episode which provoked your magnificent demonstration, whose sincerity I appreciate, has now faded from my memory. But if I do think thereof it is with a feeling of annoyance, of boredom, as for foolish things."

And then, raising his voice: "I do not want exaggerations. Mussolini has that in his composition which loves to participate in risk, and although I understand a certain anxiety, I declare I have not the least intention to hide or lose touch with the Fascist masses and the Italian people. There are anxieties of another nature just now and I emphatically declare all human lives are destiny's own. I add that in no case, under no circumstances, will Fascismo soften its programme. At this moment everything is prepared. Let it be known at home and abroad, because Fascismo will continue to rule the destinies of the Italian people with an iron hand."

It is an ominous sign when one begins to speak of himself in the third person, but the significance in this instance appears trifling beside the threat of perpetuation of "iron hand" domination, following complete submission of a whole people, from King to humblest peasant, to an embodiment of force and fear.

Already, we are informed by European journals unaccustomed to fantastic utterance, Il Duce has begun preparations for indefinite continuance of Fascist rule by organizing infant training centres called "Balilla", in which children under seven years of age are taught the following:

CATECHISM

Question.—How many Commandments has Italy given to her sons, and what are they?

Answer.—There are Ten Commandments.

1. I am Italy, thy mother, thy sovereign, thy goddess.
2. Thou shalt have no other mother, sovereign, or goddess above me.
3. Thou shalt honor her god and keep her festivals, etc.

CREED

Question.—What does it mean to be a Fascist?
Answer.—It means that the commandments, precepts, and sacraments of Italy must be observed.
Question.—What is its creed?
Answer.—It is the creed given by the Apostles of Italy and of Fascism.
Question.—Of how many articles does it consist?
Answer.—Of twelve articles, as follows:

1. I believe in Rome Eternal, the mother of my Fatherland;
2. And in Italy, her firstborn;
3. Who was born of her virgin womb by the grace of God;
4. Who suffered under the barbarian invader, was crucified, slain and buried;
5. Who descended into the sepulchre, and rose again from the dead in the nineteenth century.
6. Who ascended to Heaven in her glory in 1918 and in 1922 (by the March on Rome);
7. Who is seated at the right hand of Mother Rome;
8. Who will come thence to judge the quick and the dead.
9. I believe in the genius of Mussolini;
10. In our Holy Father Fascism and in the communion of its martyrs;
11. In the conversion of the Italians; and
12. In the resurrection of the Empire. Amen!

Barring a denunciation of this "sacrilegious creed" by the Bishop of Brescia, with the assent of the Vatican, not a single public protest has been recorded by the Italian press. When the Hon. Mussolini calls himself "Il Duce" he is too modest by half; compared with him, Louis XIV was no more than a pitiable pretender when he boasted:

"L'État, C'est Moi!"

But it is not the clearly warrantable attitude of the Dictator toward the cowed forty millions of Italians that disturbs the peace-seeking statesmen of Europe.

"It is not for us," Premier Briand declared to the Deputies, "to indicate to other peoples the manner in which they ought to govern themselves;" and even the Radicals, with Russia in mind, applauded. Nor was there a sign of disapproval when the speaker continued in his most mollifying vein: "I hasten to say that we have been in friendly relations with Italy. All the contacts we have with her show that the Italian people freely and in

conditions particularly difficult, have, by a sort of instinct of conservation, and to remedy a situation which seemed really unsolvable, turned towards a certain régime. The Italian people chose freely. It is their affair.

"Italy hasn't all the means she might wish for. There is a sort of interior boiling going on. It is quite natural that the steam should seek an outlet. The chief of this people, when he finds himself in contact with them, brings a sort of exaltation and enthusiasm, and somewhat vigorous assertions of hope.

"He utters words which may astonish us, who are not under the same conditions and have not the same needs, but I stick to realities, and the diplomatic conversations show a great spirit of cooperation between the two peoples. I am confident that the Italian Government does not wish to disturb European peace."

Quickly recognizing these as words of policy rather than of conviction and designed to allay expressions rather than feelings of apprehension, the Chamber remained mute, but the Deputies made no concealment of approbation when, immediately following Il Duce's claim to the Mediterranean as an Italian lake, M. Raiberti, Chairman of the Budget Committee, sternly demanded a stronger navy to maintain "a free Mediterranean with free communication with North Africa."

Meanwhile, after having stirred to their depths the eight Powers now exercising sovereignty in the Mediterranean by continually shouting "*Mare nostrum*", "Our destiny is on the sea," "No one can stop our inexorable will," and the like, while making his spectacular journey, it is a circumstance worthy of note that since he returned Il Duce's utterances have become less specific. No sooner had he landed than he seemed to forget the marvelous potential power of "our glorious navy",—incidentally limited by the Washington Conference to two battleships as compared with an equal number for France, one for Greece, one for Turkey and five for Great Britain, all vitally interested, to say nothing of three for Japan and five for the United States, alike concerned in maintaining the Mediterranean as the commercial highway which it has now become,—and has shrouded his purposes in mystery.

Having roused his hearers to a high pitch of expectancy, he spoke these words:

You are undoubtedly impatient in the expectation of something. (Cries of "Yes! Yes!") I promised you last year that we would have a fine opportunity and I have kept my word. Will you believe me if I tell you that your impatience will be appeased some day? (Yes! Yes!)

Before I say one word about this sentiment, which is also mine, it is necessary that you become disciplined to the very limit in your daily work. The great hour does not strike every moment, and not on all clocks. The wheel of destiny turns; wise is the man who watches and knows the moment to grasp it as it passes by.

It is necessary that our divine and adorable Fascist Italy be vigilant and firm in the work of peace, and that she adapt herself to the needs of work and become systematic, tenacious and persevering.

I want to correct Italians of some of their traditional faults—their ready optimism and the negligence which often follows excessive diligence, their letting go after the first, in the belief that all has been accomplished despite the fact that much that should be accomplished has not even been begun.

If Fascism succeeds in thus forging the Italian character you may rest calm and certain that when the wheel of destiny turns we shall be ready to seize it, and turn it by our will. (Acclamations.)

Comrades, in the shadow of our flags which were blest here by a priest of the religion of our fathers, in which we believe, it is beautiful to live, but it will be still more beautiful, if it is necessary, to die.

Read in cold, lead, Anglo-Saxon linotype, this seems silly, but spoken with fervid eloquence in a Latin tongue, its effect upon the hand-picked Deputies surpassed the orator's anticipation. Nor did the abrupt transition from maritime exploits to more feasible conquests by land lack a certain cunning. Again the various countries within range of his vision are on edge to discover the direction likely to be indicated by the "iron hand" to an army of five hundred thousand soldiers backed by three millions of organized reserves.

Turkey, Greece, the Balkan States, Germany, Austria—all still remain within Il Duce's orbit, all are suspicious, and all are shivering to greater or less degree; even M. Briand's conciliatory phrases hardly concealed a lurking uneasiness, and England herself, in the midst of unprecedented domestic difficulties, frankly reveals grave concern over an added obstacle to the resumption of that peace abroad which has become essential to her very existence as a factor in the business of the world.

But the real danger no longer lies in Mussolini's verbal

truculence; his threats, indeed, show signs of becoming stale and ineffectual; it is another kind of apprehension that now hovers over the capitals of Europe. Thoughtful statesmen profited by the breathing spell afforded by Il Duce's futile tour abroad to note that, so far, actual application of his policy of blood and iron has been restricted to helpless little Greece, and that his diplomatic intercourse with the larger Powers has conformed strictly to recognized proprieties.

Much relief, as M. Briand with obvious thankfulness announced to the Chamber of Deputies, was derived from this reflection, as indicating that his sphere of prospective exploitation was perceptibly narrowing. English public journals promptly and happily deduced that he could not contemplate Italian "expansion" to the north; nor in Africa "to the west at the expense of France or to the east at the expense of Britain"; nor in South America, in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine.

There is left only Asia Minor, perhaps Smyrna and its hinterland, and "that probably", divines *The New Statesman*, "is where he will have his war." For a war he must have; that is admitted. "All history shows that dictators must have wars or the people will tire of them,"—one rule to which even Napoleon bowed and which Il Duce himself plainly recognized when he faced his followers and promised to heed their "impatience" for action.

Here, then, seems to be the crux of the Italian situation: To retain his position as Dictator, even to save his own neck, Mussolini, willing or not, ready or not, must lead his Black Shirts to battle somewhere for conquest of the land which he has promised for excessive population, now denied admission to the United States, and for the remaking of the "Empire" of the Cæsars which he has flaunted so alluringly before their fiery eyes.

How soon? is the vital question, and the only one concerning Italy now being considered in the Chancelleries of Europe or probably in our own alert and watchful Department of State.

Meanwhile the attitude of Il Duce's representatives at the Preparatory Conference on Disarmament now convening in Geneva will be observed and studied with peculiar interest. Not that the outcome of that assemblage of secondary officials is expected to prove particularly salutary or even generally sug-

gestive. To the twenty odd minor nations it appeals strongly as likely to afford an opportunity to emphasize their "equality" and exploit their "views". By the major Powers it seems already to be regarded as a bore at a time when domestic difficulties are paramount and as somewhat of a nuisance requiring constant and vigilant watchfulness.

Indeed, but for the fact that President Coolidge, justly annoyed by the postponement from February, finally acquiesced, it is more than likely that the date would have been changed to September or October without a session. The possible non-attendance by the United States as a consequence of the exhaustion of the President's exemplary patience is almost certainly responsible for keeping to the time fixed. "Anything to get America in" continues to be the actuating motive of Europe.

The fully anticipated lack of tangible results is already being attributed to the refusal of Russia to participate. But the Powers themselves gave the Soviet Government its excuse for declination when it designated Geneva as the meeting place, and it is incredible that they were not aware that representation of Russia on Swiss soil could not be expected so long as the Swiss Government persisted in its refusal to express even traditional "regrets" at the assassination of Varovski. While hesitating to accept, we cannot ignore, the "conclusion" of the Soviet Government "that it is not sincerely desired that we participate in the Disarmament Conference and that the Conference itself, to the great regret of all those who really desire disarmament, will remain without effect." Russia probably would not have participated in any case, but the deliberate presentation to her of so plausible a pretext, if not due to the reason assigned by Ambassador Rakovski, can be attributed only to stupidity such as is seldom remarked of Foreign Offices of Europe taught to realize that a blunder is worse than a crime. In view of the common admission, therefore, that the adjoining States, notably Poland backed by France, cannot be reasonably expected to reduce their forces while the Red Army hovers menacingly over them, it is probable that the astute Mussolini's representatives will sit tight at Geneva, without being compelled either to affirm or to deny his asseveration that Force alone can or should control the world.

THE REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

I

We have been told that the Government of the United States believes in disarmament because, it is alleged, the reduction of armaments is imperative if taxes are to be lightened, and because so-called competitive armaments promote war. Are these comprehensively reasoned decisions, or are they instances of an American tendency to think in terms of words and slogans rather than of knowledge and understanding? A very few figures will give proper perspective to costs; and then we can consider whether armaments necessarily produce wars or prevent them, and some of the problems confronting the Preparatory Commission on the Reduction of Armaments that is scheduled to meet at Geneva as these lines are being written.

It is undoubtedly staggering that last year the United States, the British Empire, the Japanese Empire, France and Italy spent a sum equivalent to nearly two billion dollars for armaments. But if it assured their security, the cost was relatively cheap; for it averaged only $2.86 a thousand on their total national wealth, which approaches seven hundred billion dollars. It is unfortunate for the other Powers that their average cost was nearly $4 a thousand whereas the cost of armaments to the United States was considerably less than $2—while the average cost of fire insurance with us is said to be over $9 a thousand. But further figures show more clearly how much of a burden armaments are to us.

In 1924 the cost of the United States Army and Navy was $646,000,000, although in 1903 it had been only $228,000,000. But according to a recent publication by the National Industrial Conference Board, in 1903 the total expenditures of our Federal, State and local governments amounted to $1,570,000,000, or 7.7

per cent. of our then national income, while by 1924 our cost of government had increased to $10,252,000,000 and was taking 16.1 per cent. of our national income. This means, in terms of present day money, that while our disbursements for arms rose from $4 to nearly $6 per capita—largely because of more expensive mechanical equipment—we allowed our other governmental expenditures to multiply more than threefold, from about $24 to almost $86 a head, an increase of nearly $62.

It is noteworthy that the relative cost of our martial establishment has dropped from 14.5 per cent. of our governmental outlay in 1903 to only 6.3 per cent. of what we spent in 1924 for government. But it is far more interesting to find that the net increase for civilian purposes is almost $62 per capita—and that this net increase for civilian government alone is over ten times as great as our total current costs for armaments. Government expenditures that amount to $92 per capita and take 16 per cent. of our income may well be considered onerous. But common sense suggests reducing materially the excess $62 we lavish on civilian government before we worry over much about the reduction of such part of $6 as we spend on national defense.

II

The question as to whether so-called competitive armaments cause wars or prevent them raises the entire subject of the rôle that force has played in the evolution of civilization; for as President Coolidge said in his Inaugural Address:

> If we wish to erect new structures, we must have a definite knowledge of the old foundations. We must realize that human nature is about the most constant thing in the universe and that the essentials of human relationship do not change. We must frequently take our bearings from these fixed stars of our political firmament if we expect to hold a true course.

On turning back to the earlier pages of history we see small nuclei of men of some intelligence surrounded by hordes of lower barbarians. Unarmed, these progenitors of civilization inevitably would have been overwhelmed by the weight of numbers. Each glimmer of intellectual progress would have been extinguished as soon as its material concomitants had attracted contemporary cupidity. But, from the start, greater intelligence in

the design and use of arms enabled pioneers of progress first to defend themselves and then to subdue and advance the more backward in ever increasing areas. Whether in Asia, Africa, Europe or America, superior armaments in the hands of the more intelligent have ever been the *sine qua non* of the survival and spread of civilizations each one of which has invariably succumbed when its virility waned and it dropped its arms. Witness the rise and fall of the Roman Empire and, after the centuries of the Dark and Middle Ages, the rise of the world-wide British Empire, largely through naval power.

It is not merely that, in primitive times, the survival and development of progressive minorities was ever dependent on their superiority in arms over more materially minded majorities. For even today a predatory minority can cause chaos if the restraining influence of force is even momentarily removed—as was well illustrated by the looting that broke out in the orderly city of Boston a few years ago when the police went on strike. Uncounterchecked force, whether in the hands of a predatory majority or minority inevitably leads to violence. The Teutonic assault of 1914 is now the outstanding example of this in the international arena. Yet after the lapse of a dozen years, few seem to have a rounded appreciation merely of some of the major factors that contributed to the outbreak of war then. Partisanship aside, it is so much easier to accept the formula: "Europe was an armed camp—war broke out—therefore competitive armaments breed wars." But if we consider some of the conditions precedent, a wholly different conclusion results.

Churchill's Memoirs have shown us how clearly informed people in England realized that the combination of Junker policy and the rapid expansion of Germany's armaments presaged war. Indeed this was patent even to Messrs. House, Wilson and Page, as is shown by reports of the former's rather innocent, not to say fatuous, attempt in June of 1914 to persuade the Kaiser to disband his legions. Under the circumstances, the maintenance of peace was contingent on only two alternatives: the dissuasion of Germany from her chosen course by sweet reason or the confronting of her by such an obvious array of forces that she would see aggression would be futile. Although dissuasion had evident-

ly failed, yet year after year, the English Liberal Party, in control of its government and supported by such well-meaning and self-satisfied papers as *The Manchester Guardian* and *The London Daily News*, held down the British naval budget and seemed to hope that its economical example and good intentions would suffice to convert the German Government. It was not that competitive armaments led to war but rather that failure to maintain obviously adequate defensive forces gave promise of success to the aggression thus invited. And even though we may hold Germany primarily responsible for having actually precipitated the European holocaust, we should bear equally in mind the very real responsibility that rests upon the English Liberals, and their French Socialist confrères, for having failed to take the practical measures at their command that evidently were the only argument capable of convincing Germany that aggression would not pay.

It may be well to note in passing that, apart from the quixotic peregrinations of Colonel House just mentioned, the United States had nothing to do with the genesis of the war which was essentially of European breeding. So there is natural difficulty in accepting the Entente contention that the belated belligerency of the United States entitles our European debtors to the cancellation of their borrowings from us for their war. On the contrary, in equity it would seem that Europe has incurred a moral obligation to the rest of the world for damage done; and the Entente Allies are especially beholden to the United States for having eventually saved them from the ultimate and oft imminent consequences of their pre-war folly in not having maintained their armaments at such pitch as to have prevented the Teutonic outbreak.

This reference to our participation in the late European war naturally invites comment on our own armaments policy at that time. As the event showed, it was the increment of American forces in Europe, slight though it was in comparison with the totals engaged, that exercised the balance of power and turned the scale against the Teutons. Force and the manifest ability to focus more force where it would be effective was the determining factor. But although the war had been raging nearly three years before we became a belligerent, yet just before we did so our

armaments were still so obviously inadequate that the German General Staff felt it safe to defy us, believing that they could bring the war to a close—as they very nearly did—before we could mobilize and focus in Europe enough force to determine the issue against them.

Thus developments in Europe, with the genesis of which we had no connection, led to our being forced into the war, primarily because we were so inadequately armed that the Germans judged our participation would not militate seriously against them. On the other hand, there was and is no question in informed American circles but what, had we spent from five hundred million to a billion in 1915 and 1916, primarily on our navy and secondarily on preparing to mobilize a great army, so that our weight obviously could be thrown quickly with determining force on either side of the contest, we could have ended the war on our own terms and without actually having become a belligerent. As Colonel House has put it in the Foreword to his recently published Letters, ". . . I was sure, given a large and efficient army and navy, the United States would have become the arbiter of peace, and probably without the loss of a single life." Nor is it of any avail for apologists for Wilson's anti-preparedness to claim—as incompetent politicians habitually do—that the people would not have supported such a programme of preparedness. For it is ever the duty and real test of political leaders to secure public support for the proper policy.

In short, the campaign for such armaments that we could have ended the war in Europe without going into it was defeated by undoubtedly well meant but none the less misguided pacifistic abhorrence of all things martial—and by a total failure to understand that the most important function of armaments is to help secure predetermined ends without fighting. Is it not proper, therefore, to charge all of our needless waste of life and money in the European war and many of our consequent political and financial complications with Europe to the colossal mistake made by those who prevented our developing armaments appropriate to the obvious circumstances and contingencies soon after that war started? But until after Wilson's re-election in 1916, he told us the war was no concern of ours.

III

It may be conceded that, until the organization of the League of Nations, armaments have been essential to the preservation of civilization and occasionally have helped to preserve peace. But some are likely to contend that such archaic ways have been superseded by a new era exemplified by the spirit of the Washington Conference and its sister, the Spirit of Locarno—and of Geneva. Before we examine the European and Asian conditions that are vital precedents to the new arms adventure at Geneva, it behooves us, therefore, to recall the experience at Washington. But all of these matters can perhaps be more readily considered if we look on the world somewhat as is now customary in some American circles especially concerned with overseas affairs.

This American conception distinguishes between the two hemispheres according to their major geographical characteristics. One is that of the great world-continent, comprising in Europe, Asia and Africa about two-thirds of all habitable lands and over four-fifths of the human race, whereas the other hemisphere is that of the vast oceans in the upper center of which is North America. The meaning of this mid-oceanic, insular position of ours, with all of our relations with other parts of the world immutably dependent on the conduct and control of overseas communications, becomes clearer if we appreciate the prime factors of England's incomparable influence on world affairs during the so-called expansion of Europe.

As is well known, England's economic primacy came from the overseas trade she developed, particularly with non-industrial lands. And although Spain, Portugal, France and even the Netherlands were each more powerful at one time or another, England's insular detachment from the Continent permitted her usually to keep out of actual participation of moment ashore in its land wars while the control her navy exercised over maritime traffic, especially at its vital focus in European waters, enabled her to determine each issue as might best suit her interests. From the days when Elizabeth played France and Spain against each other while refusing to ally herself with either, the success of this policy has rested, first, on the scrupulous avoidance of entangling

alliances and, second, on the maintenance of such power at sea that her economic or martial weight could be thrown with determining effect on either side of any contest. That a procedure involving the greatest activity in the economic, political and martial affairs of the world has been misdubbed a policy of "isolation" is one of the mysteries of terminology; for on the contrary, it called for constant, intense and versatile participation—but ever independently. And it may be added that study of England's insular position and power in Europe has naturally led the Japanese to appreciate the potentialities of their similar position in Eastern Asia.

But in contrast to these relatively small regional foci is North America, centrally located in the maritime world of trade and statecraft, with our own ports three thousand miles from Europe, fifteen hundred from South America and four thousand from Asia, and now considered as a great island rather than as a self-sufficient continent.

For in the human sense dependence on overseas communications and affairs gives insularity to the outlook of a people rather than the greater or less extent of their homeland—a view apparently obscure to those who do not appreciate there being much more to the United States than our internal resources, markets and affairs.

In point of fact, however, our possessions, investments, trade and shipping outside our continental confines now amount to more than was the total wealth of the United States less than fifty years ago and today constitute considerably over a tenth of our wealth. Our external trade is as world wide as that of the British Isles, transcends theirs in value and is growing more rapidly than theirs, being now equivalent to about a fifth of the net value of our internal trade.

Although we produce over half the world's consumption of many materials and manufactures the surplus of which must be sold abroad, on the other hand, our home life and industries are vitally dependent on importing many such foreign materials as rubber and manganese. Our Department of Commerce tells us that the value of the foodstuffs we import exceeds that of those we export, making us a food importing nation; and we

also have to import over two dozen kinds of materials essential for the conduct of modern warfare. It is but natural, therefore, that such dependence on overseas matters has led those familiar with the conditions merely indicated here to look on America more as a great island than as a self-sufficient continent.

Nowadays our transatlantic trade has dropped to about half of our total overseas commerce, whereas our traffic with Latin America and that with all the transpacific regions each amounts to a quarter; and, needless to say, that with the nine hundred million across the Pacific is growing more rapidly than that with the eighty-five million Latin Americans. But it is in these transpacific and transcaribbean markets that we buy, in competition with Europe, most of the materials and foodstuffs we must import; and it is to these markets that we sell most of our export manufactures, again in competition with Europe, whereas our exports to Europe are mainly materials and foodstuffs for its industrial machine.

In short, North America and Europe may be considered as the two great industrial regions of the world, more or less equal to each other, buying materials and selling manufactures in competition with each other in the non-industrial countries. Nor should we forget that Japan aims to become the industrialist of Asia.

Although the central position of North America in the world of maritime trade is a potential advantage, the maintenance of our standard of living rests on our being assured of necessary imports, of markets open to our products, and of reliable means of collecting our imports and distributing our exports. If there is anything in President Coolidge's fixed stars of the record of the past and the constancy of human nature, we should not rely on our competitors to collect our imports and deliver our exports for us.

And we should not rely on sources of imports and markets for exports that are, in effect, under the shadow of our overseas competitors—unless, in turn, the latter can be controlled. With these considerations in mind we can now turn, first, to the Washington Conference and then to the major conditions underlying the prospective conference at Geneva.

IV

It may be recalled that, in addition to there being the usual post-bellum outcry for the reduction of armaments regardless of underlying conditions, the United States and some of the British Dominions looked with disfavor on the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and that Japanese activities seemed to threaten our Open Door Doctrine in Asia. The Washington Conference was therefore called, in the official words used, "with a view to reaching a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East" such as to warrant the great naval Powers in limiting their armaments by mutual agreement. It seemed as though this politico-naval problem had been happily solved by the three principal treaties produced, namely, the Four-Power Treaty that superseded the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the Nine-Power Treaty in which subscription to the Open Door Doctrine was secured, and the Treaty Limiting Naval Armament. In diplomatic circles it was clearly realized that the Nine-Power Treaty was the basic accomplishment of the Conference, that it gave whatever real warrant there was for the consequent Naval Treaty, and that these two treaties and the Four-Power Treaty together constituted what really was *one transaction*, the Pacific, Far Eastern and naval elements of which it was convenient to treat in three separate but substantially interrelated instruments.

These treaties were promptly ratified by all the signatory Powers except France which, however, ratified the Four-Power Treaty and the Naval Treaty in August of 1923. Thus we were put under obligation to consult the British, French and Japanese in the event of trouble with any of them, or with others, over our insular possessions in the Pacific, and the ability of our navy to uphold our policies in Eastern Asia was seriously curtailed. Yet as France still withheld her ratification from the Nine-Power Treaty, it remained without validity—and we were left without any treaty support of our Open Door Doctrine. But as these three treaties together were the essential elements of what was really one transaction, it was thus made evident that the four learned lawyers who had been the American delegates at the Conference had fallen into a grave omission in failing to insert a clause

in each one of these three treaties making the validity of each dependent on the complete ratification of the others—especially as it can be said on competent advice that there was no reason why such an interlocking clause should not have been inserted. But the omission is understandable, if not excusable, to those who know in detail how the American delegates disregarded the counsels of their technical advisers before and during the Conference. And it was but natural that one of the main objects of the visit of our then Secretary of State to Europe in 1924 is said to have been to urge the ratification of the Nine-Power Treaty by France, an effort in which, unfortunately, he was not successful. It so happened that circumstances led to my reviewing this situation in a letter published in *The New York Times* on April 1, 1925, in which I said:

> There is nothing surprising in the fact that France is witholding her ratification of the Nine-Power Treaty in an effort to obtain from China especial preferential treatment in another matter in no way related to the Conference. But the further fact that these would-be exactions of France from China are entirely beyond the latter's capacity adds especial interest to the growing Franco-Japanese entente. For while the Japanese Empire is on record as having promptly ratified the Nine-Power Treaty, the trend of events in China would make it equally patent that the Japanese may find it very convenient to point to the fact that, in spite of their having ratified it, nevertheless the Nine-Power Treaty is as invalid as a check that lacks one of several signatures required.

This indication of there being some realization in the United States of possible Franco-Chinese and Franco-Japanese understandings bearing on the non-ratification of the Nine-Power Treaty by France naturally meant much more in informed French and Japanese circles than those not conversant with Asiatic diplomacy might infer. It was nevertheless somewhat surprising that apparently precipitate action in Paris and Peking resulted in the final ratification of the treaty within the next few weeks. But the matter has been rehearsed here, first, to recall some of the diplomatic background of the naval limitation brought about at the Washington Conference and, second, to submit some of the consequent occurences from which the real spirit that prevailed among some participants may be appraised.

V

The naval aspect of the Conference was at least as complex as was its diplomatic side. For the problem was to prepare an equitable limitation of naval armaments, yet one that would leave the United States in a position to maintain its sovereign powers and international policies, to safeguard all of its territories and the peoples thereof, to protect its world-wide commerce, and to support the rights of its citizens in all foreign parts. But naval capacity to discharge such extensive duties rests on matters of strategy, logistics and tactics so exceedingly complex that comparatively few naval officers have a sufficiently comprehensive grasp of them to be able to judge soundly as to what fleets may be necessary for their peaceful performance; for the real criterion of the adequacy of a navy is not merely that it shall be able to win in war, but rather that it shall so support policies and interests that war will not occur. In view of the abstruse professional problems involved in devising an equitable limitation that would satisfy such requirements for all the naval Powers concerned, the question was evidently outside the capacity of even the most intelligent of laymen.

So it was of good augury that, soon after the first call for the Conference was issued, the General Board of the Navy was made responsible for the preparation of the naval programme and that a little later a Special Advisory Committee, composed of some members of the Board and others, was formed to supplement it.

Although all the plans produced by these two bodies provided for a comprehensive limitation of virtually all types of combatant vessels and proposed more or less sweeping reductions, none of them met with the approval of our then Secretary of State who thereupon outlined his own plan, securing the statistical data for the consequent fleet make-ups from the General Board, and also the official opinion of the Board as to the bearing of his plan on the interests of the United States and on the international outlook. And as is well known, his plan, though somewhat modified in favor of the British and Japanese, he introduced as chairman of the American delegates at the first plenary session of the

Conference with the following opening sentences, the italics being mine:

> The United States proposes the following plan for a limitation of the naval armament of the conferring nations. *The United States believes that this plan safely guards the interests of all concerned.*

While the chairman of our delegates was generally accredited with the authorship of the plan proposed, it may be recalled that the impression was then given out that this plan had received the approval of the most competent naval officers in the service of the United States. Indeed, in view of the exceedingly technical naval factors involved, none but such officers could say with any weight that such a plan would or would not "safely guard the interests of all concerned." But in what light will the American delegates stand as guardians of the interests of the United States and putative promoters of peace if history reveals that not long before they proposed this plan, the General Board had officially transmitted its opinion that such a plan, in effect, would be fraught with probable dangerous results to our interests, to the peace of the Pacific and Far East, and to the safety of China?

Whatever the unrevealed record may show, here it need only be recalled that whereas the American proposal was for the comprehensive limitation of virtually all types of combatant vessels, yet the limitation of the aggregate tonnages of only capital ships and aircraft carriers was secured—and this at the price of our agreeing to the stipulation, made by the Japanese and supported by the British, that no further development be allowed of insular fortifications and naval bases in the critical area of the Pacific. Both a geographical mind and considerable knowledge of strategy and logistics are essential to appreciate the effects of this base restriction and why it was so particularly repugnant to our naval advisers. But conversance with such martial matters is not necessary to understand that a fleet limitation that leaves all parties to it free to build as many war vessels other than capital ships and aircraft carriers as each may choose, is like a dam only part way across a river and merely concentrates the flow in the open channel remaining. So there is nothing surprising in the fact that, in the four years since the Conference, the Japanese have laid down

or made appropriations to build ninety-one new seagoing combatant vessels and the British twenty-one whereas the United States has followed with only seven. Yet this demonstration of the continuance of naval competition gives us a criterion by which to measure the naval understanding and prophetic ability of the chairman of the American delegates. For one of the closing paragraphs of the panegyric with which he presented his Naval Treaty to the final plenary session of the Conference reads in the official record and without qualifying clause of any kind:

> This Treaty ends, absolutely ends, the race in competitive naval armament. (*Applause*) At the same time it leaves the relative security of the great naval Powers unimpaired.

The Washington Conference evidently was such an extremely complex politico-naval undertaking that success required the closest mutual understanding, planning and coöperation between our diplomatic officials and their naval advisers. But apparently our then Secretary of State at first gave such little heed to its naval aspect that he did not even advise the policy officers of the navy of his intention to call such a conference before he announced it to the world—nor were they informed of the naval proposal made before he announced it in public. Thus he committed the country to an undertaking with vital factors of which he was not really familiar and yet which he had to carry through at least to a temporary semblance of partial success—an end achieved by suppressing and disregarding the counsels of his civilian and naval advisers. The result is that an unnecessarily great handicap has been put on our first line of defense and on our ability to maintain our foreign policies and to safeguard our overseas interests. This should be borne in mind in considering conditions across the Atlantic and the Pacific that control whatever may be done in the world-continent—and in its two flanking archipelagoes—with respect to any further reduction of armaments.

VI

Some seem to think of the affairs of Western Europe and of those of Eastern Asia as in entirely different and unrelated categories. But just as oceanic matters should be considered col-

lectively, so should the affairs of the world-continent. And somewhat as insular America is at the center of the oceanic world, so Eurasian Russia occupies the central position in the world-continent and in its affairs.

Since the fiasco of the League over the Locarno treaties, European dispatches have been pointing out that whereas France supposedly had built up the Little Entente to encircle Germany, now she is obliged to support her allies in it, and their armaments, *vis-a-vis* Russia. But those who have borne in mind Foch's insistence in 1919 on the ultimate importance of drawing a *cordon sanitaire* from the Baltic to the Black Sea, realize that there is nothing new in this so-called reorientation. Undoubtedly, the defense of Europe proper against an apparently impotent Russia has not seemed necessary to some. But others with sufficient historical background and contemporary detachment to think in terms of decades foresaw in 1917 that Russia was bound to go through a series of years similar to those of the French Revolution, Terror and Directorate. And although the analogy has held true so far, we need not premise the present prospect on the thesis that, from time immemorial, one of the most effective means whereby old or new rulers have strengthened their domestic control have been successful foreign wars; for Russia's present rulers have explicitly avowed their intent to overthrow and bring within their own orbit other governments by inciting civil strife and by war—again as was the case with revolutionary France that led into the Napoleonic wars. Even though we discount reports that Russia now has a million men under arms and that they are much better trained and equipped than were the forces of the Romanoffs, yet there are grounds for pause if it be admitted that Germany might find her greatest advantage in alliance with Russia, or that some of the Balkans, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan or vast China might become active elements of the Soviet régime. For it is not Russia alone but Russia and her possible associates that we must consider.

It may be difficult for some, even after the disillusionment at Geneva, to realize that the beatitudes broadcasted from Locarno cloaked the fact that its brood of tentative treaties were the offspring of a common fear rather than of mutual affection. Yet if

we look at the situation in a larger and deeper way—as Foch did in 1919—it should be apparent that ever since the armistice, and more especially since Rapallo, the principal problem of Europe proper has not been Germany *per se* but Russia and Germany's possible association with her. It was but natural, therefore, that the Locarno treaties should have been advanced as a way of detaching Germany from Russia and bringing her into the none too stable League coalition of Western Europe, the price offered Germany being a seat on the Council of the League where the requirement of unanimity would enable her to hold up other actions until her own broad aims respecting radical modifications of the Treaty of Versailles had been satisfied. Concern over this Spring's Russo-German *rapprochement* need not be characterized. And in addition, Mussolini's imperialism and attitude toward Germany, France, Turkey and the League, and Russia's refusal to attend the conference of the Preparatory Commission on the reduction of armaments all proclaim the prospect envisaged by Europe.

In view of the notorious martial inefficiency of heterogeneous coalitions *vis-a-vis* a unit command, Europe proper may therefore have to maintain land forces perhaps merely twice those of Russia—provided that the self-interests of all constituents of the coalition of Europe proper lead them to adhere to it loyally and without stint. But if the adhesion of members such as Germany or Italy were problematical because their self-interests might be better satisfied otherwise, then that would throw on the remaining members the necessity of maintaining such additional forces themselves as to hold within the coalition any unreliable constituents. So the prospect for the reduction of land armaments in Europe does not seem bright—unless Russia can be involved elsewhere so as to minimize any likelihood of her acting aggressively in Europe.

VII

As is well known, the Soviets have continued the pressures long exerted under the Czars toward the warm waters of the Mediterranean and Persian Gulf, and toward India. But although these activities cause serious concern, they can hardly be expected to

become an imminent menace to Europe's route to the Orient or to the British raj in India if Russia be confronted by greater problems in the West or East. It is noteworthy, however, that none of the Continental Powers of Western Europe have any interests in Eastern Asia remotely comparable with the importance to them of preventing Russian aggression in Europe. And similarly, great as are England's interests in Eastern China, they are of much less moment to her than are India and the security of the Suez route. Consequently both the Continentals and English have common cause in supporting activities in Eastern Asia that would, as the phrase is, hold the Russian bear by the tail and prevent him from striking westward in Europe or southward in Asia. So whatever the prospect may be in the East, it has direct bearing on the future in Europe.

For a year and more we have been receiving unusually detailed dispatches of the kaleidoscopic changes in the Orient. But they have conveyed no adequate picture of the able initiative and almost desperate efforts of the representatives of the United States in Peking to help toward the reconstitution of China in spite of partisan opposition among some of the Chinese and from more than one of the Powers. Nor have they given much insight into the underlying reason for the urgency of Chinese solidarity although it has been evident for many months. For the present prospect in Eastern Asia is quite similar to that of about 1902, excepting in that the prize, instead of being little more than Korea, is much more than Manchuria. Indeed it is reported that while there is perhaps less than an even chance of another Russo-Japanese war within two years, there is very much more than an even chance of one within four; and this not only for regional reasons but because such a war, or the prospect of it, would contribute to the safety of Europe proper and of Southern Asia. This does not mean that such a war is inevitable. But it does mean that the record of the past, the constancy of human nature, and present conditions throughout the world-continent all make such a war very likely unless practical steps, based on experience rather than on highfalutin hopes, be taken in time to prevent it.

We have seen that the ultimate security of the Powers of Western Europe depends primarily on their maintaining suffi-

cient land forces to prevent Russia, and any possible ally of hers, from aggression there and, secondarily, on Russia's being so engaged in the East that she will be innocuous in the West. Inevitably, such serious trouble in Europe would present the United States with a fresh and more or less pressing problem in the exercise of the balance of power transatlantically. On the other hand, a war that would injure the prosperity of China and endanger her integrity would be a matter of particular concern to us. For while our transpacific trade as yet is only a quarter of our overseas traffic, the fact that our commerce with China has increased about fourfold in the last decade indicates the trend. But the Orient is a region of realities, based on force above all else. And as the tense situation in Western Europe and its remoteness from Eastern Asia minimize whatever stabilizing influences the European Powers could exert if they would, the maintenance of peace in the East seems to rest primarily on the United States being so manifestly able to exercise the balance of power determinatively there that neither Russia nor Japan will risk the issue of war and matters in dispute will be settled peacefully in accordance with the determining voice.

In other words, somewhat as we might have been the arbiters of peace in the late European war without having to fight, had our navy been manifestly in such shape as to be thrown with conclusive weight on either side, so the maintenance of peace in the Orient depends largely on our navy's being similarly potent across the Pacific. And as the inadequacy of our navy in 1917 entrained our actual entry into the war then, so the present inadequacy of our navy, thanks primarily to the Washington Conference, is likely to permit an Asian war into which we may ultimately be drawn.

Many important European and Asian factors, as well as some conflicting subtleties in Eurasian and American relations, of necessity have been omitted from this discussion of affairs underlying the reduction of armaments. For in it the principal purpose has been, first, to point to the futility of attempts to reduce land armaments in Europe without Russia's being a sincere party to the effort and, second, to draw attention to the transatlantic and transpacific problems in the peaceful maintenance of the

balance of power bilaterally that confront us on our midoceanic base. If we admit that human nature changes but little and if we take heed from history, it follows inexorably that the expression of our influence transoceanically will require naval power—enough obvious naval power to maintain the balances peacefully if wars are to be avoided.

It is not to be expected that transient public officials, with little background or experience in overseas affairs, should have a comprehensive grasp of such matters. But at least they might inform themselves as to what really happened at the Washington Conference and how such personal unpreparedness then permitted Anglo-Japanese coöperation to reduce our capital preponderance below parity with the British and to minimize our transpacific power by limiting our bases there. And before committing the country to another naval conference, they might inform themselves as to the definite prospect that the British and Japanese will support each other at it in an attempt, first, to abolish capital ships so that cruisers would become the premier ships and the 5–5–3 ratio would be changed to about 2–6–3—with us a poor 2—and, second, to abolish submarines so that their own little island homelands will be less vulnerable and our transoceanic influence will be further reduced. Then we may expect that emotional efforts contrary to the teachings of history will subside and that the United States will become a stronger influence in maintaining peace if possible and proper policies in any event.

WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON: 1826-1926

BY FRANCIS N. THORPE

One hundred years ago, on July fourth, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died: Jefferson at the age of eighty-two; Adams, eight years older. Half a century earlier, the United States declared its Independence in a Proclamation now long recognized as the principal State paper of modern times. With this State paper the names of Jefferson and Adams are associated, the one as its author, the other as its chief defender—or, as Webster describes Adams, "our Colossus on the floor". The careers of Adams and Jefferson disclose a remarkable parallel. Both were leaders in the old Congress. Both were Ministers abroad. Both served as Vice-President. Each served in the Constitutional Convention of his native State. Adams, of Harvard, while yet abroad, wrote and published for the instruction of Europe his *Defense of the American Constitutions;* Jefferson, of William and Mary, his *Notes on Virginia.* Both long since were numbered with the "Fathers", whose patriotic labors "brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Congress, by recent resolution, would commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Jefferson,—the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of American Independence,—on July 4, 1926. The resolution makes no mention of Adams. Doubtless the very omission of his name tells the whole story. For many years a powerful political party in this country has celebrated Jefferson's birthday by an annual dinner, a political feast—as it were, a religious ceremony, after the ancient, classic model. No like homage has ever been paid to John Adams. The dying Jefferson requested Madison: "Remember me when I am gone;"—a request which has been faithfully obeyed by millions. John Adams's dying words, "Thomas Jefferson still lives," have

proved prophetic. Sixty-six years ago, Abraham Lincoln, acknowledging an invitation from Boston "to attend a festival in honor of the birthday of Thomas Jefferson," expressed an opinion which has long been public opinion in America:

> The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them "glittering generalities". Another bluntly calls them "self-evident lies". And others insidiously argue that they apply to "superior races". These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect —the supplanting the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them or they will subjugate us. This is a world of compensation; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast, and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression.

Again, in his First Inaugural, Lincoln, referring to an opinion of Adams, declared that, in legal contemplation, "The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the 'Articles of Association' in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence, in 1776;"—a doctrine advanced by John Adams, in his special message to the Senate on the death of Washington, in 1799: a doctrine of which, if Adams was not the parent, he was an early, possibly the first, disciple.

The little that is popularly known of Adams is derived, chiefly, from Webster's commemorative oration on Adams and Jefferson, and this little is from that passage purporting to be Adams's defense of the Declaration at a moment when its adoption was uncertain. This speech, preserved for generations in school-readers, was wholly imaginary with Webster. The entire passage is not only a fine but a rare illustration of that power of which Macaulay, writing of *Pilgrim's Progress*, remarks that "It is not

easy to make a simile go on all fours," or "to make things which are not seem as if they are". This Webster had done. The imagined speech of the eloquent Adams, and the silent Jefferson, are remembered; Adams, the real John Adams, is quite forgotten. Webster's oration discloses Webster as an Adams man. No one ever accused Webster of being a Jeffersonian. Yet the great name of Daniel Webster has not been sufficient to keep the name of John Adams apace with the name of Thomas Jefferson.

Among the eminent contemporaries of Adams and Jefferson was Alexander Hamilton, classed by posterity with Adams as a "High Federalist". Of the same political party as Adams, Hamilton not only ruined him politically but actually made Jefferson (his political enemy and the leader of Anti-Federalism) President, a political blunder which hastened the Federalist party to its grave. Adams had no Madison to support him in life, or to remember him when dead. Madison's (and Monroe's) devotion to Jefferson and Jeffersonism (and Madison was the survivor among the "Fathers", outliving Jefferson eleven years) contributed quite beyond political calculation to enthrone the political principles of Jefferson in America.

John Adams's son, the only son of a President who has become President, was Jeffersonian rather than Federalist in politics. He was "read out" of the Federalist Party and stood politically remote from his father. Not one of John Adams's successors in the Presidency has followed in his steps, while every Democratic President since his time, and there have been ten, has adhered, or claimed to adhere, to Jeffersonian principles. Even Lincoln, who repeatedly eulogizes Jefferson, pursued a policy, through his coalition Cabinet and otherwise, which historians pronounce Jeffersonian rather than of Adams. Nor has the trend in public affairs, other than Federal, been less Jeffersonian. In every State Constitutional Convention, the spirit of Jefferson has been a dominating force. A glance at the supreme laws of American Commonwealths discloses this trend: a dependent judiciary, elected for short terms, instead of an independent judiciary appointed for life; the limitation of executive power (more pronounced during the nineteenth than in the twentieth century); the enthronement of the legislative as the voice of the popular

will (though the trend in later years is to increase inhibitions on "special legislation"); rotation in office and short terms for officials (on the Jeffersonian theory of training the greatest number of the people for official service); State sovereignty (of which more was heard before the Civil War than has been heard since). Whether in Jefferson's mind State sovereignty and nullification meant secession and disruption of the Union, is a query variously answered before and since Appomatox.

And yet, he who would understand the principles of American government will find them examined, elaborated and applied in the writings of John Adams as by no other American. Referring to events in America culminating in the adoption of the Constitution, Adams said, in his inaugural: "Employed in the service of my country during the whole course of these transactions * * * returning to the bosom of my country after a painful separation from it for ten years * * * I have repeatedly laid myself under the most serious obligations to support the Constitution." Doubtless John Adams became President because he had been Vice-President, and the Electoral College at the time reflected the public mind, though he became President by three votes. The Braintree patriot seemed to the mass of his countrymen somewhat of a foreigner. He was elected as the most available party man. Four years later, Jefferson, "the man of the people," was saying in his first inaugural (and the words are still quoted on the lips of the people), "We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists; equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none." The words caught the public ear and have held it for quite a century and a quarter; the words "entangling alliances with none" holding public attention in America like Lincoln's "One war at a time", or the popular variant in Wilson's time, "He kept us out of war", or Disraeli's words, long popular in England, on his return from the Berlin Conference, "Peace with honor".

Despite the fact that John Adams gave the casting vote as Vice-President seventeen times, deciding most important issues; despite his services as President and his larger services as Minister abroad; despite his defense of the Declaration of Independence,

and his nomination of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American army; despite his many nationally beneficent initiatives in the old Congress, among which was his motion that the Colonies transform themselves into States, he was never like Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, "a man of the people", a popular man in America. No one quotes him (save from Webster's imaginary speech); the few anecdotes relating to him hand down somewhat unpleasant memories of a vain and tactless man. And yet Europe first learned of the United States by reading Adams's little book on *The American Constitutions*. And many a European magnate knew that in Adams he saw "the Atlas of American Independence". Indeed, Adams's consistency is the opportunity of panegyrists. With Adams, Puritanism spelled patriotism. Seldom is there so obviously a logical sequence in a man's career; nor was that career ever obscure. He holds first place in high transactions, and among them, transactions of international character. No place he held ever surpassed his ambition or strained his powers. And his critics say that his ambition was never like the Greek actor, behind a mask. He had full faith in principles, not in men,—whence the famous line in the Constitution of Massachusetts (which he wrote): "To the end it may be a government of laws and not of men."

This "end" or purpose of government is the foundation on which rest all the constitutional decisions of John Marshall; and yet Marshall, Adams's Secretary of State, and by Adams appointed Chief Justice of the United States, never cites Adams, though he cites *The Federalist*—the numbers written by Hamilton. Indeed, Hamilton lives in the decisions of Marshall.

History dwells on two events of Adams's Administration: the Alien and Sedition Acts, and the appointment of Marshall as Chief Justice of the United States. Adams was wont to speak of his appointment of Marshall as the greatest act of his Administration. Were the history of the United States cast into classic, epic or dramatic form, the play, running over the first quarter of the nineteenth century, would have two leading parts, two protagonists, Jefferson and Marshall, cousins and political enemies. The immortality of Marshall undoubtedly has helped keep the name of John Adams alive. Jefferson while Vice-President with

Adams had nothing in common with him; and while President, and to his dying day, nothing in common with Marshall. Nor can posterity avoid the conclusion that had all Federalists resigned, as Jefferson believed they should do, in obedience to the will of the people, when he became President, and had been succeeded, as Jefferson believed they should be succeeded, by Jeffersonians, the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, indeed its entire history, had been wholly different. John Marshall believed in "a government of laws and not of men"; Jefferson, in a government of men and not of laws.

No man falls in love with a law; an abstraction never causes the cheek to flush, or the heart to flutter. John Adams's "laws" have never appealed to America as have Jefferson's "men". We may admire but we do not love an inflexible man. Indeed, the popular notion as to law is like Mr. Tulliver's opinion of lawyers. Neither John Adams nor his famous son, John Quincy, won the affection of the American people. Even historical perspective has not set the two Adamses in amiability; yet the fiercest light cast upon them has not revealed a serious flaw in their characters. The public mind, today, in so far as it adjudges John Quincy Adams, thinks of him, in a vague way, as doubtless the most learned, the most accomplished of our Presidents. His father was scarcely less learned, less accomplished. And yet both men were considered as mere *interregnum* Presidents: Jefferson, the true heir to the throne in 1801; Jackson, in 1829. In brief, democracy insisted that it merely came to its own in Jefferson and Jackson; that the accession of each marked the beginning of a New Era: "the revolution of 1800", as Jefferson termed it; "the will of the people", as Jackson believed he saw in his own election in 1828.

The "principles" of Thomas Jefferson, which Lincoln praised as the "definitions and axioms of free society", are the popular "fundamentals" of a republic. The administration of these principles, in justice, are, as John Adams said of the Constitution of the United States, the result of "grinding necessity". But in the administration of these principles Adams and Jefferson differ *toto cœle*. This difference finds illustration at all times in all climes as the difference between the few and the many; the well-

born and the ill-born; the wise and the foolish; the rich and the poor, or (to use Lincoln's words) "supplanting the principles of free government and restoring those of classification, caste, and legitimacy". Or, shall we accept Monroe's panacea for the ills of government, that he only is a good Federalist who is a good Democrat? Thus between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson there was, politically, a bridgeless gulf: the chasm between "laws" and the inconstancy, the changeableness of "men"; the difference between Whig and Tory; between Conservative and Liberal. Jefferson would say, with Burns, "A man's a man for a' that", but Adams would add, "if he is qualified by law".

Jefferson is often credited as the first American who advocated instruction in the sciences, as when he founded the University of Virginia. Yet, John Adams, forty years earlier, had written in the Constitution of Massachusetts:

> Wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused generally among the body of the people, being necessary for the preservation of their rights and liberties; and as these depend on spreading the opportunities and advantages of education in the various parts of the country, and among the different orders of the people, it shall be the duty of legislatures and magistrates, in all future periods of this Commonwealth, to cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them; especially the university at Cambridge, public schools and grammar schools in the towns; to encourage private societies and public institutions for the promotion of agriculture, arts, sciences, commerce, trades manufactures, and a natural history of the country; to countenance and inculcate the principles of humanity and general benevolence, public and private charity, industry and frugality, honesty and punctuality in their dealings; sincerity, good humor, and all social affections, and generous sentiments among the people.

Adams himself tells us that he was doubtful of the acceptance of his "sincerity, good humor, and all social affections", but that the whole passed without opposition. He makes no remark on a phrase which Jefferson would never have written and would have opposed, "education * * * among the different orders of the people", a phrase wholly inconsistent with "all men are created equal". Adams's phrase differentiates him from Jefferson as an advocate of education. Jefferson believed that as between government and newspapers he preferred newspapers. Both men

believed that the people must perish without the vision that comes with wisdom, but Adams would have us believe that the few—the superior order of the people—possess this wisdom and therefore are best fitted to govern. Adams has been called "the father of the public school" in America. Jefferson is credited as first advocating technical schools. The two men exemplify (somewhat curiously) the respective claims of classic and scientific studies: a difference of values clearly brought out in the letters passing between them the last ten years of their lives.

Adams was distinctively classical, holding to letters, Jefferson, to science; Adams to the traditional curriculum, Jefferson to courses generally considered in his day as novel, but now given by every technical school. During the last decade of their lives they agreed to differ, and not a line of their correspondence touches on politics. No reference did they make to their tenure of Presidency or Vice-Presidency, to their services in Europe or to the animosities of the past. Their yesterdays were, as Jefferson might say, *sub silentio*. Their contemporaries speak of them as patriots and Ex-Presidents.

The subject of many of Jefferson's letters is on the rise and progress of political parties in America: of "Whig" and "Tory" in Colonial days, of "Democratic-Republican" and "Federalist", in the closing years of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth century; the one favoring a strong Legislative, the other, a strong Executive. Thus his frequent criticism of Hamilton's politics, that they were "bottomed on monarchy". This preference for the "Whig" or Liberal (Democratic) party he carried to its logical conclusion: popular sovereignty by States, that is, the States the creators of the Union; hence "nullification of any act of Congress by the States the rightful remedy for federal usurpation". Historians make much of this Jeffersonian doctrine. Possibly Jefferson is best known to historians as the author of the Declaration of Independence and of the doctrine of Nullification. He repeatedly denies the right of judicial supremacy which (he declares) John Marshall and the Supreme Court assumed. Adams has left no record that he saw in the Supreme Court of the United States that power which has distinguished it since the accession of Marshall; neither is there a line from Adams

that he did not believe in Marshall's interpretation of the Constitution. Neither Chief Justice Jay nor Chief Justice Ellsworth saw in the Court what Marshall saw, and Jay resigned the Chief Justiceship because (as he asserted) of the intrinsic weakness of the Court. In Jefferson's opinion the opinion of a majority of the State Legislatures on any constitutional question was the true construction of the Constitution. Therefore he looked upon the decisions of the Court interpreting the Constitution as mere *dicta* of John Marshall; and Marshall survived Jefferson ten years.

Andrew Jackson, a somewhat paradoxical Jeffersonian, flatly refused to execute some of the decrees of the Court, holding to the opinion (which he expressed in 1832, in a message to Congress) that "The Congress, the Executive, and the Court must each for itself be guided by its own opinion of the Constitution. Each public officer who takes an oath to support the Constitution swears that he will support it as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others. It is as much the duty of the House of Representatives, of the Senate, and of the President to decide upon the constitutionality of any bill or resolution which may be presented to them for passage or approval as it is of the supreme judges when it may be brought before them for judicial decision. The opinion of the judges has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of Congress has over the judges, and on that point the President is independent of both." There is no direct evidence that Jefferson held Jackson's opinion of the Court; but as Jefferson considered the Constitution as little more than a statute, as he was the political father of the doctrine of Nullification, the conclusion has been drawn that Jackson's opinion was the logical conclusion deducible from Jefferson's. There is no direct evidence in the writings of John Adams that he held the doctrine of federal judicial supremacy, but by a parity of reasoning, as concerning Jefferson's opinion, that doctrine is logically deducible from Adams's writings. It is believed that Marshall's opinions concerning the Constitution express John Adams's convictions.

The distinctive difference between the theories of government held by Adams and Jefferson may be stated as the difference between government by the few for the many, and government by

the many for the many. That Jefferson was an opportunist the purchase of the Louisiana Country shows. That Adams was a legalist is indicated by his signature to the Alien and Sedition laws—laws which Jefferson successfully combated as violative of "the rights of man". And by "the rights of man" he particularly referred to the Bills of Rights, expressed or implied in every American constitution and familiar to Jefferson not merely as the work of Somers but peculiarly of George Mason, the Virginian, of Gunston Hall. As to the meaning and spirit of the Alien and Sedition acts, every federal administration since Jefferson has been Jeffersonian.

Like Washington, John Adams believed that "influence is not government"; whence the military trend in Federalism, its notion of a "strong" government. Jefferson believed in popular government, even weak, if only popular. Both Jackson and Cleveland (Jeffersonians by profession) were disciples of Washington and Adams: the one at Charleston, in the days of Nullification; the other, at Chicago, at the time of the railroad strike; and doubtless their action has done more than any other of their administrations to perpetuate their memory. Jefferson, at the time of his election, compares the Government to a spent clock, "running down". Were John Adams to make such a comparison, he would give the clock perpetual motion. John Marshall, echoing Hamilton, ever emphasizes the fact that "the whole is greater than the part". Jefferson ever emphasizes the fact of individual rights, rights which must not be invaded by the community. Nevertheless, in America, the trend is to eliminate the individual and to exalt the community. Jefferson never philosophizes on "social rights". He would have us believe that when individual rights are realized, social rights are realized. He would have slight respect for current teachings of so-called "economics". The Eleventh Amendment, denying to the United States jurisdiction in any suit in law or equity brought by an individual against a State, is fundamentally Jeffersonian and was a sign, at the time of its adoption (1798)—and it was in John Adams's administration—of the impending political "revolution", quite at the outbreak. Reduced to final political fact, all Jefferson's political ideas enthrone the individual, whence their

popularity. Strip these ideas of their real significance, and Jeffersonianism becomes mere vulgar political party opposition.

Neither Adams nor Jefferson was a military man, though each became, as President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States—a lodgement of power which, as President Hayes once said, in the hands of a Napoleon would wreck our republican institutions. Jefferson believed that America should remain agricultural, the producer of raw material for European manufacture. To him the ideal citizen is a farmer; the ideal trade, free trade; a protective tariff, like a national debt,—advocated by Hamilton,—a curse to the country. One of his favorite rules was "Pay as you go". He would preclude America to manufacturing; factories and factory-folk to him a foundation of sand for a free State. Adams made no pronounced advocacy for manufactures, but accepted and applied Hamilton's economic theories. Jefferson's industrial theories were strictly in keeping with his devotion to the theories of the physiocrats who taught the "grand doctrine" of "return to nature". This "naturalistic" bent in Jefferson has no parallel in Adams; it made Jefferson what Huxley would call an "agnostic".

Contrasting Adams and Jefferson in the large, politically, Adams would have the wise few safeguard the foolish many, the rich give employment to the poor (rich and poor being of a different "order" of men); Jefferson would have the individual, whether wise or rich, foolish or poor, govern himself, pursue his own essential interests, trusting to the ultimate supremacy of a sane, general average. Whether Jefferson fully believed in the individual equality of men, he proclaimed the equality ideal in one of the "glittering generalities" (as Rufus Choate described it) of the Declaration of Independence. There is no positive proof that he considered a slave as more than three-fifths person. Deploring slavery, he remained an owner of slaves all his life. Yet John Adams, on the floor of the old Congress, when the Articles of Confederation were under discussion, declared that the mechanics of the North were comparable to the slaves of the South. Doubtless had African slavery existed in Massachusetts, the sage of Braintree would have worked his farm by slaves. It should be remembered, however, that the slavery question did

not become a national issue until the Missouri Compromise (1820) and then rang out, sudden and unexpected "as a fire-bell at night" (to use Jefferson's words, spoken at the time); and this was five years before the death of the two patriots.

Their Ministries abroad, both in France, Adams in Holland and England, made them both intense Nationalists; even as evidenced at the time of the Monroe Doctrine when Jefferson wrote Monroe that America has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe. There is no evidence that either statesman would have advocated America's joining the League of Nations. To both, as to Washington, such a conjunction would prove an "entangling alliance". In their day international relations scarcely went further than as set forth by treaties, and the United States, as late as the day on which Adams and Jefferson died, had made only thirty-three treaties, though it has since made more than ten times that number. True, the Constitution recognizes international law (the first such recognition in history), but in the days of Adams and Jefferson the people of the United States were not, as today, related to the people of other continents by commerce, art, science, education, religion, literature, travel and thought. Nor Adams, nor Jefferson, nor any other man in their day, seems to have thought in terms of all mankind.

The extreme age these statesmen reached—Adams ninety years, Jefferson eighty-two—has been interpreted as indicative of temperamental poise of a high order. Few men live busier lives than those who participate in great events, and eminent statesmen, in all periods of time, have lived far beyond the Psalmist's limit of years. And aged statesmen may be said never to give a hint of senility. Thus the correspondence between Adams and Jefferson when both were aged men remains a chapter in the history of philosophy, as well as proof of the vigor of their minds. In these men was realized Wordsworth's "philosophic calm". Optimists to the end, neither sought to reform the world. Jefferson believed that his political system was as natural as the law of gravitation; Adams nowhere hints that mankind would go to the dogs unless his political notions prevailed. Old age softens the asperities of life and the public memory of these men today is of two aged patriots, not of two mutually hostile politicians.

It is true that Jefferson built a sawmill on top of a hill, seemingly forgetful of the lack of water power, or of the waste of labor in hauling logs to the mill. It is true that John Adams left Washington in wrath, refusing to participate in the inauguration of his successor, Jefferson. It is true that Adams advocated a strong navy and that Jefferson pursued a ridiculous "gunboat" policy. Research always reveals human weaknesses, but the world adjudges a man according to his contribution to civilization, not according to his defects, his errors, his negative virtues. Adams gave America its great Chief Justice and Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence: and here the world rests the case.

From the day Adams left the White House till his death, a quarter of a century later, he lived isolated, aloof from men, his only public service the presidency of the Constitutional Convention of his native State, in 1820. Jefferson, on the contrary, from the day of his retirement from the Presidency, in 1809, till his death, was neighbor to all Americans, was building up a great political party, writing, ceaselessly writing to all sorts and conditions of men, at home and abroad, teaching democracy. Adams died an Ex-President; Jefferson, not only an Ex-President but a living, a perpetual force in American politics.

No man, today, testing John Adams by his political principles, can disprove his devotion to American nationality, neutrality, sovereignty, primacy in trade and commerce, "a government of laws and not of men". When, twenty years after his Presidency of the United States, the venerable man was called to the presidency of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, the principal issue before it was the basis of representation, whether of property or persons. Daniel Webster in his great speech before the Convention, a speech which, a week later, he delivered, quite word for word, as the well-known "Plymouth Oration", declared almost in the opening words that the basis of government is property. The entire career of Adams confirms Webster's assertion. Thomas Jefferson was not chosen President, in 1800, because Adams so believed, but because he represented a state of mind of America which Adams and the Federal party never represented.

In his oration on "Adams and Jefferson", Webster eulogizes Adams and speaks with political politeness of Jefferson. Webster

was himself the last eminent Federalist. His great colleagues and rivals, Calhoun and Clay, were not disciples of Adams. Clay was a compromiser, Calhoun out-Jeffersoned Jefferson. In 1850, that critical date in American history, when Webster and Clay and Calhoun were the second Triumvirate as Jefferson, Madison and Monroe were the first, so greatly had the American mind changed that had John Adams been mentioned, he had been spoken of merely as one of our early Presidents.

A critical examination of the evidence shows that despite Adams's political principles, he was forsaken by his party and its leaders on personal grounds, as a tactless, obstinate man, facing the blast but never bowing before the wind. Firm in his convictions, he would not pay the price of popularity, even at the cost of reëlection to the Presidency. Jefferson's description of the office as "a splendid misery" would never have been made by Adams. Indeed there is much evidence that Jefferson rated the Presidential office far below political leadership and the founding and organizing of a powerful political party. There is inferential evidence that Adams made precisely a contrary rating. Since the French Revolution, during the early days of which Jefferson was American Minister in Paris, his political ideas have moved forward steadily and triumphantly in Europe. His famous letter on the incapacity of kings and royal families generally was an early epitaph on monarchy. Within recent years his ideas have made yet greater strides. It was Cavour who said, nearly three generations ago, "Society is marching with long strides toward democracy. * * * * Is it a good? Is it an evil? I know little enough; but it is, in my opinion, the inevitable future of humanity". Whether or not we like the Jeffersonian trend in government, the Jeffersonian trend is on. No sane man, with the evidence before him, can justly accuse John Adams of lack of statesmanship, or that he failed to follow in the footsteps of Washington, as far as he could follow them. It was the man, Adams, not the statesmanship, that lost. In Jefferson it is the man and the statesmanship which have won.

FRANCIS N. THORPE.

THE FIRST PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS

BY CARLOS E. CASTAÑEDA

On June 22, 1926, the Republic of Panama and the Pan-American Union, representing the twenty-one republics of North and South America, will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the First Pan-American Congress held in Panama. Though only four countries, Colombia, Central America, Mexico and Peru, were represented at this meeting and nothing was accomplished, the treaties, conventions, and agreements adopted not having been ratified by any of the nations represented except Colombia, nevertheless this was the first attempt to bring together all the countries of America to establish a basis for a better understanding between them and to strengthen their common ties of interest and friendship. As an eminent historian has said: "It showed the desire to avoid the evils which might arise out of the intercourse of these new States with the Great Powers, the desire to extinguish the germs of civil discord, to kill the spirit of revolt, to establish peaceful methods for the settlements of all disputes, and to make the new States, as far as possible, powerful, capable of all progress and aggrandizement, and equal, not formally and on paper, but actually and practically, to the great nations of the world." This was, undoubtedly, the idea of the man who issued the call for the meeting, Simón Bolívar. With that keen perception that characterized his famous prophesies regarding political strife and social problems, he saw and felt deeply the need for an organization of the new republics; and, in his vivid imagination, the idea immediately took form and shape. Today, after one hundred years of varying success and slow but certain progress, his dream has at last become a reality, and the union of the American republics is the greatest guarantee of peace and good will in the New World.

In 1826, Spanish America, that vast empire of Spain that stretched from the western boundary of the Louisiana Purchase

to the Strait of Magellan, had just shaken the yoke of tyranny and become practically independent of the mother country. The new States, carved out of this immense territory, were struggling to readjust themselves to new conditions, and the liberty which they had at last attained was like a dangerous plaything to which they had not yet become accustomed. The tyranny of Spain was being replaced by the petty and more galling tyranny of local leaders and demigods who sprang up everywhere. With no other political experience than that gained in the local government of the town councils, the leaders found themselves like sailors suddenly placed in charge of a ship upon a stormy sea of internal strife, personal ambitions, and political inexperience. The political ideas of the French Revolution had created a ferment among the members of the creole class who were the educated few, while the success of the United States stood before their eyes as a shining example of what a free democracy could accomplish. But the great masses of the people were ignorant, indifferent, and incapable of governing themselves. The moment was a critical one. It was then that Bolívar, the great Liberator of South America, the impulsive leader and dreamer whom "defeat made more terrible" in the dark days of the revolt against Spain, foresaw the advantages of a union of all the infant States in the new world. Thus collectively they could all the better withstand foreign aggression and individually they could all the better help each other, preventing disagreements and disputes that would necessarily prove disastrous in the first years of their independence.

As early as 1822, Bolívar addressed the Governments of Colombia, Mexico, Peru, and Buenos Aires, and invited them to send delegates to a congress of plenipotentiaries "that should act as a council in great conflicts, to be appealed to in case of common danger, and be a faithful interpreter, in short, of all differences." His proposal was answered only by Mexico and Peru. Undaunted, he persisted with his idea, and in 1824 he again addressed all the Governments of the newly created States in Spanish America, urging them to delay no longer, for the "movement of the world hurries everything on, and may accelerate to our harm." He felt keenly, painfully, the fundamental impor-

tance of such a Congress in promoting peace and good will in America. "The day our plenipotentiaries make the exchange of their powers will stamp in the diplomatic history of the world an immortal epoch."

The response to the appeal for a Congress of plenipotentiaries, representing the States of the New World, was slow. The various countries of Spanish America were busily engaged at this time in regulating the more pressing questions of internal affairs, and the result was that two years elapsed before the Congress actually met. Only four countries were represented, although seven had replied favorably, among them the United States.

Unfortunately the delegates of the United States, Mr. Richard G. Anderson and Mr. John Sergeant, arrived too late in Panama to participate in the Congress. The bitter opposition of the House and the Senate to the appointment of delegates had delayed action and aroused suspicion as to the private ambitions of Bolívar, who was openly accused of trying to form a confederacy of all the States that had been created from the former Spanish colonies and of making himself its supreme ruler.

Were any of these charges true? Nothing was further from the dreams of the Liberator who repeatedly had asserted that a confederacy of all the new States was impossible and unwise, that the different Spanish colonies, though having many points in common, were fundamentally distinct entities in themselves, and that each should form an independent government suited to its particular needs. As a matter of fact, at this time he already foresaw the inevitable falling away of the union of Colombia, Venezuela, and Peru, all three of which constituted Greater Colombia. This State was the cherished child of the ardent imagination of the Liberator, but it was formally dissolved in 1830. In his private letters, in his invitation to the Congress, in his public addresses, and in his instructions to the delegates of Peru, there is absolutely no evidence that he had any ulterior motives in calling the first Pan-American Congress, or that he desired to make himself the supreme ruler of Spanish America.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that Bolívar's idea was not to form a Pan-American Union in our modern sense, but rather a Spanish American Union that should include only the

States created out of the former Spanish colonies. In his invitation he did not include the United States. It was the Ministers of Mexico and Colombia that extended an invitation to this country.

Why did Bolívar exclude the United States from the great Pan-American Congress of the Isthmus? Did he have any animosity against them? The chief reason is found plainly stated in the second clause of his two expressed purposes of the Congress: "The establishment of certain fixed principles for securing the preservation of peace between the nations of America, and the *concurrence of all those nations to defend their common cause, each one contributing thereto upon the basis of its population.*" Naturally, he felt that the Spanish colonies had a common enemy, Spain, and that it was vital for them to band themselves together for collective action should danger threaten them from that quarter. At this time Spain had not given up all hopes of reconquering her lost territory. She still held absolute sway in Cuba and Porto Rico, and from these strategic positions she could strike at any point along the coast from Mexico to Venezuela. It is not strange, therefore, that Bolívar should have realized fully this danger, nor that in his private instructions to the delegates of Peru he should have specifically urged them to seek concerted action at the Congress to oust Spain from her menacing position. He likewise realized that the United States did not have, nor could she feel, the same interest in this enterprise which particularly affected the Spanish American countries.

Furthermore, in 1823, Monroe had, in his message to Congress, expressed the Doctrine which today bears his name, and which has exercised such a transcendent influence on the policy of the United States toward her southern neighbors. That Doctrine, so often misquoted and so generally misunderstood even in our day, did not make the new States of Spanish America a party to it. This country has steadily maintained that it is a domestic policy. Ever since its announcement, therefore, it has been looked upon with distrust by the small nations to the south of us. It was but natural that Bolívar should have thought of a similar policy to be announced collectively by all the nations of Spanish America. That such was his intention is plainly evidenced in his instruc-

tions to the delegation from Peru, in which he expressly states, under Article XIII:

> You shall see that the proclamation, which under Article 7 of these instructions must be issued and published by the Great Congress of the Isthmus, contains such an energetic and efficient declaration as that made by the President of the United States of America in his message to Congress of last year in regard to the necessity for the European Powers of abandoning all ideas of further colonization on this continent, and in opposition to the principle of intervention in our domestic affairs.

This statement leaves no doubt that he realized the importance of concerted and determined action on the part of the new States in asserting their independence and the right to govern themselves without intervention from foreign Powers.

The opposition in Congress to the appointment of delegates to the Pan-American Congress on the Isthmus was not an indication of disfavor on the part of the Administration, for the facts are that both the Secretary of State and the President were anxious to send representatives. When the invitation was tendered to the Secretary of State, Mr. Henry Clay, he enthusiastically declared himself in favor of the plan, and he was seconded in his enthusiasm by the President. But when the matter was presented to Congress, it met with decided opposition. After much discussion in the House, it was finally agreed to send two delegates, but the appointments had to be ratified by the Senate. When the ratification came up, the question that delayed action was the last clause of Bolívar's announcement, "the concurrence of all those nations to defend their common cause, each one contributing upon the basis of its population." This clause aroused the greatest opposition, and the memorable words of Washington concerning "foreign entanglements" resounded again within the Senate chamber even as they did not long ago. But in addition to this question there was another one that was at this time already becoming prominent in this country, the question of slavery. The fact that the Spanish American States had uniformly declared against slavery as an institution combined further to delay the appointment of delegates. When the Great Congress of the Isthmus, as Bolívar styled it, met on the 22nd of June, the American delegates had not arrived.

Four nations—Colombia, Central America, Peru, and Mexico —were represented when the General Assembly of the American Republics met. Between June 22 and July 15 the Assembly held ten meetings and drafted one treaty of union, two agreements, and two conventions, all of which were to be submitted to the respective Governments represented for ratification. None of the States ratified any of the documents, except Colombia, and the Congress may be said to have been a failure. Nevertheless, it established a precedent and made subsequent conferences easier.

Mexico was very anxious for another Congress to carry out the work begun at Panama, and issued repeated invitations in 1831, 1838, 1839, and 1840, but to no avail. In 1847, Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, New Granada, and Peru, held a Congress at Lima, and drafted several treaties and conventions, but these were not ratified by the Governments represented, and the attempt to establish a union was again a failure. This Congress was expressly a Spanish American conference, and the United States was not invited. Again in 1856, and later in 1864, attempts were made to hold a Spanish American conference without inviting this country, but both attempts failed. It was not until after the French intervention in Mexico in 1865–66 that the Spanish American countries were brought to realize the true significance of the friendship of the United States. As soon as the Civil War closed, the American Government notified the French that the pursuance of their enterprise in Mexico would be looked upon with disfavor. The American note had its immediate effect. Maximilian, deprived of help, soon fell.

Similar services were rendered by this country in 1870, when through the good offices of the Secretary of State the war between Spain on one side and Peru, Chile, and Ecuador on the other was practically terminated. Nevertheless, the various States of Spanish America still seemed to feel that a union including the United States was not plausible nor advisable, for they considered that the Spanish States were bound by close ties of blood, tradition, and customs to which their neighbor to the north was not a party.

In May, 1888, the Congress of the United States passed an act authorizing the President to invite the republics of Mexico,

Central America, South America, Haiti, Santo Domingo, and the empire of Brazil to meet in a conference at Washington on October 2, 1889. This conference was "to discuss the adoption of a customs union, the improvement of the means of communication between the various countries, uniform customs regulations, a uniform system of weights and measures, laws for the protection of patents and copyrights, extradition, the adoption of a common silver coin, and the formulation of a definite plan for the arbitration of international disputes of every character". The only tangible result of this ambitious First International Conference of American States was the establishment of the Bureau of American Republics in Washington, which was to publish a monthly bulletin in English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, giving official and timely information concerning the commercial conditions and opportunities in the various countries. But this unpretentious Bureau became the forerunner of the present Pan-American Union.

The Second International American Conference was held in the City of Mexico in 1901–1902. It was arranged at this Conference for the States of Latin America to become parties to the Hague Convention of 1899 for the pacific settlement of international disputes. A treaty for the compulsory arbitration of pecuniary claims was adopted and signed by the delegates of seventeen States, including the United States of America. The first article of this treaty read: "The High Contracting Parties agree to submit to arbitration all claims for pecuniary loss or damage which may be presented by their respective citizens, and which cannot be amicably adjusted through diplomatic channels and when said claims are of sufficient importance to warrant the expense of arbitration."

In 1906 the Third International Conference of American States was held in Rio de Janeiro. At this Conference the pecuniary claims convention drafted at the previous meeting was extended for a period of five years, and a recommendation was made to the Governments represented to invite the Second Hague Conference, which had been called for 1907, "to examine the question of the compulsory collection of public debts, and, in general, means tending to diminish between nations conflicts having an exclusive

pecuniary origin." It was at the time of this Conference that Secretary Root made his famous series of addresses in South America that gave a new impetus to Pan Americanism and strengthened the bonds of friendship and good feeling between this country and the South American States.

The Fourth International Conference met in Buenos Aires in 1910. More important than the previous conferences, it enlarged the scope of the organization and changed the name to Pan-American Union. Treaties relating to patents, trade-marks, and copyrights were drafted, and the pecuniary claims convention was again extended for an indefinite period of time. The chief executive officer of the Union was made Director-General, and the Secretary was made Assistant Director and Secretary of the Governing Board. The present organization, therefore, may be said to date from this Conference. The dream of the visionary author of the Pan-American Union has at last become a reality. Under its auspices there have been held a number of International Conferences such as the two Pan-American Congresses, the two Pan-American Financial Conferences, the Pan-American Congress of Uniformity of Specifications, and the recent Pan-American Congress of Journalists.

In the last report made by the Director-General in 1923, he gives a detailed account of the activities and work carried on by the Union under its present organization. He classifies them under five heads: publications, the establishment of closer cultural ties between the republics of the American continent, the maintenance of a Bureau of Education, a Bureau of Commerce, and a Bureau of International Sanitation; and a Department of Statistics. Under each one of these heads multiple and various activities are being undertaken, all of which are tending to strengthen friendship and good will among the different republics of America, and to establish a better understanding among the peoples of the various countries.

All the Governments of the New World will join to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the First Pan-American Congress at Panama, out of which the present Pan-American Union developed.

CARLOS E. CASTAÑEDA.

PRUSSIANIZING AMERICA

BY SHAW DESMOND

"THESE United States" have become the battleground of two principles, each struggling for mastery in a silent, tense struggle which, by the mass of the American people, is almost unnoticed. Yet, upon the issue of this struggle turns the future of America.

In five visits, some of them as long as six months, and over one hundred thousand miles of traveling, I have watched this struggle—for it is always the outsider who sees the most of the game. It is the struggle between "standardization" and "individualism", between "Prussianism" and "Americanism". By "standardization" I mean, generally, anything that tends to make the Man subservient to the Machine.

Behind the American Machine-Mind stand the heavenly twins worshipped by the mass of the American people. They are "System" and "Service". Their gospel is the gospel of "Efficiency". Now, much can be said for the Machine, when it is controlled. But in the United States there is a steadily increasing tendency for the Machine to control the Man. It may even be said of to-day's America that it is a country where the Man serves the Machine instead of the Machine serving the Man.

In the business office; in the factory; in the hotel, there is a stealthy tendency to stamp everything and everybody with the same stamp; to "control"; to limit individual initiative; in a word, to hobble intelligence—all in the name of "efficiency". It is the superimposition of the "superior" intelligence upon the supposedly "inferior" by over-organization, and the result often is the "putting of square pegs into round holes."

It is the contention of this admirer of the American people's vitality and humanness, that this standardization is a brake upon the intelligence and spirit of the American citizen which is costing the United States at least twenty-five per cent. of its potential; that it purchases a temporary machine-efficiency at the price of

essential success and healthy individualist thought; and that, unless checked, it means that these United States are riding for a fall. I will go further. I claim that standardization upon the present excessive lines in America is often a time-waster as well as an energy- and intelligence-waster. I claim that it is efficient only in a narrow and dangerous sense. And I claim, finally, that in these nervous, dangerous days, when personal initiative and quick thinking alone can accommodate itself to the kaleidoscopic changes in modern life and industry, standardization and the machine-mind mean ultimate disintegration and disaster.

Let us examine as dispassionately as possible the case for standardization.

The case for it, in business, and, to a degree, in education, is that it reduces "overhead", that it reduces costs by making the parts of machines interchangeable, that it makes the "superior" brains at the top effective throughout the organization, and that, in a word, it makes for smoothness of working and therefore for efficiency. It is claimed by the men who lead American industry that iron discipline, alone, working through unquestioning obedience down to the tiniest cog in the industrial machine, can reduce costs of production to a point that gives America a chance to hold her own in the world markets. The educator, and even the social reformer, are now beginning to make the same claims.

An associate of the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan who, with that financial phenomenon, helped to steer America through her banking crisis in 1907, said to me as we stepped into our lift in a Wall Street office: "You see that man there?"—he pointed as he spoke to a department head—"That man once ran this lift. He has reached his present position because he did what he was told to do without question or criticism. In the modern army of business, we don't want the non-coms. doing the thinking. The men at the head do that." It never seemed to occur to my friend, himself a man of much vigor of thought, that a persistence in this policy must ultimately lead to the Marxian "slave-state," in which the official and "expert" would be supreme and in which the wheels, under the clammy hand of the Bureaucrat, would cease to turn. For the New Prussianism must lead ultimately to the very thing it professes to hate—to Bureaucratic Socialism.

And it will be noticed that the standardizer invariably looks at all questions, social and industrial, through the myopic glasses of "costs." "Reduce costs," he says, "at all cost!" I shall hope to show that the price he pays is heavy. I shall even hope to show that, given a lengthy period of mechanical standardization, that driving power of human intelligence and individual thinking which is the driving force of all life on the planet must necessarily become so atrophied through lack of use that, ultimately, a poverty of invention and foresight must send up the costs of production themselves.

Brain, both in quality and quantity, must always tell in the long run. *Cæteris paribus*, the country that develops its thinkers throughout the rank and file as well as among the leaders must always have a pull over opponents who fail to do the same, whether in the fight for the markets or in the fight for intellectual and artistic supremacy.

Now, I do not deny that, *in the beginning*, mechanical standardization of man and machine must and does bring its "successes". It was the standardizing of the Prussian machine during the Great War which made it possible, as Major-General Robert Lee Bullard, Commander of the Second American Army in France, declared, for "the German soldier to equal three Allied soldiers" in efficiency. "The German soldier was so full of discipline that he put out three enemies before he himself became a casualty."

But it was this very standardizing that left the German people helpless after the War, when, their gods dethroned, they found themselves flung back upon their own resources and initiative. "We are like a flock of sheep with the sheep-dog away," said one of their leaders, in despair in those first troublous days, "for Prussian standardization has destroyed our power to think, as a people." And it is only because of the very real vitality and capacity of the German, long submerged by mechanistic thinking, that he has been able to make the beginnings of recovery.

I am one of those who believe that American standardization has already reached the second stage—that of the beginnings of inefficiency through atrophy of the individual initiative. If it be claimed that America is the richest country in the world and that, compared with individualistic England, she is more than able to

hold her own, the reply seems simple. One of the half dozen bankers who stand behind America's finance said to me: "We dominate the world of business not so much because of our own real efficiency as because, first, of our boundless raw materials, scarcely tapped, and, secondly, because of the inefficiency of our competitors, including England. *The Englishman often does in two hours what it takes us three or four to do, only he is lazy and he does not concentrate, which lets us in.*"

"Our 'system' is constantly falling over itself," said the head of a national Department to me at Washington. Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, who had charge of American industries during the war, told me that he was astonished, when he took over, to find how services were duplicated, from transport downward, and this under a supposedly water-tight, standardized "system". An ex-American Ambassador to Europe admitted to me that "standardization often resulted in the American chasing his own tail". But, despite individual pronouncements, America as a whole bows down to the "system", and great is its name! Like some of the political parties, she has fallen a hypnotized victim to a phrase, and has lost the power to see the thing *that is* as apart from the thing that *was to be.*

The essential weakness of universal standardization is that *if any tiny cog in the machine breaks down, the whole machine comes to a standstill.* Standardization always means crystallization. The standardized mind is inelastic, it cannot allow for unaccustomed strains. In a final sense, it is inefficient.

Let us see how this applies to the ordinary concerns of everyday life in the United States, as it comes to an outsider.

In one of the best hotels, I am awakened out of a sound sleep at 7.30 A. M. by a "bell-hop" who presents me the morning paper "with the management's compliments". It is "the system", and a costly one, for the "bell-hop" waits for and gets a tip that is five times the cost of the paper; and I lose my sleep.

On Christmas Day, a subway official at Thirty-fourth Street, when I ask for a train for One Hundred and Forty-second Street, says as mechanically as a gramophone, "Straight ahead." He, standardized to a hair, does not tell me that "straight ahead" will bring me to a "local", not an "express" train. Result, I am

about three-quarters of an hour instead of twenty-five minutes in the train, and so miss an appointment. But I see staring me in the face in the car a notice: "WE KNOW HOW TO SERVE YOU." If they do, they don't tell!

In the first class hotel where I frequently stay in New York, and where I am known to every employee, I am telephoned by a lady to the effect that for the previous three hours she had been trying to find me as she had been told by my hotel that "they don't know me and I am not staying at the hotel". She telephones half a dozen other hotels to find me, but finally, in despair, comes back to my hotel, when they at once say they know me very well indeed! The explanation may be a mistake in the index file, or a careless, rushed operator. I do not know, as I have rarely been able to find out "why the system breaks down". I only know that, to the standardized employee, "not on the index" means "not known and not in the hotel", even though the employee, as in one case, has just seen you asking for your letters! "He couldn't be, technically, in the hotel," said this young lady; "he was not under the correct letter in the index."

Still in the same twenty-four hours, I find that a letter from Europe enclosing some important and urgent matter, which has been re-forwarded to me at my hotel from another building, to which it was addressed, has disappeared. I go to the post office and set half a dozen inquirers at work, only to discover after two days that the clerk who posted the letter to me did not trouble to put it in the mail box but left it on top at the mercy of any stray passer-by in one of the busiest buildings in Broadway. One of the reasons, perhaps, why according to the post office authorities "six million letters were returned to the Dead Letter Office in 1925 due to the carelessness of the American people." When I complain about this, I am told that "everybody does it", because the standardized mind follows like a sheep what "everybody else does". And, indeed, I have seen lying on the pavement around the mail-box in Madison Avenue near the Grand Central Station, at Christmas time, some fifty odd parcels, thrown down, unwatched. "For does not everybody do it?"

And yet the very men who have introduced this mechanized system into America will complain to me bitterly that "it is

almost impossible to get men with brains and initiative to make heads of departments". Which is very like the Western emergency trolleyman, just fresh from Galway, who disconnected the conducting overhead rod "so as to save the electricity", and then wondered why the trolley car did not go! The Prussians of America are disconnecting the conducting rod.

The over-organization and hobbling of individual thought which is the essential of to-day's standardization is, I contend, a tremendous time-waster. It has seemed, even to the admiring outsider, as though in the United States everybody is engaged in telling everybody else "where they get off" and so fail to get off themselves. The very condition of all human existence is a certain amount of elasticity, and it is just that elasticity that standardized organization destroys.

A bank which I use when in New York for temporary disbursements offers an unfortunate but excellent example of this time-wasting by over-organization. In London, my drawing account bankbook is kept automatically up to date by the bank and always shows the exact balance without any trouble from my side. But in America, I am forced by a most elaborate system to keep my own current account for every check I draw, bringing down the balance each time, and, in addition, as though to infuriate and exacerbate, each month I receive a yellow slip with a big account attached, which I am asked "to sign and return at once to the bank" as approving the balance they show! Of course I never do it, nor do many of my friends, for there comes a point where human nature, American or European, refuses to be standardized.

If I want a check cashed in America, I must ferret out somebody who knows me and bring him with me before I can get it paid over the counter. In England, all I have to do is to get an "open" check, which can be cashed without "recognition". The two words "not negotiable," stamped across the face, are enough to prevent any check payable to me in England being paid into any account but my own. In America, I personally have to make a long endorsement to pay to the bank itself to protect myself if the check should fall into the hands of a third party, when sending by post. I am told by the polite cashiers: "It is the system." None of them even try to defend it.

The truth is that the "standardizers" work out an elaborate system behind their office fastnesses, and then seek to fit the public to the system, instead of fitting the system to the public! This will be found, I think, upon cool consideration to be a fair statement of the case.

Going to Newark, New Jersey, from the Hudson Terminal, New York, I pay ten cents to go through turnstile; another thirty-three cents on the train after passing under the Hudson River. Returning, I pay thirty-three cents for a ticket, which is taken by the "standardized" collector on the train, who doesn't tell me that if I want to go up town I must ask for a counter ticket. Result: I have to pay an extra four cents on passing the Hudson Terminal turnstile. I then discover, by accident, that I could have got a "round ticket" for forty cents. Trip costs me eighty cents instead of forty. And what a system of involution!

In conservative, un-standardized England, where I freely admit the dilettantism is often maddening, the booking clerk would have booked me a return ticket at a single inclusive fare, and had I asked for a single would probably have told me I could save about fifty per cent. by taking a return. But in America, I often find that the public servant has been so sterilized by standardization that he never volunteers information unless asked. But supposing you don't know enough to ask?

And to take another example of the annihilation of individual protest and feeling by a standardized system, what other people on earth would tolerate the smashing and crowding of the standardized New York subway except the American? I have seen sights which made one terrified for the future of American civilization under rigid "system." I have seen men and women thrust into the packed cars by men putting their backs to them! But everyone has seen it. Only the standardized mind could tolerate such a system.

If it be alleged that this standardization shows no weakening of American character or individuality, again I should be forced to disagree. Throughout the United States, I have addressed large meetings of Rotarians, Lions and Kiwanis. Everywhere, in Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Seattle, or New York, I have been struck by one outstanding fact—that of the sameness of

expression, of type, and even of the cut of clothes of my warm-hearted, well-intentioned, hospitable hosts.

I have before me as I write the group photograph of one of the International Councils which govern the second or third largest body of the "Rotarian" type in America. These gentlemen, face for face, coat for coat, and badge for badge, might have all been turned out of the same mould.

I have gathered on my recent travels the organs of various business organizations which I have addressed. Paragraph for paragraph, phrase for phrase, these publications betray the same stereotyped standardized thought, the same mechanically moral expressions, the same "Babbittry". The real menace of the Babbitt to the community is not that he is good-natured and sentimental—it is that he is stereotyped himself and that he seeks to stereotype; all quite unconscious of what he is doing.

Throughout the East, Middle West, Far West and South I have listened along thousand of miles of railways to the conversations of the standardized type of American business man. His conversation, almost invariably, consists mainly of: (1) whether the train is "on time"; (2) some deal that he has or is about to "put over"; and then (3) that reiterated "dollars, dollars, dollars," which comes like the beat of a pendulum.

His good-nature and anxiety to please and be pleased are obvious. He is packed with good intentions. He is an affectionate father and a law-abiding citizen. But he is stereotyped.

If the contention that standardization tends to destroy the power of individual thinking is accurate, then I believe we have the obvious explanation of the statement made to me by the Dean of a North-Western University where I had addressed an audience of some five thousand students upon a rather unusual subject. After I had left the platform, this gentleman, of national reputation, said to me: "How many of your audience do you think really grasped the thing behind your lecture?" To my reply that I hoped the majority had done so, he replied, sadly: "My experiences with audiences all over the United States is that not more than five per cent. really get the kernel of a lecture when it deals with anything outside their ordinary everyday life.

They like their thinking on the lines of their clothes and food—standardized."

My own experience of some hundreds of lectures from East to West and North to South is that the American people are most eager lecture-goers, especially the women, for the men comparatively rarely attend the literary or philosophic lecture. But I am bound to confess that the questions after my lectures and the criticisms often betray a curious inelasticity of mind when faced with new problems, and a still more curious conservatism. There is a "stand-patness" about certain parts of modern America when faced with an unaccustomed subject or angle of thought which has struck scores of European lecturers, as they have told me.

On the other hand, there is a living vibrant minority to be found in every thought centre of the North American continent which equals the best European standards in its welcome of new ideas as in its criticism of those ideas. But this minority, again, is the implacable foe of American standardization, is beginning to challenge the domination of the machine mind, and will yet, I am assured, make history by the attempt to divert the present stream of machine-made thinking and "control".

Perhaps the most devastating side of "the new Prussianism" in the United States, to the outsider and friendly critic, is its blank unconsciousness. Thus, in the magazine of a leading body of the "Rotarian" type we read:

> Did you ever stop to think that the Great War was after all fundamentally a Prussian war against the Teutonic idea? For this idea of free government . . . was really born in the forests of Germany. For a time it seemed to have a chance to develop there into the dominating principle of Teutonic government, but the exigencies of an age of war and the necessity for quick decision and centralized authority, and the influence if Roman imperialistic ideals soon *forced the spirit of absolutism, and the spirit of Cæsar reigned supreme in the birthplace of free government.*

The italics are my own. But might not these very words be written about much of the standardization of to-day's America? And this standardization, in its turn, has sprung largely from the very type of man who wrote the above.

A director of the telephone company which controls sixteen

million instruments in the United States, told me: "The whole tendency to-day in America is towards a control that becomes more and more absolute. This centralization of control, which, it is true, gives to the men who wield it a power undreamed of even by Cæsar or Napoleon, is in my opinion entirely justified. Frankly, we have to face the fact that it means standardization, and again standardization—but what of it if it brings success? At the same time, some of us are not blind to the fact that when the present wave of prosperity comes to an end, as it may do, in my judgment within, say, five years, there will come a reaction against this centralization. It may even be the battle of the future here in America."

Personally, the danger I see from the steady formation of the great Trusts in America is the standardization and stereotyping of individual genius which is their essential accompaniment. Anyone who has followed the remorselessly mechanical "lay-out" and control of great trusts in oil and meat must have been struck by the mechanical response and subservience of each tiny wheel in the great Trust Machine. The stereotyping of prices; the stereotyping of machine-parts; the stereotyping of the personal "service;" all this gives one furiously to think.

The effect upon *the man* is never considered by the standardizer. He thinks only of "prices and costs." He does not seek to vary his pattern and to develop beauty of line in the machine that he makes—he thinks only of "utility", that most abused of all words. For true utility also includes beauty and phantasy and imagination. The day that the gospel of utilitarianism and "cheapness" dominates the policy of the American business man will be a disastrous day for America.

Mechanical standardization has now been cranked to such a point upon the American continent that large portions of the American people are beginning to be affected by mental rickets. We all know what happens to the child who is persistently fed upon "peptonized pap". His bones become soft and rickety. "Prussianism" is in the long run just "peptonized pap".

Now if all this over-organization and standardization "got results," one might be disposed to make excuses for it. But it does not and as time goes on, with a steady decrease in the power

of independent thought, we are likely to see a steady fall in "efficiency". One may go further. If the "peptonizing" of the American people continues, it is likely that there will be little left to measure by those famous "questionnaires", themselves the last thing in standardization!

And so there rises before one the nightmare of an automatic America. Automatic, standardized, sterilized conversation. Automatic cafeteria with automatic service. Automatic "Ten Cent stores" with everything standardized to a hair. Automatic standardized humor, with the same two men hitting each other on the nose and falling down through miles of American newspapers for ever and for ever. Automatic clothes, "ready to wear" and turned out by automatons, part of the machines they tend. Automatic traffic regulation with perhaps automatic autos stopping and starting of their own accord upon automatic signal. Automatic recording machines and talking machines and writing machines. Armies of automata gradually being controlled by the Machine by which they are gradually being assimilated. Automatic Robots! A nightmare, you will say. Yes, but a nightmare that is already materializing—the nightmare of a standardized continent.

That is one side of the picture of to-day's America. Now for the other.

The writer is one of those who believe that the present standardization of man and machine is but a phase—the materialist phase that the East Indian passed through hundreds of years before the Christian Era, only to react, in despair, to a mystical Brahmanism. He believes that the future of White Civilization will ultimately rest in the hands of the United States-man, and that the United States-man, because he is young and has a virility denied to the European, will yet win through. He believes that a way will yet be found for the American to control the Machine instead of the Machine controlling the American, and so avoid that stark reaction to machineless metaphysics which marked one stage at least of the evolution of the Indian Continent.

The truth would seem to lie in the golden *via media* between over-organization and under-organization—between standardization and anarchy. The present confusion of "standardiza-

tion" with "organization" will pass, and it will one day be recognized that excessive standardization is "the easy way out" of the mechanical thinker, and that, in its place, must come a minimum of standardization accompanied by a maximum fluidity of thought.

Sooner or later, I believe that the Fathers of America will be compelled by force of the circumstances outlined above to replace centralized bureaucratic standardization and control by what one may term "a fluidic decentralization". It would seem from various phenomena on the American continent that the apex of centralized machine-control has been reached, and that the day is passing when it is possible to attempt to secure through one hundred millions of people an automatic systole and diastole to the impulse of a centralized intelligence.

The whole story of human evolution is that of the ascending spiral. To quote from my book on *Citizenship:*

> The citizen in his progress through the ages has been following the same course as a traveler who has been climbing a spiral path round and round a mountain from the base to the summit, a path with many drops in it, and many pitfalls. Such a traveler finds himself constantly returning over the same point, but on a higher level. It is the path of the ascending spiral.
>
> In other words, the citizen in his development returns again and yet again to the same principle, but with a newer and, on the whole, usually a better application of that principle.

The experiment in standardization of modern America is one that was made in a lesser degree by Imperial Rome two thousand years ago, and, in our day, in a freer and better form by Imperial England, which accounts for the greater permanence of the British Empire. America is but repeating an age-old experiment, but one which has always ultimately broken down through its disintegration of the individual will and of thought.

That she will ultimately abandon that experiment, I, for one, believe to be inevitable. She will abandon it because she will find that it leads to inefficiency; she will abandon it, if for no other reason, because underneath she has a passionate individualism and the fundamental hatred of standardization that belongs to youth.

SHAW DESMOND.

THE KU KLUX KLAN

[*In the preceding issue this* REVIEW *printed an article in support of the Ku Klux Klan, by the national head of that organization. Herewith it presents four articles in criticism of the Klan, by writers of national authority. Both the former and the latter articles were written at the same time and thus all constitute a true symposium and in no sense a debate. In pursuance of its long-established policy,* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *gives to these writers the utmost freedom of expression, leaving them alone responsible for all their statements.*—THE EDITORS]

CATHOLICS AND THE KU KLUX KLAN

BY MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J.
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RECENTLY there has arisen in our country a secret organization known as the Ku Klux Klan, whose object is stated to be patriotic. Doubtless some of its members are convinced that in their purpose they are serving a noble cause. It is claimed by this society that certain elements of the population are detrimental to the country's welfare, and that consequently unified action against them is imperative. With this in view the organization has taken on itself the powers of Government, and has endeavored to enforce law and order by its own agencies. As an organization it aims at governing the Government. In its ardor to uphold the Constitution it violates the Constitutional rights of others. Among the elements of our population which it opposes are the members of the Catholic Church. It is affirmed that Catholics do not amalgamate with the rest of the people, that their system of parochial schools makes them a people apart, and that they are really not American because they owe allegiance to a foreign power, the Pope of Rome.

If these charges be true, it is the part of Government to take action with regard to them. However, I shall proceed to show not only that they are not true, but that the reverse is true.

Right information is the best remedy for misunderstanding. The more the Catholic Church is understood the more she stands forth as the upholder of truth and patriotism. The Catholic Church fears ignorance only. The more light thrown on her the better. But it must be the white light of truth, not the colored light of fancy or misrepresentation. Hence instead of assailing the Ku Klux Klan I shall endeavor to set them right with regard to the Church which, through ignorance or bigotry or malice, they oppose.

One of the accusations brought against the Catholic Church is that her members do not amalgamate with the population but exist apart as a separate element. To confirm this her opponents point to her system of parochial schools on which she insists so emphatically. It is maintained that the public school is the greatest instrument of welding the people of the country together and that Catholics in opposing the public school are acting against unification and solidarity.

In the first place let it be said, in reply, that there are no better mixers in our country than Catholics. Catholics are everywhere, and in every activity. The only places where they are not found in great numbers are those whose requirements or character are such that financially or socially they, like multitudes of every race and creed, are not as yet qualified to enter. If they are not conspicuous in certain exclusive social clubs, or in certain financial circles, it is not because they do not amalgamate, but because as yet they have not in large numbers acquired certain conventional assets which are a prerequisite for association with these organizations or circles. Catholics in this country are, as a body, only just emerging from their immigrant limitations. It is true that from the very beginning of our national life Catholics have played a most important part in it. But these were few, because until recent years the country was dominantly Protestant. Catholics settled Maryland, it is true, but in return for their generosity in opening their territory to all, regardless of creed, they eventually found themselves outnumbered in their own State, and themselves outlawed because of their religion. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century this country was virtually Protestant.

Consequently the land was owned mainly by Protestants, business was conducted principally by Protestants, society as such was dominantly Protestant.

It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that immigration brought Catholics in large numbers to the United States. They came here with very little except willing hearts and willing hands. Of this world's goods they possessed almost *nil*. Their first and main concern was for a livelihood. The first generation of those Catholic immigrants, being altogether taken up with the struggle of living, had little time or means to indulge in cultural pursuits. They were satisfied to make a living and to worship God in accordance with their faith. But poor as they were, and struggling, they had that innate love of culture which their religion imparts. Deprived of education themselves, by penal laws in their native land, they were nevertheless solicitous for the cultural welfare of their children. It is doubtful if anywhere in the world can be found such esteem of education, and such sacrifices made for it, as was manifested by the Catholic immigrants who came in thousands to our shores during the middle of the nineteenth century and the years following.

As a result, it is safe so say that today there is no element of our population more enthusiastic over education, or more fundamentally educated than Catholics. Up and down the land Catholic schools and academies and colleges are everywhere conspicuous. In proportion to their numbers and wealth Catholics have done more for education than any other body of our citizens. For the time that they have been here, as a considerable body, they have erected more educational establishments, and have given their people more of what is called the higher education, than any other element of our population. The consequence is, that whereas a half century ago a Catholic lawyer or doctor or banker was the exception, the country is now filled with Catholic men in all the learned professions. Culture is ordinarily the child of wealth and leisure. By degrees, as they acquire wealth, and have the leisure, Catholics are becoming conspicuous for their culture. There may be even yet certain social clubs and certain business circles which discriminate against Catholics as Catholics. This is because prejudice and bigotry die

hard. But as a rule a Catholic now gets the recognition to which his personality and culture and other qualifications entitle him.

Often Catholics are apparently discriminated against as Catholics when in reality it is not so. Money and learning do not necessarily make a man desirable. Frequently a disappointed Catholic may lay his failure to advance socially or commercially to his religion. But when we scan the roster of exclusive society, and of high finance, and find there the names of many Catholics distinguished for their fidelity to their religion, it is evident that, generally, almost every avenue of distinction is open to Catholics of the right sort. Society discriminates against those individuals of every creed and race who are lacking in cultural and financial qualifications. As time goes on, and Catholics have the opportunity which their Protestant predecessors have enjoyed, they will amalgamate every bit as well as, and perhaps better than, any other element of the population. A lack of amalgamation, where it may exist, is due not to the lack of will to amalgamate, but to the lack of opportunity. That lack, if it exist, is fast vanishing, and soon Catholics, as a body, will be on the same cultural and financial standing as their, at present, more fortunate neighbors. What must be borne in mind is that Catholics are social beings like the rest of the people, and that, given the chance, it will be made more than evident.

In France and Spain and Belgium and Austria, where Catholics have for centuries had cultural opportunities, we find that Catholic society and Catholic standards are the highest conceivable. All things considered it is truly wonderful what Catholics have accomplished socially and financially and educationally during the past half century. With regard to amalgamation, therefore, it may be affirmed that no body of people ever so thoroughly amalgamated with the people of the country of their adoption as have Catholics in this country of ours. Whatever lines of separation have been drawn between them and others are not of their own making. In every department of civil life the Catholic has so thoroughly identified himself with the spirit and character of his fellow countrymen, that it is hard or impossible for those who do not personally know him and his creed to differentiate him from the others.

All talk of a lack of the spirit of adaptation on the part of Catholics is so much ignorance or malice. It may be true that Catholics from those countries whose language is altogether different from ours may be slow to accommodate themselves to American ways and institutions. But this is not because they are Catholics but because they are foreigners, strangers in language, customs and traditions. This aloofness manifests itself chiefly in the immigrants themselves. The first generation after them often become more American than the generality of Americans. The roster of the World War proclaims only too eloquently the Americanization of the children of immigrants. We may conclude this phase of our subject by saying that the conspicuous feature of Catholics in America is their thorough Americanization.

With regard to the other phase of the matter in hand, the attitude of Catholics towards the public schools, it will be made evident that Catholics are not opposed to public schools because they are public, but because they are lacking in what Catholics hold to be essential to education. Every branch taught in the public school is taught in the parochial school, and just as well, if not better, as is apparent from the public records. Catholics find no fault with public schools for those who are satisfied with the education they afford. If parents wish to send their children to a school where only the mind and body are the concern of the school, well and good. But Catholics hold that there is something of more concern than success in this life, that beside mind and body there is the immortal soul which needs to be guided and directed aright, and instructed in the things of the spirit. Education without religion may make clever and capable people. But the country is full of clever and capable people who are a menace to it. On this subject let us hear Dr. Charles Gray Shaw, head of the department of philosophy, New York University: "Religious development is just as essential as is intellectual. Any one who thinks otherwise is a moron. We have altogether too many intellectual or artistic or musical geniuses who are religious morons. . . . Religion and education should go hand in hand to achieve the final goal of a life better fitted to success. I find the greatest men in the greatest fields devoutly religious. . . .

Religion is necessary, and should find a place in every educational institution, from the primary school to the university." Thus speaks a distinguished educator. It is because the Catholic Church realizes the necessity of religion in the right education of her children that she maintains parochial schools.

Knowledge without character formation is a dangerous acquisition. Many of the worst criminals of the country today are men of more than ordinary education, as education goes. This is not to say that one who has had a thorough education both of mind and character may not turn out badly. Not at all. But other things being equal, the man whose education has embraced soul as well as mind, character as well as erudition, will be the kind of citizen that makes for the welfare and glory of country. Merely from the standpoint of patriotism the Catholic system of education is far superior to every other which does not include the element of religious instruction and religious motive. Catholic education fosters patriotism.

A fundamental tenet of the Catholic faith is reverence for authority. A man cannot be a good Catholic and a bad citizen. The late Mark Hanna once said that the two greatest supports of the Constitution were the United States Supreme Court and the Catholic Church. The only persons who assail the Catholic Church for lack of patriotism in this country, are those whose environment and education have made them color blind with regard to whatever concerns her. It is doubtful if any class of our citizens, collectively or individually, made more or greater sacrifices for country than did Catholics during the recent World War. Indeed, it is to be feared that one reason for recent hostility to the Catholic Church was the enviable record for patriotism Catholics made in the trying period of the great War.

It is objected by some fanatical religious organizations that Catholics are not whole-heartedly back of the recent Constitutional Amendment concerning Prohibition. This is a calumny pure and simple. Catholics stand by and for the Constitution and its Amendments. There are literally millions of good citizens of every denomination who are convinced that the manner of carrying out the Prohibition Amendment does not serve the best interests of the country, but rather defeats the very purpose

of the Amendment. Because a man is a Catholic it does not deprive him of his constitutional rights, one of which is to express his views on what concerns the welfare of his country. A certain class of our people have erected Prohibition into a religious dogma, and anathematized everybody who does not agree with them in their interpretation of the way it should be carried into effect. Prohibition, as a Constitutional Amendment, is as sacred to Americans as is the rest of the Constitution. Catholics will uphold that Amendment with the best of their fellow citizens. But this does not mean that, if it seems detrimental to the real welfare of the country, Catholics, as well as other law-abiding citizens, should not use constitutional means of modifying it accordingly.

Every Catholic knows that the Constitution and its Amendments are the expression of legitimate authority. Every Catholic is taught reverence and obedience to lawful authority. Hence Mark Hanna was right when he said that the Supreme Court of the United States and the Catholic Church were the two greatest supports of the Constitution. People in glass houses should not throw stones. Among the bitterest assailants of Catholics for their expression of opinion regarding the method of carrying out the Prohibition Amendment, are those who have done their best to make null and void the Constitutioned Amendment granting the electoral franchise to our colored citizens. Why are they so solicitous for one Amendment and so destructive of another Amendment? It serves to show that it is not solicitude for the Constitution that animates them but a narrow view which seeks to impose itself on everybody else. I have touched on this matter of Prohibition since it is one of the series of charges made blindly and bigotedly against the loyalty of Catholics. Perhaps a more widespread accusation is that the Catholic system of parochial schools is hostile to the spirit of American unification and solidarity.

It is against the parochial school that certain organizations whom I do not need to name have trained their heaviest artillery. They assert that the parochial school tends to create division among citizens. Yet they who so assert are doing the very worst possible damage to united citizenship. By their campaign

of religious and race hatred they are introducing worse divisions among the people than could be brought about in any other conceivable way. They forget that the first schools established in this country were religious schools. Denominational schools dotted the land. There were Quaker schools and Lutheran schools and Episcopalian schools, not to mention others. Against these there was and is no opposition. But the parochial schools, being Catholic, and many, drew down upon them the envious opposition of a group of religionists who thought they had a monoply of patriotism as well as of religion. It is a fact that the parochial school is, in a country like ours, where there are so many religions, as well as so little of religion, a factor of prime importance to Catholics. We may judge of its importance by the sad state of religion among those denominations which disregard the religious school. Recently a great non-Catholic religious denomination discussed most seriously the adoption of the religious school, similar to the parochial school of Catholics.

The rising generation of many religious denominations do not, as is well known, go to church or to Sunday School. They are almost absolutely divorced from religious instruction. They do not receive it at home and they do not go where it may be obtained. The result is the almost pagan spirit which dominates a large part of our people at present, and which presages an even worse condition for the future. If religion is to be kept alive it must, like everything else, be cared for. Generally speaking parents are too busy or too unqualified to impart religious instruction to their children. Even the hour a week which Sunday School affords to the diminishing few who attend it, is inadequate for the religious training of the young. An hour a week for a child who must spend the other 167 hours amidst what is frequently an irreligious environment, will not make religion a dominant factor in life. And religion to be practical must be a dominant factor of life. In the parochial school the child is taught every branch that is useful for success in this life, and is beside instructed in the things which make for eternal welfare. Unless a child educated in the parochial school goes directly against all that has therein been inculcated, he is bound to be a good citizen. This cannot be made too plain to those who ignorantly assail

the parochial school and make it a pretext for declaring it un-American and for attacking Catholics in consequence.

But I firmly believe that in their hearts the various anti-Catholic organizations know that the training of the parochial school is admirable and patriotic. Ordinarily they assail the parochial school and Catholicity because they see their own creeds vanishing and do not want to witness the triumph of the Catholic faith. If Catholicity were weak and insignificant it would not be assailed. Very often, however, those who oppose the Catholic Church do so in good faith. Many converts to Catholicity have told me that from infancy they were nourished on the worst kind of misinformation regarding the Catholic Church.

After they became Catholics, or in the process of taking the step, they were amazed at finding their previous views of the Church so absolutely at variance with the truth. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" seems to apply to Christ's Church as well as to Himself. Let it be said in brief that in this country the Catholic Church would be false to her divine commission if she did not foster the parochial school. She shows the greatest practical common sense by her attitude towards religious education. The proof is in the results. Wherever the parish school flourishes religion flourishes. And this is only natural. A child at its most impressionable age has presented to it continuously the high ideals of the Gospel. Everything about the parochial school speaks of God to the Child. God becomes a reality in life, not an abstraction. It is impossible for a youth so educated not to go out into life rightly equipped for its struggles and temptations. Such a one may slip, but ordinarily will not remain fallen, at least permanently. It is, alas, too true that the best religious training is lost on some. That does not signify that such training was not right and desirable. Sometimes we see the best home training by the most devoted parents and family lost on some member of the family. That does not condemn home training. One of the twelve Apostles, instructed under the example and teaching of the Master, went wrong.

We can but do our best and trust that good seed will fall on receptive soil. If the parochial schools were rightly under-

stood, if some of its opponents could get a glimpse of the cheerful, bright, appreciative children that fill its classrooms, and if they could witness the loving attachment they have for their devoted teachers, all prejudice against the religious school would, I am sure, disappear. The parochial school, far from preventing amalgamation, helps it. The proof is that in business and sport and in the various walks of life, parochial and public school graduates take their place side by side. If there is greater amalgamation anywhere in the world than in Manhattan I should like to know it. A great majority of Catholic children of Manhattan are the product of the parochial school. In regiment, in business, in the office, on the street, everywhere, the parochial school boy associates with the others. As said previously, where there is failure to associate it is mostly for other reasons than those of religion. In some quarters Catholics are looked down upon as socially inferior. This is an inheritance from those days when the poor immigrants came to this country and were obliged to take any work that offered, mostly servile occupations. But the first settlers of our country, whose descendants now pride themselves on their social prominence, began their career here in the same fashion and condition as the Catholic immigrants of the middle nineteenth century. Whatever difference of social caste now exists is a thing of passing importance. Society has its code, and until people qualify for admission, it must not be thought that they are inferior, except perhaps in those conventional requirements which can be speedily attained in this land of opportunity.

Catholics by reason of their religion should be the most adaptable people in the world. Catholic means universal. Catholicity knows no limits of race, space or condition. Amalgamation should be second nature to a normal Catholic. But it is hardly worth noticing this charge against the Catholic. It is not made in good faith, ordinarily, nor does it at all square with experience. We have considered it because we hope that by showing its groundlessness it may lead those who were misinformed in this matter to distrust other statements which they may have heard reflecting on the Catholic Church.

The parochial school has been made, by those hostile to the

Church, a subject of alarm to their fellow countrymen. It is a false alarm. The parochial school is simply a school wherein a child is taught the love, reverence and service of God. This teaching is communicated not merely by occasional precepts but by the entire environment and character of the school. Its tendency is to make religion second nature, a very part of one's being, to give a point of view of life which will make it the way to eternal life. The parochial school impresses upon the child the fact that although he must live in this world he must not live altogether for it.

Besides this outlook on life it instructs him in the teaching of revealed religion, informing him on the main points of his creed and inculcating its practice. It will thus be seen that if religion means anything at all, the Catholic Church is taking the common sense way of imparting it. It is also evident that if the soul is more important than the body, and that if eternity means more than time, the Catholic Church by the parochial school takes the common sense way of inculcating these all-important truths. The martyrs in millions sacrificed possessions and life for eternal life. Surely they made no mistake, for Christ has said "He who loses his life for My sake shall find it." Christ put more importance on the individual soul than upon the whole world. "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" In view of God's estimate of the soul, the Church is wise in employing every right means to safeguard the soul. And this is the explanation of the importance which she attaches to the parochial school. It is not that she wishes to educate her people apart, but that she realizes her obligation to do all in her power to cultivate the divine seed of Faith which has been implanted in those committed to her charge. In our age and in our country it is safe to say that the parochial school is one of the very best possible means of making our people good Christians. A good Christian will be a good citizen. The Church therefore is a very important factor in the welfare of our country, and in nothing does she manifest it more than in the religious education she imparts to her members.

In connection with this subject I might mention other accusations against Catholics made by malicious or bigoted religionists

or so-called patriotic societies, but I may say that these charges are fast discrediting themselves. The Catholic Church is not a foreign power, unless we consider Christ a foreigner. The Catholic Church is universal. Its Head is at Rome. Its power is spiritual. It does not advise its members politically. It does not seek to interfere with any just government. Recently the head of one of our foremost societies for governing our Government wrote to the Pope to have him direct Catholics in this country to join with them to uphold their view of how a Constitutional Amendment should be carried out. One of the accusations, made by those who are misinformed, is that the Pope endeavors to interfere politically in our Government. The head of this society was thus requesting the Pope to do what those of his type condemn the Pope for doing. The history of every country in the world shows that Catholics have the widest possible latitude in their political life. If at any time they feel obliged to take a stand on certain measures, it is not because as Catholics they form a political party, but because as Christians they feel it their duty. Individual Catholics, like those of every creed, may or may not live up to their religious ideals. If in anything they fall short of good citizenship it is for Government to proceed against them individually, as is done in all matters concerning observance of law. But in proportion as a Catholic is true to his faith, Government will find in him the firm support of law and order and the highest type of patriot.

Lest it may appear that I have given a partisan view with regard to the subjects treated above, I present in conclusion and in corroboration the views of those whose one hundred per cent. Americanism cannot be questioned. The first is the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Oregon School case. Referring to religious schools taught by Catholic Sisters, it says: "Appellees are engaged in a kind of undertaking not inherently harmful, but long regarded as useful and meritorious. Certainly there is nothing in the present records to indicate that they have failed to discharge their obligation to patrons, students or the State." Having so adjudged the case, the Court then proceeds: "The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all theories of government in this Union repose excludes any general

power of the State to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the State; those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right coupled with the high duty to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations." So speaks the highest judicial tribunal of the nation. After that official pronouncement, those who oppose Catholics for their insistence on religious schools, cannot do so in the name of Americanism.

Let us hear another pronouncement on religious schools by no less an authority than Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University.

In his annual report, 1925, having stated the necessity of the study of religion as part of true education, and having deplored the fact that the family and the Church had abdicated as systematic and serious teachers of religion, he says: "Of all the many different branches of the Christian Church which are represented in the United States, it is probably the Roman Catholic Church alone which makes serious, systematic and highly organized effort to give genuine religious training to the children of its faith." Those who are alarmed at the present irreligious trend, and its consequent brazen immorality and widespread crime, should take to heart that message.

No less a person than our Chief Executive has repeatedly affirmed that religion is the firmest support of our Republic. In his recent address at Omaha the President emphasized the necessity of respecting the religious faith and practice of those who differ from us:

> It is not easy to conceive of anything that would be more unfortunate in a community based upon the ideals of which Americans boast than any considerable development of intolerance as regards religion. To a great extent this country owes its beginnings to the determination of our hardy ancestors to maintain complete freedom in religion. Instead of a state church we have decreed that every citizen shall be free to follow the dictates of his own conscience as to his religious beliefs and affiliations. Under that guaranty we have erected a system which certainly is justified by its fruits. Under no other could we have dared to invite the peoples of all countries and creeds to come here and unite with us in creating the state of which we are all citizens.

Mr. Coolidge is certainly American. Any organization which

aims at stirring up religious or race hatred in the name of Americanism is self-branded as un-American.

In a recent address, Roger Babson, a man who is conspicuously American, and one of our foremost authorities on business and finance, declared: "Religion, like everything else of value, must be taught. It is possible to get more religion in industry and business only through the development of Christian education and leadership. With the forces of evil backed by men and money, systematically organized to destroy, we must back with men and money all campaigns for Christian education."

It was doubtless with such sentiments in mind that Senator George Wharton Pepper, of the University of Pennsylvania, spoke as follows to the 1922 graduates of Yale University:

> I am profoundly convinced that the time is not far distant when all men without exception who think at all, and who possess the faculty of reasoning clearly and logically, will understand that the highest use to which the human mind can devote itself is the contemplation of God and His relations to man and the physical universe; and when that time comes, I am certain that a hymn of thanksgiving will well up from the heart of America to the Catholic Church, which through misrepresentation and calumny and slander, and in spite of the most powerful opposition, has always held that great ideal before the minds of the people; has always made God and His Christ the basis and foundation of education.

Did space permit I could present many similar statements from thoroughly American non-Catholic sources. Let me conclude with the remarks of the greatest American of them all, next to Washington. Abraham Lincoln in a letter to Joshua Speed, August 24, 1855, referring to an organization similar to the Ku Klux Klan said:

> I am not a Know-Nothing, that is certain. How could I be? How can any man who abhors the oppression of negroes be in favor of degrading classes of white people? Our progress in degeneracy appears to me pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that "all men are created equal." We now practically read it, "all men are created equal, except negroes." When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read, "all men are created equal except negroes and foreigners and Catholics." When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty.

Impartial reader, the case rests. It is for you to decide which is un-American, Catholic citizenry or the Ku Klux Klan.

MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J.

THE KU KLUX KLAN A PARADOX

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In his address at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Lincoln declared "that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The Ku Klux Klan, existing in these United States in this year 1926, and which has for the past six or seven years been clandestinely conducting its nefarious practices, was organized in contravention of the great principle so succinctly, justly and eloquently pronounced by Abraham Lincoln. The Ku Klux Klan, established ostensibly in the name of and in behalf of the American people, is in reality an invisible government of a self-appointed clique, by that clique, and for that clique. To be explicit, the Klan assumes the authority to proclaim that this Republic shall be a government of, by and for White Protestant Americans. So constituted, the Klan becomes a paradox in American life.

Government has been defined as the authoritative administration of the affairs of a city, State, or nation. In a democracy, such as these United States resolved to create, the authority of Government can come only from the consent of the people, who first freely elect their representatives to devise laws and then also freely elect the proper persons to execute said laws. Government thus becomes the legally organized will of the people.

During the one hundred and fifty years that this American Republic has existed, those sound principles of our Federal Constitution have seldom been seriously questioned. In 1852 occurred a rift in the lute, when, in consequence of an unprecedented increase in immigrants, alarm seized hold of some of the people lest the American-born element of the country be overwhelmed by aliens. A secret political party, popularly known as the "Know Nothing Party," was organized in several States upon a platform that America should be reserved for American-born citi-

zens. The avowed purpose was to discriminate against aliens holding office; but the real objective was the elimination of Catholics from political affairs in order to prevent the Catholic Church from gaining any strong influence or foothold in this country. The movement was not popular and burned itself out within three years. It was not popular because it was conceived in a prejudice that ran counter to the sense of fair play and justice of the average American and to the spirit of the Constitution.

The first real test of the United States in upholding the authority of a duly constituted representative government came with the Civil War in 1861, brought about by the secession of seven Southern States in defiance of the Constitution. The Republic stood the test. Of thirty-four States, twenty-three remained loyal to the Union and the Constitution, and only eleven, all of them slave States, seceded. It was not the army alone; it was the might of right, the invincible force of a government of law, that led to a great victory for the Republic.

And this victory for the preservation of the Union and the majesty of the law was coupled with the emancipation of the slaves, as a war measure, by proclamation of President Lincoln.

The rebellion was ended, but the rebellious spirit was still alive, and soon after the war, in 1866, manifested itself in a secret organization called the Ku Klux Klan, whose ostensible purpose was to uphold the Constitution, but whose hidden sinister design was to hamper the progress of the freed slave, to nullify his emancipation, deprive him of suffrage, and to weaken him and his supporters by intimidation, violence and assasination. This organized conspiracy became an *imperium in imperio*, defied all law and legal authority, acted as an invisible super-government, first to control elections and then the office-holders. Its excesses of brutality and murder outraged the finer feelings of the nation, and led to the calling of the troops and the enforced dismemberment of the Klan in 1869. Again the words of Lincoln came true "that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

For fifty years the octopus of rebellion was dead, or at least so quiescent as not to manifest any evidence of vitality. Within the last few years, however, it has again lifted up its ferocious head.

The hooded knights of the white kimono have reappeared after their death-like sleep of a half century; they stalk again through the land in their spectral disguises; they hold mysterious conclaves; ride forth like brigands in their nocturnal raids; burn their fiery crosses; resort to slander, boycott, flogging, torture and even murder, in order to frighten the unwary, strike terror into the superstitious, and wage a guerrilla warfare against the Constitution, against city, State and national authorities, as well as against those elements of the American people whom it is their declared policy to deprive of citizenship, even of peaceful residence, in these United States.

Can sedition be more atrocious? Here we have a recrudescence of the Ku Klux Klan of 1866–1869, under the same name and standard, but with larger numbers, spread over a wider territory, greater in impudence, more sinister in motives, more bestial in conception of vicious methods, more pernicious in corruption, and more deadly in execution of their illegal, immoral, irreligious and un-American designs against innocent and unoffending citizens and residents of this Republic.

The Klan of today is more reprehensible than that of a half century ago, because then there existed in the South the frenzy of a bitter civil war, the anguish of an ignominious defeat, the resentment over Lincoln's sudden emancipation of the Negro, chagrin at the new status of freed slaves become equals, with the possibility, through franchise, of becoming superiors. Americans, though not sympathizing with, at least can understand the attitude of disappointed, defeated and enraged slaveholders, endeavoring to salvage something from the effects of the war by neutralizing or weakening the power of the freed slaves. But today, more than fifty years after the war; today, when it is acknowledged that the South, as well as the whole country, has been benefited by the abolition of slavery; today, when the Negro is an integral part of this American nation, when he has actually made good and taken his place in the industrial, educational, cultural, religious and political life of the people, what excuse, what scintilla of justification can there be for the reconstruction of such a barbarous machinery, as is presented by the Ku Klux Klan, for forcibly wresting from our colored fellow citizens their inalienable rights under the

Constitution to life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness? None whatsoever. Not only is there no justification for such a prostitution of Americanism to the vilest of purposes; there can only be on the part of intelligent and liberal minded Americans abhorrence and disgust for and condemnation of any and every attempt to array the white people against our respected colored population.

It should be the policy of all true Americans to discourage rather than foment race prejudice; to discountenance all ill feeling between the white and black races.

On what plea can the Ku Kluxer continue to engender animosity against the Negro in this country? On the ground that the Negro is inferior in race? If so, why should the superior Ku Kluxer be so exercised about the presence of an inferior people? If the white man is the better man, he is in no danger of being injured or supplanted by a lower species. Does the Klan perhaps fear the vote of the colored citizens? That vote has not proved to be formidable, nor is it confined exclusively to any one party. Or is the Klan so clannish that it cannot tolerate the proximity of the colored race, even when segregation, voluntary or enforced, creates barriers that are almost impassable? It behooves the American to be tolerant of that race which some of his own forefathers brought to this country from Africa and enslaved for several hundred years. Let the American be tolerant and repentant and, above all, let him be kind to a people that only asks to be permitted to work out its own salvation in peace under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. And it must be said in all justice to the great majority of real Americans, that they have no grievance against the colored population, that they are in sympathy with the Negroes' strenuous efforts to dig themselves out of the slough of slavery and, under freedom, to emancipate themselves both physically and spiritually from the ill effects of the enforced bondage that was for many years their undeserved and unhappy lot.

The Ku Kluxer by unjust, bigoted, almost superstitious opposition to our colored citizens, proves himself to belong to an inferior class of the *Homo sapiens;* convicts himself of being unworthy of the great privileges and rights of American Citizenship.

The head and front of the offending on the part of this underground conspiracy are directed, not only against Negroes, but also against Catholics, Jews and aliens, the fixed policy of the organization being based on the "Know Nothing" principle of "America for Americans only", with the modification that America shall be restricted to a citizenry of white Protestants. The Klan also maintains that all other people in America shall only be tolerated, shall be deprived of the right of suffrage and of holding office, and that all further immigration shall be entirely cut off.

On the Klan's efforts for further restricting immigration, or cutting it off altogether, I shall here offer no extended criticism. Immigration comes under the political and economical policies of a country, and its regulation is subject to fluctuating internal conditions. Restriction of immigration, even when justified, may sometimes work injustice to certain classes of foreigners who seek entrance into our shores. The immigration phase of the Klan's policy is, however, to be censured because it is not coupled with a national political or economic policy, but is part of the Klan's general scheme for placing this country under the control of white Protestants. We resent the reasons and the motives for the Klan's restrictive measures because they are not associated with the best interests of the Nation.

It is not difficult to infer that the programme of the Ku Klux Klan includes religious propaganda for the purpose of repressing and oppressing members of the Catholic and Jewish faiths. Indications have already been given in no uncertain terms by local sections that the plan is to Christianize America, to Christianize the public schools, to elect only white Protestants to office —that is, to enforce everywhere the teachings and the practices of the Protestant Church and to place the Government under the control of that branch of Christianity.

This is, in truth, an ambitious programme, and it is well that the country is aware thereof, for to be forewarned, in this respect, is certainly to be forearmed. The Klan had deserved condemnation and punishment for its political and other secret machinations against the Negro, for instigating racial prejudice; and now that it has entered upon a religious crusade against Jews and

Catholics, and against the Constitution of the Nation, it has invited additional execration and progressive punishment even up to its total extinction.

It passeth all understanding how American citizens, and especially such as profess to be followers of Christianity, can undertake to carry out any programme that savors of the Spanish Inquisition and the Massacre of the Innocents. We are constantly inveighing against the terrible crimes committed in the name of religion in the Dark Ages, and we speak deprecatingly of those times as the "Dark Ages." But what shall we say of the Klan's ways, that we see are dark, in this so-called enlightened age, and in this noble and free America, that we love and cherish!

What justification is there for this twentieth century religious persecution on American soil? Is the Klan afraid that America may become Romanized? There is more danger (if it is a danger) that America may become Evangelized. Or is the Klan perhaps afraid that America may become Judaized? I have no such fears, or even hopes. Or is the Klan fearful that Catholics, Jews, Negroes, free thinkers and nondescript naturalized citizens may combine to control elections and perhaps place a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro or a free thinker in the Presidential chair? Why does the Klan harrow up such hallucinations? Is it not better to trust the good sense of the American people to do, under any given circumstances, what is best for the country? And let the Klansmen remember that after all, Catholic, Jewish, Negro and atheistic or non-religious citizens are also true Americans—as genuine Americans as the Klansmen claim to be. The American Constitution does not discriminate against the religious or non-religious citizen. It is opposed to a religious test for public office; it is based on the principle of separation of State from Church. The Government, to be sure, is courteous to religion and grants to all sects equal protection—and it behooves religion to be courteous to the Government and it is the duty of all sects to obey and preserve intact the principles and articles of the federal law. The Klan, by injecting into the political life of these States a religious issue, convicts itself thereby of being un-American in principle and act. *The Ku Kluxers violate Americanism in order to enforce their stamp of Americanism.*

Morever, by what warrant does the Klan assume that white Protestants would make the best Americans? Is Protestantism a better religion than Catholicism? Are they not, both, part of Christianity? Do they not both believe in the same Messiah and in the same Bible? And is not a Protestant or Catholic of the Negro race, if he is sincere, equally as acceptable to God as a Protestant or Catholic of the white race? Or does the Klan wish us to believe that God also draws the color line, and is also prejudiced either against one sect or another of the Christian Church? For my part, I believe that the Klansmen have involved themselves in a hypocritical attitude and dilemma from which it will be impossible to extricate themselves, unless they destroy their unworthy Order.

I am tempted also to defend the Jew against the discrimination to which he is subjected by the Klan on the score of his religion, but I refrain, when I remember that Christianity paid Judaism the greatest compliment that was ever paid to any race or religion when it claimed that God had selected a Son of Israel to be the Messiah to the heathen world two thousand years ago in order to convert it to a better faith, a higher culture and a nobler civilization. We Jews still have the same religion that Jesus originally professed, and it seems to us nothing short of folly for any devotees of Jesus to declare that only self-elected white Protestant Christians are fit to be Americans, and that Jews, from whom Jesus sprang, should be barred from American life. *Verily, the Ku Kluxers violate religion in order to enforce their own type of religion.*

And the most astounding and disgusting fact is, that there are clergymen, ostensibly preachers of the religion of Jesus, who belong to the Klan, who even offer their Churches to troops of hooded and begowned Kluxers and accept gifts from them in the name of religion and charity. How can these clergymen stand in their pulpits and talk of the love of God and man, of truth, righteousness, justice, mercy, peace on earth, good will to man, and at the same time, be members of a band of disguised troopers who in secret conspire against the peace and well being of Catholic, Jewish and Negro citizens and aliens, and by such irreligious and unpatriotic acts militate against the solidarity, peace and joy of

the American People? Surely of the pure white Knights of the Flaming Cross has the Psalmist written; "He that dwelleth in the heavens doth laugh; the Lord doth hold them in derision." (Ps. II: 4)

For an American to hate the foreigner is a boomerang, because his ancestors were themselves foreigners; for white Americans, especially Southerners, to say they hate Negroes, is most ungrateful, for the Negro mammies saved the white babies from an untimely end; for Protestants to say they hate Catholics and Jews because these differ from them in religion, is to declare themselves intolerant fanatics. Do these misguided and deluded white Protestant Americans who have, by their acts, forfeited their right to the title of American, as well as Christian, expect to lead the American people back to the benighted days when the bigots and fanatics hanged so-called witches in Salem? Do they expect to beguile this Nation to an acceptance, literally or figuratively, of the demoniac proposition, "burn the body to save the soul?" Do they imagine that they can act upon the exploded theory, that the "end justifies the means" without being faced by an opposition that will better such instruction with a vengeance? The Ku Kluxers are playing with fire which may burst into a conflagration that will consume them.

I would like to call the attention of the Klan to the fact that their psychology is altogether wrong. They may unwittingly create the very things they fear. Their opposition to Catholics, Jews, Negroes, non-religious citizens and aliens in general may create a combination for self defense which does not now exist. And besides, there are in this country millions of liberal Protestants, to wit, the Council of Churches of Christ in America, who themselves protest against the Klan, its purposes and methods, and would ally themselves with an organized opposition if it became necessary to uphold one hundred per cent. Americanism. Two millions of Ku Kluxers in the face of a hundred millions of enraged Americans have about as much chance of success as a butterfly in the midst of a cyclone. I recommend to the Klan the saner, the honorable, the religious and American methods of the Council of Churches of Christ in America which, through its "Committee of Good Will", is sincerely and devoutly endeavor-

ing to break down racial and religious prejudice, to create a better understanding amongst races and religions, in order that all men may live and work together in harmony, if not in a uniformity of creeds and rituals. Such endeavors deserve and will meet with success in this country because they are consistent with true religion and Americanism.

The Klan's methods, however, cannot succeed because they are un-American and irreligious and appeal only to the intolerant, selfish and disgruntled elements of this country or to those groups who for their own impious ends are ready to foster any organization that will pit class against class, race against race and religion against religion. The Klan has, on this account, wittingly or unwittingly assembled in its ranks many evil minded people who have used the secret order to carry on their own vicious schemes, their anti-American, anti-religious propaganda. It is no wonder, then, that numerous instances of corruption within the ranks of the Order have disrupted many Klan groups; that many leaders and followers have been convicted of high crimes and misdemeanors within and without the Klan and have been brought to punishment. Internal dissension has arisen, thousands have resigned when they learned the truth about the motives and reprehensible acts of the Klan. Already rival Klan organizations have been established and anti-Klan societies have arisen in various parts of the country. Anti-mask laws have been enacted in several States, whilst others, like New York State, have declared themselves against secret political organizations and have demanded a publication of membership rosters and officers. The people are aroused to the necessity of combating the un-American and irreligious conspiracy that strikes at the very vitals of American life, its peace and security.

The Ku Kluxers do not realize that they are really outlaws, that they are out-Heroding Herod, that they are setting a bad example to the vicious elements of the community; that they are imitating the tactics of the hold-up men, by holding up Negroes, Catholics, Jews and aliens and depriving them of their inalienable rights; that they are increasing the crime wave to the dimensions of an unleashed tidal wave of sedition; that they are blaspheming God, bringing religion into disrepute, casting a stigma upon our

country and advertising to the world that America is not safe for democracy.

The righteous and liberal minded Americans must not permit such conditions to continue. They must act and in the name of true religion and true Americanism, for the honor of God, for the welfare of this Republic, demand, that the Ku Klux Klan everywhere voluntarily disband or that Congress shall find ways and means, as it did in 1869, to put an end to organized treason masquerading as zealous Americanism.

In opposition to the "Invisible Empire," let us in the spirit of Lincoln "highly resolve that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

JOSEPH SILVERMAN.

THE SHAPE OF FEAR

BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

FACED by the fact of the Ku Klux Klan, the United States has tried to get rid of it by laughing it off. We have talked of masquerading "in sheets and pillow cases"; we have caricatured the Klan upon the stage; we have exposed its silly methods, the dishonesty of some of its leaders, and the like. But we have not succeeded in scaring it away by ridicule. It is there. It is a fact, and those who do not wish to believe the sinister meaning of its existence should go to the nearest movie and see that Washington parade, that tremendous outpouring of hosts, white-gowned and hooded if not masked.

It is quite beside the point to compare the present Ku Klux Klan with the Ku Klux Klan of Reconstruction days. They have nothing in common except their birthplace and their methods. The present Klan is a different movement from the older Klan. It has simply made the older movement's name its present starting point.

Until last year I was of those mildly amused at the K. K. K. It seemed to me incredible that in 1925 such a movement could attract any number of people or become really serious. And then at first hand and at second I saw the Klan and its workings in widely different places. I was lecturing in Akron, Ohio. Now Ohio is one of those States upon whose essential Americanism and devotion to the finer ideals of democracy I have long banked. There in the Middle West that finer flower of democracy, born in New England, and later choked by the industrialism of the East, had, to my mind, gone for replanting and renewal. I looked for sanity in the United States to come from a democratic appeal to the Middle West. And yet, there in Akron, in the land of Joshua R. Giddings, in the Western Reserve, I found the Klan calmly and openly in the saddle. The leader of the local Klan was president of the Board of Education and had just been tremendously busied in driving a Jew out of the public schools. The Mayor, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., prominent men in many walks of life, were either open Klansmen or secret sympathizers. I was too astonished to talk. Throughout parts of Ohio, Illinois and Indiana I found a similar state of affairs.

I am not saying that the Klan was triumphant everywhere, but it was there; it was influential; it was recognized; it was important. Again, and further west, the work of the Klan has been manifest. Today there are under arrest at Detroit, Michigan, a young colored physician, well-trained and successful; his wife, torn from her infant child, and nine of his friends; and they are on trial for murder in the first degree because they shot at the mob that tried to drive them out of their own homes and that had a few months before driven out another Negro physician and destroyed his furniture; and that mob was there because the Ku Klux Klan aroused it and sent it; and the Ku Klux Klan is so tremendous a power in that city which is, in some ways, the most significant of American cities, that the Mayor is openly appealing against its activities.

Or again: the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People held its annual meeting in May, 1925, in Denver, and there appeared before it two speakers: one, a little man, nervous with energy and shrill of speech. He was, without

doubt, one of the dozen notable figures which America has given to the world, Ben Lindsay, the maker of the Children's Court. The other had been one of the most successful and enlightened Governors in America. And yet they stood speaking in self-defense; defending themselves against this city and this State; and the great, dark, menacing thing that turned them from social uplift and political reform was the Ku Klux Klan.

In the East, New England and New Jersey, the Klan has been mobilized; and need one mention the South?

What is the cause of all this? There can be little doubt but that the Klan in its present form is a legacy of the World War. Whatever there was of it before that great catastrophe was negligible and of little moment. The wages of War is Hate; and the End, and indeed the Beginning, of Hate is Fear. The civilized world today and the world half-civilized and uncivilized are desperately afraid. The Shape of Fear looms over them. Germany fears the Jew, England fears the Indian; America fears the Negro, the Christian fears the Moslem, Europe fears Asia, Protestant fears Catholic, Religion fears Science. Above all, Wealth fears Democracy. These fears and others are ancient or at least long-standing fears. But they are renewed and revivified today because the world has at present a severe case of nerves; it feels it necessary to be nervous because the Unexpected has happened.

For years we talked of the possibility of European War with bated breath; then we talked of it jauntily; and then we almost joked about it. While here was a Fear, it was one so far away that it did not seem possible for it ever to materialize, at least not in our day. And then suddenly it became a terrible fact, horrible beyond the dream of men. So that all our other fears today have become portentous. Abd-el Krim may be the vanguard of the launching of Asia against Europe; Ghandi and Das may be at the point of destroying the British Empire; the American Negro, despite all precautions, may force himself into a place where he will enter Congress, storm Wall Street and marry white women.

Now against such fears as these there are three possible attitudes. One is the attitude of reason and examination. What does the ferment in the colored world mean and how far is our fear of it but a reflex of its fear of us? What do colored folk

really want, and do their wants interfere with and oppose the just desires of the white world? How far is free, scientific inquiry going to undermine religious sanction? What is there in the objects of the Bolsheviki which should not appear in the objects of American social reformers? These questions indicate one attitude, mental, moral and practical, toward great pending questions; but it is not the attitude which we are disposed to take today in the world.

On the contrary so imminent does our danger seem to some people that they turn to one of two other methods. They are both forms of Force; one an open appeal to force: Fascismo, either in its bold, physical form as it is appearing in Italy and Spain or in its more spiritual form as it appears in American Fundamentalism; in the determination to drive out of the Church every person who will not honestly or by perjury subscribe to a certain, narrow, outworn and partially false creed.

The other method is the method of Force which hides itself in secrecy, and that is the method of the Ku Klux Klan. It is a method as old as humanity. The kind of thing which men are afraid or ashamed to do openly and by day, they accomplish secretly, masked and at night. The method has certain advantages. It uses Fear to cast out Fear; it dares things at which open methods hesitate; it may with a certain impunity attack the high and the low; it need hesitate at no outrage of maiming or murder; it shields itself in the mob mind and then throws over all a veil of darkness which becomes glamor. It attracts people who otherwise could not be reached. It harnesses the mob.

How is it that men who want certain things done by brute force can so often depend upon the mob? Total depravity, human hate and *shadenfreude*, do not explain fully the mob spirit in this land. Before the wide eyes of the mob is ever the Shape of Fear. Back of the writhing, yelling, cruel-eyed demons who break, destroy, maim and lynch and burn at the stake is a knot, large or small, of normal human beings and these human beings at heart are desperately afraid of something. Of what? of many things but usually of losing their jobs, of being declassed, degraded or actually disgraced; of losing their hopes, their savings, their plans for their children; of the actual pangs of hunger; of

dirt, of crime. And of all this, most ubiquitous in modern industrial society is that fear of unemployment.

It is this nucleus of ordinary men that continually gives the mob its initial and awful impetus. Around this nucleus, to be sure, gather snowball-wise all manner of flotsam, filth and human garbage and every inhibition of alcohol and current fashion. But all this is the horrible covering of this inner nucleus of Fear.

How then is the mob to be met and quelled? If it represents public opinion, even passing, passionate public opinion, it cannot permanently be put down by the police which public opinion appoints and pays. Three methods of quelling the mob are at hand, analogous to the three attitudes noted above: the first, by proving to its human, honest nucleus that the Fear is false, ill-grounded, unnecessary; or secondly, if its Fear is true or apparently or partially true, by attacking the fearful thing openly either by the organized police power or by frank civil war as did Mussolini and George Washington; or thirdly, by secret, hidden and underground ways, the method of the Ku Klux Klan.

Why do we not take the first way? Because this is a world that believes in War and Ignorance and has no hope in our day of realizing an intelligent majority of men and Peace on Earth. There are many, many exceptions but in general it is true that there is scarcely a Bishop in Christiandom, a priest in New York, a President, Governor, mayor or legislator in the United States, a college professor or public school teacher who does not in the end stand by War and Ignorance as the main method for the settlement of our pressing human problems. And this despite the fact that they may deny it with their mouths every day.

But here again open civil war like Italy's is difficult, costly and hard to guide. The Right toward which it aims must be made obvious even if it is Wrong. In 1918 in order to win the war we *had* to make Germans into Huns and rapists. Today we *have* to make Negroes into rapists and idiots. Tomorrow we *must* make Latins, South-Eastern Europeans, Turks and other Asiatics into actual "lesser breeds without the law". Some seem to see today anti-Christ in Catholicism, and in Jews, international plotters of the Protocol. Even if these things be true it is difficult to bring the truth clearly before the ignorant mob and guide it toward the

overthrow of evil. But if these be half true or wholly false, the mob can only be stirred by wholesale lying, and this is costly; or by secret underground whispering, the methods of night and mask, the psychology of vague and unknown ill, the innuendo that cannot be answered.

Now there are two things that stand out in this explanation of the mob and the Klan. First, the double tongues of our leaders in religion and social uplift; and secondly, this fear of losing jobs. Dayton, Tennessee brought the first vividly to our minds. We heard of a sudden, people talking a religious *patois* which educated folk had well nigh forgotten: Biblical Truth; the Plan of Salvation; the Blood of Christ. And suddenly we began to see what results widespread ignorance of modern science not only had brought but could bring under the leadership of the demagogue. It sent a thrill of amazement through us.

But whom had we to blame? Manifestly, not the farmers and shopkeepers of Tennessee, but those intellectual leaders of the United States who have been willing to subscribe to a religious dogma that they did not honestly believe and yet which they were willing that the mass of people should think they were believing. Was there any surer way of destroying the ability of the Man of the Street to think straight and argue logically? And to stop even his endeavor to think, comes the Fundamentalist; and his answer to Science is Dogma; and his reason for bringing it forward is again, not perverse hatred of the Truth, but the Shape of Fear. The religionist of today sees the sanctions of moral conduct being swept and battered away, laughed at and caricatured. How shall he meet this wicked thing? He can do it by intelligence and argument and persuasion or he can do it by dogma which is spiritual mob-violence; today he is choosing the mob.

Or again; why is it that in a rich country like the United States, in many respects the richest and most prosperous organization of men in the world, we continually have mobs fighting and doing unutterable things because at bottom men are afraid of being unable to earn a respectable living? The answer is that our post-war prosperity is built more on gambling than on honest productive industry. Gambling was the result of war, born in war time and coming from the sudden demand for technique

machinery and goods, which paid those who happened to hold them enormous marginal rents. The chance to the gambler, the promoter and the manipulator of industry has come during the reconstruction since the war, in the monopoly of land and homes, in the manipulation of industrial power, in the use of new inventions and discoveries, in the reorganization of corporate ownership.

We have today in the United States, cheek by jowl, Prosperity and Depression. Depression among those who are selling their services, raising raw material and manufacturing goods; prosperity among those who are manipulating prices, monopolizing land and mortgaging ability and output.

How shall we meet this situation? Again we revert to the three paths: first and foremost by the spread of wider and deeper understanding among the masses of men of the modern industrial process and the method of distributing income, so that intelligently we may attack Production and Distribution and re-make industrial society. Or, a second method, by hue and cry and propaganda to stop all criticism and desire for change by dubbing every reformer "Bolshevik" and by frightening the wage earner with loss of the very foundation of his wage. And this is the kind of attack that again easily sinks to the whispering courses underground and attempts to save modern industry through mobs engineered by the secret Ku Klux Klan.

I can no better illustrate my meaning than by an actual case. The world has forgotten Mer Rouge—the Red Sea of Louisiana where a few years ago a terrible series of murders was laid at the doors of the Ku Klux Klan. It was so horrible a tale that we hastened to forget it before we really understood it. But it deserved thought and intelligent comprehension.

The cotton and sugar soil of the Mississippi and Red River valleys form a junction in Louisiana. It is a section bounded on the south by the scene of Uncle Tom's Cabin, on the north by the Helena riots, and on the east by that bit of hell which is sometimes called the Mississippi Delta. In the center of this district, in northeastern Louisiana, is Morehouse Parish and in the midst of Morehouse Parish is Mer Rouge. Mer Rouge has the peculiar problems of a little town in the Black Belt. It is ruled by the whites, and since the whites must stand united as rulers there is

among them a rather extreme sense of social equality which even wealth and education cannot wholly break down. They go to the same churches and there their social life centers. They send their children to the same schools except the few that go away to boarding school. All this works out fairly well as long as the character of the ruling class of whites is essentially homologous. But today a change is taking place in Morehouse Parish. There are about 20,000 inhabitants there. The white population has increased from five to six thousand in the last ten years while the Negro population has decreased from fourteen to thirteen thousand. This is because of the migration of Negro laborers to the city and north; so that instead of being a county three-fourths black it is today about two-thirds black. To replace these migrating Negroes the poor whites from the neighborhood have been pressing in. They stream in especially from one poor county directly toward the east where there is a majority of poor whites and these new comers bring problems, problems of unrest, of drink, of gambling, of wayward women.

Now Mer Rouge has traditions of the time when its white folk were great landowners protecting their women in elaborate homes and having a pretentious social code. These newer and poorer whites coming in not only brought a lower moral tone but a new economic condition. They have become tenant farmers, so that between 1900 and 1920 there was an increase of nearly one-third in the number of tenants. But the great landowners are still in the ascendancy, two hundred and fifty of them with farms of one hundred to more than a thousand acres, with crops valued at two and one half million dollars a year, chiefly cotton, corn and sugar cane. In addition to this the value of the land is rapidly increasing. It has doubled every ten years since 1900. Then too, to complicate the situation further there are a number of small Negro farmers who own their own land, some two hundred and thirty-one in all as compared with the two hundred and fifty large white landowners and one hundred and nineteen small white owners. One can easily scent here tremendous and bitter rivalry between the rich and poor white owners, between the owners and tenants, between the white and black owners, and crushed under all of it lie the mass of black tenants. These tenants are igno-

rant, forty per cent. of them acknowledge that they cannot read or write, and in truth this number should probably be sixty or seventy per cent. There is no modern wage system, but nearly all is barter and debt peonage. The county reported only one hundred dollars a year in wages for each worker, and this included the white workers as well as the colored.

Here then we have the setting. Here is the little town of Mer Rouge, which proposes to stop the growing lawlessness among the whites and the breaking down of social conventions. Shall it openly appeal to the ballot? Certainly not. There are 6,524 Negroes of voting age and only 3,000 whites; but of course there is no question in Mer Rouge of the black man's voting. A thousand or more Negroes are landowners able to read and write, but they cannot vote. The white women, too, are disfranchised despite the law, so that the voting population consists of about 1,500 white men, and among these the new white tenants, shopkeepers, artisans and small landowners, or in other words the lawless and easy-going new comers, could outvote the whole aristocracy.

Mer Rouge, therefore, turned to the Ku Klux Klan, and when afterward the matter came out it defended itself and claimed with undoubted truth that the Ku Klux Klan was an organization of the best elements in the community and that they were trying to put down the worst, believing that they could do by secrecy and force what they could not do openly at the polls. It was natural for them to come to this conclusion. Secrecy, force and murder have been part of the Black Belt social economy for fifty years. The landlords lived with their hands on the trigger. Formerly this was because of the fear of servile revolt or the hint of it. That fear is still there; but in addition to that there is another fear and these men did not hesitate. They were used to taking the law in their hands. They face baffling social problems. A white face is no longer a badge of aristocracy. A white woman may be rival to a black concubine. Formerly the relations of white men and colored women were open and complacent. The sheriff's son recently was killed in a colored woman's cabin. Then too the sex distribution is illuminating: More colored women than colored men and eleven per cent. more white men

than white women. To this are added the bootleggers and the loose white women. There is no place, no treatment for them. Colored women, however decent, can always be treated like prostitutes; but unless white prostitutes are treated like ladies the whole scheme of white supremacy fails.

All this led logically, as Mer Rouge thought, to one solution: bootleggers, gamblers and bad women were to be driven out by the Ku Klux Klan. But they miscalculated. The new whites fought back. They were not scared by hoods and nightgowns. The result was appalling. Kidnapping, whipping, murder almost wholesale, torture that would shame the Middle Ages, an atmosphere of terror, hatred and feud that attracted the attention of the world. And in the midst of it all the black, driven cattle who form sixty-eight per cent. of the population were dumb.

Here were white men afraid of degradation; here were white men afraid of hunger; here were black men afraid of hunger and black men afraid of death. And here were secret midnight oath and murder seeking to right it all.

Such were the elements that make for secret mob law: economic rivalry, race hatred, class hatred, sex rivalry, religious dogmatism and before all the Shape of Fear. For years and centuries this method of organized secrecy, sworn to unlimited and ruthless action, has been used to accomplish certain things. Strong arguments have been brought to defend it and it may be admitted that one can easily see circumstances when the only way to make the survival of certain ideas and ideals certain, would be to force them through by secrecy and stealth.

But are we ready to say that this is the case in the first half of the twentieth century? Can we for a moment admit this? Is not the very thought a monstrous attack upon all that civilization and religion have accomplished?

What is there after all, of truth back of what the Klan attacks? And perhaps first, what does the Klan attack? I will not stop to argue this. I simply quote from their own blank application for membership seven of their twenty questions: "7.—Were your parents born in the United States of America?" "8.—Are you a Gentile or Jew?" "9.—Are you of the white race or of a colored race?" "13.—Do you believe in White Supremacy?" "15.—

What is your religious faith?" "17.—Of what religious faith are your parents?" "20.—Do you owe ANY KIND of allegiance to any foreign nation, government, institution, sect, people, ruler or person?"

Here then is clearly the groundwork for opposition to the foreign-born, the Jew, the colored races and the Catholic Church. I am not the one to defend Catholic or Jew. The Catholic Church and modern European civilization are largely synonymous and to attack the one is to accuse the other. For the alleged followers of Jesus Christ and worshipers of the Old Testament to revile Hebrew culture is too impudent for words. But in this crazy combination of hates fathered by the Ku Klux Klan (and so illogical that in any intelligent country it would be laughed out of court), is included the American Negro. What is the indictment against him? He was a slave. He is ignorant. He is poor. He has the stigmata of poverty and ignorance—that is crime. He laughs and sings and dances. He is black. He isn't all black. The very statement of such a bill of indictment is like accusing ashes of fire. The real arraignment of the Negro is the fear that white America with its present machinery is not going to be able to keep black folk down. They are achieving equality with startling swiftness. Neither caricature nor contempt, rape of women or insult of children, murder or burning at the stake, have succeeded in daunting this extraordinary group.

Against it open reasoning and argument has been employed but it has failed to convince even those who employed it. This was followed by propaganda; and the propaganda of emphasizing "race", "racial" characteristics, "racial" inferiority, is a propaganda which according to all modern scientific dicta is unreliable and untrue. Yet these terms flourish and these things are taught in school and college; they appear in books and lectures and they are used because of what men want them to accomplish, namely, the continual fear and hate of black folk instead of that natural rebound of sympathy and admiration which their work in a half century deserves.

But as I have said, even this propaganda has not been successful. What next then? Next comes the Ku Klux Klan. Next comes the leadership of mob and perpetration of outrage by forces,

secret, hidden and underground. And the danger and shame are not in the movement itself, so much as in the wide tolerance and sympathy which its methods evoke among educated and decent Americans. These people see in the Ku Klux Klan a way of doing and saying that which they themselves are ashamed to do and say. Go into any western town from Pittsburgh to Kansas City: "The Klan? Silly—*but!*—You see these Catholics, rich, powerful, silent, organized. Got all the foreigners corraled—I don't *know*. And Jews—the Jews own the country. They are trying to rule the world. They are too smart, pushing, impudent. And *niggers!* And that isn't all. Dagoes, Japs; and then *Russia!* I tell you we gotta *do* something. The Klan?—silly, of course—*but*—."

Thus the Ku Klux Klan is doing a job which the American people, or certainly a considerable portion of them, want done; and they want it done because as a nation they have fear of the Jew, the immigrant, the Negro. They realize that the American of English descent is not holding his own physically or spiritually in this country; that America survives and flourishes because of the alien immigrant with his strong arm, his simple life, his faith and hope, his song, his art, his religion. They realize that no group in the United States is working harder to push themselves forward and upward than the Negroes; and over all this rises the Shape of Fear.

The worst aspect of all this is that when we resort to the underground method it involves a conscious surrender of Truth. It must base itself upon lies. One of the greatest difficulties in estimating the power and spread of the Ku Klux Klan is that its members are evidently sworn to lie. They are ordered to deny their membership in the Klan; they are ordered to deny their participation in certain of its deeds; they are ordered above all to keep at least partially secret its real objects and desires. Now the lie has often been used to advance human culture, but it is an extremely dangerous weapon, and surely we have lived beyond the need of it today.

Consequently the greatest thing that we have to fear in any such underground movement as the Ku Klux Klan, a thing that makes it much more fearful than anything that has been alleged

of Bolshevism or Fascism, is the danger and ease of its being used for exactly the opposite of the things for which it is established or which the thoughts or ideals which its leaders profess. If it is possible to establish a widespread underground movement against Jews, Negroes and Catholics, why isn't it just as easy to establish similar movements against millionaires, machinery and foreign commerce, or against "Anglo-Saxons", Protestants and Germans, or against any set of people or set of ideas which any particular group of people dislike, hate or fear? It may be said that at present it is possible to mobilize larger numbers of people in a common hatred against the Hebrew race, the black race, and the Catholic Church than against any similar things; but this is not necessarily true and it certainly is not true in all places and will not be true at all times.

Without doubt, of all the dangerous weapons that civilized man has attempted to use in order to advance human culture the secret mass lie is the most dangerous and the most apt to prove a boomerang. This is the real thing that we are to fear in the Ku Klux Klan. We need not fear its logic. It has no logic. Whatever there is of truth in its hatred of three groups of Americans can be discussed openly and fearlessly by civilized men. If Negroes are ignorant underbidders of labor, unhealthy and lazy aspirants to undeserved equality there are plain and well-known social restraints and remedies. First, to improve the condition of Negroes so far as it is improvable; secondly, to teach them the reason behind the objections to their rise so far as there are reasons; and above all to examine thoroughly and honestly what the real questions at issue are. If the hierarchy of the Catholic church is in any way threatening democracy in America there is a chance for perfectly open and honest investigation and conference between this young democracy and that old and honorable government of the spirit of men. If the Jew in self-defense against age-long persecution has closed his fist against the world there is more than a chance to clasp that human hand. In fine, unless we are willing to give up human civilization in order to preserve civilization we cannot for a moment contemplate turning to secret, underground methods as a cure for anything; and the appearance of such a movement is not a case where we stop to ask

whether the movement in itself has at present laudable objects or not. It does not make any difference what the Ku Klux Klan is fighting for or against. Its method is wrong and dangerous and uncivilized, and those who oppose it, whether they be its victims like the Jews, Catholics and Negroes, or those who are lauded as its moral sponsors like the white Southerners, the American Legion and the "Anglo-Saxons", it is the duty of all these people to join together in solemn phalanx against the method which is an eternal menace to human culture.

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS.

THE KU KLUX KLAN OF TODAY

BY WILLIAM STARR MYERS

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IT is just a little more than two years since I contributed an article to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW under the title *Know Nothing and Ku Klux Klan*, in which the position was taken that the movement, of which this organization is the outstanding representative, embodied a sincere, though mistaken, effort to preserve intact those peculiar principles based upon individual responsibility in religion and law that have found their expression in this country and in the institutions known as "American". There were reasons which gave superficial cause for the fears of our self-appointed protectors of America, such as alien organizations in our midst, interference in politics by various religious bodies, and an overwhelming influx of immigrants. On the other hand, the Ku Klux Klan was merely a recrudescence of a like movement, the "Know Nothings" of some seventy years ago, and likewise would follow its earlier prototype in gradual disintegration and decay, due to the fact that while professing "one hundred per cent. Americanism", in itself it was a direct denial of two of the most fundamental principles upon which our country and its Government are built—namely, racial and religious freedom.

While I do not desire to appear opinionated or self-complacent, yet after going over the events of the last two years in retrospect,

as well as looking at the present situation with its somewhat changing emphasis of debate, I feel under no compulsion to change in any essential particular the judgments written down at that time.

It is true that the Klan still has its devotees and exerts its strength in certain localities, but all fear of its power has vanished except with regard to politics where, by skilful use of propaganda and prejudice, it is able to throw its weight for or against the candidates of either of the two major parties and thus can exert an influence far greater in proportion than its actual numbers otherwise would warrant. But in doing this, it is no more meretricious than the labor unions, Anti-Saloon League, agricultural societies, and religious and racial blocs in our large cities, especially in the East, and probably should not be feared or combatted more than they; for all alike are by their actions running perilously near the same charge of undemocratic and un-American activity, since class and democracy are never synonymous terms.

Thus we see two United States Senators from the Middle West, one of whom is especially vociferous in his protestations of party loyalty and simon-pure partizanship, make a complete somersault and, owing to fear of the Klan, vote against their party leader, Mr. Coolidge, and the specific pledge of their party platform at the Cleveland Convention of 1924, and oppose the ratification of the World Court protocol, although said ratification was accomplished only in the weak and tenuous fashion fathered by the Swanson Reservations. Also the Klan undoubtedly plays an important part in elections in certain parts of New York State, New Jersey, Colorado, Oklahoma and Texas, making its effects doubly sure in primary nominations and exerting a negative influence on platforms and party pronouncements. But aside from these instances there would seem to be no question that the Klan as an organization has passed its zenith and already is on the wane. Disturbances and schism in its official hierarchy in Georgia and Colorado are the unfailing sign, for people who are in the first flush of their enthusiasm for a cause are seldom interested in anything but expansion and outside aggression. When a point of stability is reached, then comes the time for "reorganization", heart-burnings and jealousies.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the wider the extent of such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan, the weaker its effect in any one locality. Relying as it does upon mob psychology and mass action, it inevitably will "break" when spread out too thin. Or like a prairie fire, it is hottest and most dangerous when extending over new territory, while leaving behind merely lifeless or smouldering remains.

Its opponents have learned a much-needed lesson. When the Klan first appeared it was met with widespread and vociferous condemnation. Metropolitan newspapers, evidently scenting the opportunity for wild exaggeration, fantastic romancing, and vituperation of the most popular type, went into a campaign against it with unbridled enthusiasm, probably with an eye to increased circulation, larger advertising reach, and the consequent good results on the right side of the monthly balance sheet. If the stories going the rounds of journalistic circles may be credited even in part, these results were financially all that were to be expected. At the same time the cheap politician, "popular" ecclesiastic and self-styled "publicist" went on the rampage and played the game to the limit of popular consumption—or what they imagined to be such. Church and synagogue echoed with denunciation, "forums" and other "community" enterprises wildly applauded outspoken damnation of the entire membership of the Klan, good, bad and indifferent (or sometimes "plain fools"), and all redounded to the glory and advertising of that same organization. The more it was condemned the more its members, often honest and sincere, though misguided, believers in the imminent danger of the overthrow of their country, were convinced of the need of its activities if America were to be "saved". The Ku Klux Klan throve from the character and numbers of the enemies it had made.

Then followed the inevitable reaction, and the mob spirit on both sides happily cooled down. The politicians of a demagogic stripe as usual overplayed their hands, and were as intolerant in their charges of "Klan influence" as the Klan members were in their most active moments. There was just as much fanaticism and lunacy in the opposition as in the advocates. And now the people of sober common sense, in all walks of life and of all reli-

gious belief or none at all, and the leading citizens both of American and foreign ancestry, have resumed their influence and have called a halt on the wild exaggerations. If ever there were needed a proof of the essential soundness and common sense of the American people, we are seeing it today. The Klan is just about as lively a national institution as the ghost of the Know Nothing party might be supposed to be, after about eighty years' decent burial. About sixty or seventy years from now there probably will be another like organization, but we of today need not worry much on that score; and probably the infants of the present day later will show the usual American aptitude for dealing adequately with such a problem when it arises.

There is another side of the question, however, which should not leave us in any too complacent a frame of mind. That is the continued existence of the same fanatical intolerance, the same desire for *group autocracy* on the part of various minorities, that has been the dominating spirit and controlling influence of the Ku Klux Klan. While it is forsaking more formal organization and the "mass play" of bizarre and fantastic regalia, yet it is as much awake as ever and can only be overcome by the two-fold process of education through the results of calm discussion and pitiless publicity, and the circumspect action and frank acceptance of unreserved loyalty to this country and its institutions on the part of various racial and religious enclaves that have sometimes shown a tendency toward selfish or unpatriotic aggrandizement.

It may seem a small matter, but it may be said in this connection that one of the great causes of anti-foreign prejudice among our farmers and other country people is the crowds of "owner-drivers" of automobiles that swarm out of the cities upon every road within a radius of fifty to one hundred miles upon practically every Sunday and holiday of the year, and especially during the summer months. These people, often of foreign birth and comparatively recent immigration, not only "hog the road" and drive in the most reckless manner, but commit wide and serious depredations upon the gardens, orchards, woods and private property of the rural dwellers. The strength of the Ku Klux movement in these sections is probably a direct result, and only better policing of the roads, with better manners upon

the part of the visitors, will allay this prejudice that is visited without discrimination upon all those whom the farmers are pleased to designate as "foreigners". It is the seemingly small thing that so often has a great effect upon public opinion.

In dealing with a wider phase of the subject, mention should be made of another condition that but few people realize. While the overwhelming majority of our people have reached the point of willing acceptance of our membership in the so-called World Court, yet there is a widespread opposition, intensified to the *n*th degree with regard to the League of Nations, due to the fact that both these world-organizations are potentially, at least, under the control of the Latin and Catholic nations of Europe and Central and South America. Arguments based upon the well-known truth that there are no proofs of ill results from any such situation are met by the calm reassertion of the potential facts, and it looks as though we are about to meet renewed opposition to an adequate and expanding American policy in world affairs, and one in accord with the position of the United States as a world Power, by localism and provincialism of a new order. Our international position no longer will be based upon an historic policy of isolation and non-interference, but upon the questionable and degrading influences of racial and religious prejudice. Although we may have every confidence that our people again will recover from this new form of the malady, yet it contains possibilities of dangerous results and of international complications that are disturbing to say the least.

Another influence, and one that cuts athwart all the lines mentioned above and applies alike to Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, is so-called Fundamentalism. The Scopes trial of last summer was a ghastly and humiliating spectacle of the clash of two types of fanaticism, extremely radical and conservative and, in the opinion of the writer, personified by protagonists alike ignorant of the real principles of the case, and totally incapable of understanding the relative meaning and merits of either science or religion. This renewed attempt to legislate a person's belief, or control the subjective processes of an individual mind by objective authority, is going to fail as surely as the intolerance of the Ku Klux Klan is failing, for it is merely the turning of the

same type of prejudice and fanatical emotion into another direction. The early settlers in this country in large part were driven to take refuge here from autocratic attempts of the same kind, and for that reason they finally so modelled the institutions of this nation as to preclude the success of any later attempt to revive such outworn mediæval action. Any such movement, therefore, is even more opposed to the real American spirit than the racial and religious prejudice fostered by the Ku Klux Klan.

At present, this spirit is manifesting itself in a perfect debauch of mandatory legislation—at the hands of Congress, State legislatures, and even the ordinance-making authority of local governments. The extent of this mania has recently been summed up by Professor A. F. Pollard of the University of London as follows:

> To Americans, Acts of Congress were not so much a means of change as a method of putting on record moral aspirations, a liturgy rather than legislation; and the statute book was less the fiat of the State than a book of common prayer. The Constitution was the ark of a covenant with more than a mere contractual sanction. It was almost a national church into which, in default of any other, Americans were baptized; and it was once described by a President as "the greatest government that God has ever made".[1]

It is not too much to hope and believe, that when any such movement reaches a final test before the bar of public opinion, the decision will be in exact accord with the essential American conviction as summed up in the old Virginia "Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom"—"that the opinions of men are not the object of civil government, nor under its jurisdiction". This principle is put into practical application in the following adequate words, which should always be the guiding star of the American citizen of whatever faith or creed, when in doubt as to the proper mode of action:

> It is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order. . . . Truth is great and will prevail if left to herself; . . . she is the proper and sufficient antagonism to error, and has nothing to fear from the conflict unless by human interposition disarmed of her natural weapons, free argument and debate; errors ceasing to be dangerous when it is permitted freely to contradict them.

WILLIAM STARR MYERS.

[1] *Factors in American History;* pages 83–84.

NOCTURNE

(After the French of J. K. Huysmans)

BY R. L. MÉGROZ

The wan moon kindles a fermenting of fire
In the sun's mirror, that now glimmering sea.
All sleeps. One bulbul swooning with desire,
Alone, sings yet his lovely melody.

The night wind, muted by the moon, no more
In the green mystery of branches heaves;
Stars wordless in the silent gloom downpour
Pale blue kisses through the parted leaves.

Long luxury of dreaming upon death
Drowses the soul of things where slow seas range:
Sometimes this forest hardly stirs a breath
Under the furtive shudder of seasonal change.

Now blur the leaves in mist. With gathering crystals
Dews dropping from the azure zenith coat
In close-encrusting pearl the lifted pistils
Of nenuphars that on the dark pool float.

The gloom yields nought—nor wings, nor wind, nor voice,
Except, in the remotest woodland shades,
A brook on tree-drift dropping with quick noise,
From which uprise fresh echoes of cascades.

NATIONALISM AND THE VERNACULAR IN CHINA

BY LOW KWANG-LAI

PEOPLE in this country are more or less familiar with the political and industrial changes that have taken place in China through the writings of prolific journalists and the perennial stream of books on China, issuing from the protean press. But however important these changes and however valuable these publications, there is one great change, one great movement, about which there is a conspiracy of silence on the part of the writers on China in this country, and yet it is a movement fraught with the most serious consequences and exercising an unparalleled influence on the intellectual and spiritual life of the Chinese people. If the transformation of the Chinese Monarchy into the Chinese Republic is an event politically significant, the change from the classical Chinese language into the vernacular, the language as it is spoken today by the people, is nothing short of an intellectual and spiritual revolution, which arouses the creative energy of the Chinese people and awakens the dormant national consciousness of the four hundred millions. It is through this medium of the spoken language, newly discovered and exalted to the plane of time honored language, that the Chinese people are giving expression to their emotions and feelings, hitherto suppressed because trammeled by the restraining influences of the classical language. Hostile criticism may say that the Chinese students who are the cause of the Shanghai trouble and are behind most of the anti-foreign agitations need sound chastisement by the Chinese Government. But in looking upon Chinese students as mere school children who have escaped the salutary influence of the rod, the critics have failed to understand the psychology of the new Chinese language and the significance of the whole movement. For the fundamental difference between the classical Chinese and the vernacular is that the for-

mer, like the French of the seventeenth century and the English of Addison's time, is a language marked by the virtues of restraint, order and unity, whereas the vernacular Chinese, like the language used in the Romantic period of European literature, is a language distinguished by such qualities as diversity and exuberance. If with the Classicists all is reason and sweet calm, with the Romanticists—and the Chinese writing in the vernacular are all Romanticists—all is wild imagining and unbridled emotions. "*Gefühl ist alles.*" That is the keynote to the Chinese Vernacular Movement, the Romantic Movement in Chinese Literature.

The leader of the Romantic Movement in Chinese Literature, Dr. Hu Shih, attributed the sudden rise of this movement partly to the fact that the classical language had ceased to be a living tongue as early as the second century, B.C., and that its continued use as a medium of expression was due to the ingenuity of the Chinese mind, namely, the invention of the examination system, which required of every candidate a thorough knowledge of classics, and thus perpetuated the language used by Confucius and his contemporaries. While this statement contains germs of truth, it is to be remembered that a language which Dr. Hu considers as having been dead in 120, B.C., had produced marvelous things in prose and poetry down to the very time when this new movement was launched by Dr. Hu Shih and others, and had been adequate as a medium of expression and as a literary instrument, comparable to any language in Europe. It would certainly be flying in the face of facts to say what Dr. Hu implied in his pronouncement, that the prose and poetry of the Tang Dynasty, the Augustan period of Chinese literature, were utterly valueless and that the language of the Tang poets was inadequate to express the feelings and ideas of the Chinese of that period. Besides, the process of evolution has been going on in the Chinese language just as it has been going on in the languages of other countries, and the prose of one Chinese Dynasty is as different from the prose of another, as the prose of the eighteenth century is different from the prose of the nineteenth century. Eccentrics there are of course in each period whose aim it is to stop the march of history and perform the heroic but impossible task of turning the clock back. But the prose or poetry as it was written

by the Chinese people at large at any one period always reflected the mind and the changes of psychology of the people at that time, and the classical language therefore was not without vitality and the power of growth.

But after China came under the rule of the Mongol tribes, the Chinese language became somewhat rigid and inelastic through the imposition of strict literary canons and standards which are entirely pseudo-classical and Procrustean. One can get an idea of the classicality of the Chinese language if one recalls the French prose or poetry of the neo-classical period: the introduction into writings of colloquial expressions and newly coined words is considered a literary crime and the temptation to do so is to be resisted with all the scrupulosity of one's conscience. In other words, the Chinese language has followed the dangerous tendency to pay its highest homage to form, to the neglect of content, with the result that what happened in the neo-classical period in Europe has happened in China.

With the introduction of Western knowledge and Western sciences, the difficulty of expression was felt by every translator and writer. To pour new wine into old bottles was a task impossible of fulfilment. But the adherents of the classical school have indomitable courage, and stoical contempt of admitting defeat at the first encounter. Thus Dr. Yen Fu used classical Chinese to translate Montesquieu, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Herbert Spencer and Darwin; and the dignity and beauty of his style has compelled the admiration even of his opponents. Indeed it was through what the French call *hauteur* in his style that some of the common biological terms have become household words in China. Mr. Lin Shu is another example of translators in the classical Chinese. He has translated, in the course of twenty-five years, over one hundred and fifty novels by English, French and American authors. Mr. Liang Chi-chao, a great Chinese scholar and writer, one of the leaders of the reform movement of 1898, and Mr. Chang Shih-chao, a well known writer on political subjects, have both tried to infuse new blood into the exhausted stock of the Chinese classical language, the former by a generous admission of all the terminology and phraseology which had never been allowed to enter the sacred

precincts of the classical language, and, the latter, by the introduction from European languages of the elements of logical precision and syntactical complexity in order to equip the emaciated classical language with resources to express the abstract and complex ideas of the modern world. The results that have been achieved by these writers are highly satisfactory, as the expository and argumentative prose of these two writers is of rare beauty and clarity.

But, as I have pointed out, what is wrong with the Chinese classical language is the over-emphasis on form to the neglect of substance, and, although scholars like Yen Fu and Liang Chi-chao, publicists like Chang Shih-chao and Huang Yuan-yong, have succeeded in endowing the classical language with the intellectual riches of the West, yet the classical Chinese has not been able to give free expression to the emotions and feelings of the modern Chinese who have been not only insulted but also injured by the Western nations and whose need of finding an outlet for them is most urgent. Now the vernacular Chinese, though far from possessing such qualities as dignity and elegance, is yet a better medium to pour one's vials of wrath and to give vent to one's indignation and griefs and joys. It is true that the vernacular at the hands of most practitioners is most crude and lends itself to unabashed vulgarity and grossness, but it is full of possibilities and can remedy the fundamental defects of the classical language if the sense of historical continuity is not lost sight of. Whatever the vernacular may develop into and whether the consequences it will produce are for good or ill, there is not the slightest doubt that as a medium for the expression of elementary emotions and feelings it far surpasses the classical language. I do not mean to say that the way the advocates of the vernacular language express themselves will meet with the approval of the Classicists; a poet like Landor will prefer to sigh rather than to wail; but when a nation is torn by unending civil war and when it is at the same time continually bullied by its aggressive neighbors, the atmosphere thus engendered is necessarily one of intense gloom and bitterness, and a means has to be found to relieve the tension of the atmosphere. This the vernacular aims to accomplish.

The close relation between the Vernacular Movement and the advent of the nationalistic spirit is thus clear. It will now be useful to give a brief survey of the movement itself. It is always a sign of genius to discover the tendency of popular feeling and thought and to steal a march upon one's contemporaries by boldly proclaiming it. This kind of genius is a more common phenomenon in the West, for the West, more radical and always looking forward, takes more delight in adventure than the East, while the East, generally conservative and harking back to the past with wistful feelings, is more conventional and is more or less suspicious of innovations and change. Thus Dr. Hu Shih, a graduate of Columbia University, is greatly to be admired for his boldness in raising the standard of revolt in the literary world of China.

The movement had its humble beginnings in a controversy started by Dr. Hu and a few of his friends while he was a student in Cornell University as to the suitability of the vernacular as a medium for prose as well as poetry. The controversy went on for some time until on the first day of the year 1917 Dr. Hu published his article on *Some Suggestions for the Reform of Chinese Literature*, in which he said that literature changes with time, that every age has its own distinctive literature, that from the standpoint of historical evolution the great novels written in the *Pei Hua* (vernacular) must be regarded as the only great masterpieces during the last centuries, and that the *Pei Hua* will undoubtedly be employed as the effective tool for all literary composition in the future. In February of the same year his friend Chen Tu-shiu published his article on *A Revolution in Literature*, which, as Dr. Hu said, was a sympathetic response to his article. In Dr. Hu's second article entitled *The Historical View of Literature* he again pointed out that as the ancients had produced their literature it was our turn to create the new literature of our age; and that the *Pei Hua* literature, which had grown both in bulk and in intrinsic quality, was sufficient to indicate to us the tendency of historical evolution in Chinese literature. In April, 1918, he published his article on *A Constructive Revolution in Literature* which, as he says, was summed up in the sentence: "Produce literature in the national language and you will have a

national language of literary worth." He quoted in this article the examples of Pléiade in French literature, of Dante in Italian literature, and of Wickliffe and Chaucer in England. In the same article he said that the literature produced in the last two thousand years by the literary men in China was dead, because they used a dead language and dead language could not produce living literature. He thought it high time for the present generation to hold funeral services for the classical language.

This, however, does not seem to me to harmonize with his vaunted historical bias, for any student of history and of literature is familiar with the idea of historical continuity, and knows that a sudden break with the past is not only undesirable but impossible in any sphere of human endeavor and human thought. It is obvious that every age should have its literature, just as every season should have its fashion, but it does not follow from this that the fashions do not often echo the so-called buried styles of the past and that literature should not take its point of departure from the preceding age. So there is great confusion of thought in Dr. Hu's claim to historical bias and at the same time calling the classical literature dead and gone, to be consigned to oblivion. His theory, again, contradicts flatly his practice and his own experience, for his clear and charming vernacular style is largely due to his thorough knowledge of the classical works and his early apprenticeship in the difficult art of writing excellent prose. It is my suspicion that it is his rich intellectual equipment that has made him eclipse the glimmering lights on the literary horizon in China at the present time. For it is to be borne in mind that the difference between the vernacular and the classical Chinese is not really very great, though it is noticeable enough, and the line of demarcation had never been sharply drawn in the past between the two; the glorious days of the Chinese literature, when there were giants like Li Tai-pu and Tu Fu, were not unlike those of the reign of Elizabeth; there were then no artificial rules or conventions for the writer to obey; all that he needed to follow were the dictates of his artistic conscience and the instinct for perfection. That was the real classical period of Chinese literature. But the classical tradition could not last long without giving rise to abuse; that has hap-

pened in French and English literature and in the literature of other European countries, and now it has happened in China. In the West no one would, however, have the courage to say that immortals like Milton and Shakespeare are no longer to be studied. For what is literature but the accumulated storehouse of thoughts and feelings of the past generations?

The publications in which the experiments in vernacular were given to the reading public were numerous. *The New Youth,* in the first month of 1918, printed nothing but what was written in the vernacular, and the editorial board was composed of Dr. Hu and some other members of the faculty of Peking National University, which has become the intellectual center of China and is identified with Radical thought. They also introduced the contemporary literature of Europe: Ibsen, Strindberg and Anderson were translated into vernacular; Dostoievski and Tolstoi were rendered into the familiar *Pei Hua;* Sienkiewicz, the Polish writer, and Ephtaliotis, the Greek, were also dressed in the language of the denizen of Cathay. Some of these translations are literal, the original thought being rendered into Chinese without changing the word order of the original sentence. Some are very good, but some require a previous knowledge of the language of the author to get the general drift in the translation. This raises a very important point, namely, the Europeanization of Chinese grammar, taking the word in its broad sense. Many daring spirits do not hesitate to translate with the grammatical peculiarities belonging to French or German or English, with the result that the reader has first to equip himself with a working knowledge of the language used by the author translated, and has also to think back in the original language in order to follow intelligently what the translation is all about. Whether these experiments will succeed in changing the Chinese mental habits is highly doubtful. I am extremely skeptical as to the possibility of making the Chinese people change their ways of thinking and their mental habits, which have been deeply ingrained in the brains of the four hundred millions. Slight modification of certain ways of expression is of course desirable and possible, and such modifications have constantly occurred in the European languages. But every language has its genius, the mysterious

force of communal thinking, which often refuses to accept any radical change of its habits.

It has also become a general practice with the Chinese writers and journalists to make very generous use of the punctuation marks of the West. While full stop and comma have been constantly employed in Chinese writings before the introduction of Western learning, colon, semi-colon and exclamation marks are the recently adopted children of the vernacular leaders. Whether the excessive use of exclamation marks by the contemporary Chinese writers enhances the beauty of their style or increases the expressiveness of their meaning is highly dubious, but it is significant of the whole movement that the exclamation mark should become their darling child, petted and spoiled. Its loving parents, the emotional youths of China, seem to be unable to find words sufficiently strong to express the whole gamut of their deeply felt emotions, whereas the classical writers, with their self-mastery and sweet calm, would consider it a compromise of dignity to show their bleeding heart without a veil.

On that epoch-making day, May 4, 1919, the students in Peking University made a public demonstration against the decision of the Paris Conference in awarding Shantung to Japan, which resulted in their soundly thrashing one Minister and in compelling the Government to dismiss three Cabinet Ministers for their sympathy with the policy of Japan. This incident aroused the students of the whole country and marked the beginning of the Student Movement, which has struck terror into the heart of the Chinese Government and has lately assumed alarming proportions, to the great embarrassment and irritation of certain Powers interested in China. But what is germane to our present subject is that the Student Movement has given a great impetus to the spread of the Vernacular Movement and has made it a common medium of expression among the journalists and writers. Dr. Hu says: "The student movements have greatly facilitated the spread of the literary revolution in the same mysterious way as they have incidentally brought about the recognition of the Yuan Shih-kai dollar by foreign banks in China on the same footing with the Mexican dollar." But really there is nothing mysterious about the phenomenon, for the Stu-

dent Movement is essentially patriotic and is inspired with the most fervent wishes for the restoration of the sovereign rights of China which have been wrenched from her hands by the pugnacious Powers of the West. The students naturally used the vernacular as the most convenient medium through which to give vent to their feelings and emotions, for the vernacular, as I have pointed out, is far more effective for the expression of feelings than the classical. To be sure, the classical language is refined and polished and dignified, but it is rendered unfit by its very refinement, polish and dignity to suit the madding crowd. At any rate, the vernacular has come to stay and seems to fill a longfelt want. The political parties, always watching carefully in what direction the wind is blowing, lost no time in converting their party organs into propaganda for the use of the vernacular and the big publishing companies competed with each other in publication of books written in *Pei Hua.* There were also a great number of magazines and papers published in *Pei Hua;* it was estimated that in the year 1919 there were at least four or five hundred papers written in *Pei Hua.* There were also dailies written in the vernacular; *The Morning Post* of Peking and *The Shanghai Republican* have supplementary papers printed in *Pei Hua,* and such magazines as *The Eastern Miscellany* and *The Short Story Magazine* have followed the prevailing fashion without any further grumbling. At present *The Weekly Review,* published by the Peking National University, is entirely written in the vernacular. The subjects dealt with in these magazines range from researches in Chinese philology and Einstein's theory to Psychoanalysis and crossword puzzles.

The Vernacular Movement received an added impetus in 1920, when the Ministry of Education issued a proclamation to the effect that from the autumn of that year the text books used in the primary schools should be written in the vernacular. As a result the vernacular has replaced the literary language in the reading material of the primary schools, but many of the high schools have also voluntarily chosen or had text books written in the new medium, and in a great many cases the students in the middle schools are directed by the teachers to express themselves in the vernacular. The impression that I have of these juvenile

essays is that while they lose in dignity and polish, they gain in directness and freshness and expressiveness. And this is true of the products of the aspiring poets and authors. If there is no beauty in most of the literary hodgepodge, there is at least a good deal of strangeness, which is by no means a loss. For did not the same thing happen in the Elizabethan period? Do we not remember the inkhorn words, the Italianated phrases and other antics familiar to students of English literary history? It will take some time before the infant vernacular grows into a lusty youth, but I have faith in the essential sanity of the Chinese race and the immortality of the Chinese language.

Another thing which should also be mentioned in connection with this movement is the phonetic alphabet. In the first year of the Chinese Republic the Minister of Education appointed a committee for the standardization of the pronunciation of the Chinese language and the committee adopted thirty-nine symbols, some of them initial sounds and others finals, by which the phonetic value of any word or character can be expressed and be identical for every district. Long since, the Japanese in their two sets of Kana made use of such symbols, and the result was to make reading easy and widespread. There the proportion of characters to Kana was at first very great, but today newspapers and books are so printed as to bring relatively few characters into the line, and all of them with their phonetics at the side. In November, 1918, the Minister of Education promulgated this phonetic alphabet, and in September, 1919, the dictionary of pronunciation was published so that the alphabet became that of the national language.

As for the opposition that was encountered by this movement, a word need be said. It was opposed from the very beginning by Ku Hung-ming and Lin Shu, and also by Messrs K. T. Mei and M. Wu, both graduates of Harvard University, and Chinese scholars with splendid training in this country. They started a review called *The Critical Review*, which has as its aim the promotion of Chinese culture and the preservation of the great intellectual heritage of China, and is opposed to the new movement which I have described. It is an excellent magazine in its own way, but as it runs counter to the popular tendency and, besides,

as it has no catch word or battle cry to appeal to the popular imagination, the influence it is exercising over the generality of the students and the masses is naturally not very great. But still its criticisms of the excesses of the Vernacular Movement and the rampant vices and abuses of those who are fishing for fame supply a wholesome tonic and corrective. But "occupying," as it is doing, "all the spaces between," it is bound to miss popularity, for literary opinions are like political opinions; extreme views, whether ultra-conservative or ultra-radical, will attract attention, whereas moderate opinions and liberal views will never find enthusiastic support and following.

Another attempt was made last year by the late Minister of Education, Chang Shi-chao, to effect a revival of the Chinese classics. This movement found expression in the publication of a weekly of which Mr. Chang is the editor, and in the ready response in several provinces in the establishment of schools of college grade with the main purpose of emphasizing the ancient classical learning and the classical language. The Governor of Hunan Province has added the weight of his influence to the movement by holding a qualifying examination for the candidates for the civil offices in the Province, based on the old ideals, but including modern topics. This examination was placed under the supervision of some of these conservative leaders. Chinese classics received special attention by the invitation of one of the most distinguished classical scholars in China, Chang T'ai-yen of Hangchow.

It is as yet too early to pass a final judgment on the achievements of the writers in the vernacular, although nine years have elapsed since the movement was started. But it is possible to discern some of the general tendencies and the direction in which the Vernacular Movement is traveling. I think it likely that the *Pei Hua* with its informality and elasticity will be a fit medium for the development of a particular kind of literature which is known in English as the informal essay, and there are a few persons in China already exploring its possibilities with some degrees of success. I also think the great prestige *Pei Hua* is enjoying will tempt many of dramatic talents to try their hand in this important form of literature, but the present period is a period of

adaptation rather than creation. I think the growing nationalistic spirit and the fight for the recovery of China's birthrights will usher in a period like the age of Pericles and the Elizabethan age after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Great drama requires full national consciousness and awareness of its goal. But already something is accomplished in the field of poetry, especially lyric poetry, with a poignancy and freshness which can be easily elicited from the lyre that is the natural possession of the common people, although the imitation of free verse at the hands of certain versifiers has achieved results that prove the unwisdom of taking every freak and fancy as divine inspiration. As for expository and descriptive writing, the achievement is as yet not very great, because although one of the weaknesses of the classical language is its inability to express the new ideas to which modern science and philosophy give birth, the vernacular is confronted with the same difficulty, and it is only by a very slow and gradual process that the new ideas will be acclimated and find embodiment. The same thing happened in the Elizabethan period; it was not until the time of Dryden that the English language began to talk philosophically and scientifically, although the case of Chinese vernacular is not exactly the same inasmuch as Chinese writers can draw upon the rich storehouse of Chinese philosophy and literature.

This brief survey of the Vernacular Movement and nationalism goes to show that it is of the greatest importance for the better understanding and the establishment of better relations between the Western countries and China to realize what great and important changes have taken place in intellectual and spiritual life of the Chinese people, how relatively insignificant are the political changes on which the people in the West have concentrated all their attention, and that it is necessary for the West to take note that the neo-classical China with all its timidity and cautiousness, all its sweet reasonableness and calm, is being superseded by a romantic China with a boldness, a fierceness, an exuberance, that are characteristic of youth and growing strength.

Low Kwang-Lai.

JOHN BUNYAN'S HYPOCRISY

BY HAROLD GOLDER

THE Puritan is not usually considered an entertaining person. We hear him frequently praised for his stalwart virtues and frequently condemned for his narrowness. But we find few qualities in the sincere, thorough-going Puritan that are engaging. It is only when he falls from grace, when he displays traits at variance with his ideals, that we find him a fit subject for comedy and adopt him into the society of interesting people. Sir Toby Belch derived little amusement from the contemplation of his niece's model steward, Malvolio, until that unrelenting censor of the household morals fell a victim to his own conceits and blossomed out resplendent in cross-garters and yellow stockings. Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, Tartuffe, Mr. Pecksniff, Milton, William Wordsworth, all were respectable but uninteresting until the world discovered the touch of nature that established their kinship with humanity.

For this reason, when we contract interesting friendships with men in the latter half of the seventeenth century, we choose Samuel Pepys but seldom John Bunyan. The immortal *Diary* has illuminated secret corners of Pepys's heart unsuspected by his contemporaries. We chuckle at Pepys and find him exceptionally good company, not because he was a high official in the Admiralty and President of the Royal Society, a respected citizen and a trusted servant of his king, but because we have inside knowledge of his foibles, his impulses, his humanity. The fact that Pepys attended divine services with some regularity and usually remembered the sermons captivates us less than the other fact that he was not at such times wholly unconscious of pretty girls that shared his pew and not wholly disdainful of a feminine hand that came within reach during the course of a prayer. In large measure such revelations of John Bunyan's private life and inner man are denied us. Consequently we see him as his flock of

admiring Nonconformists saw him—an honest man, an upright man, a saintly man. And such a man is doubtless a stabilizing force in the life of any society, but hardly an exhilarating companion.

It is, therefore, distinctly a relief to discover that John Bunyan was a hypocrite. In one respect he was a whited sepulchre, filled not with dead men's bones, but with abundant life and a very human weakness for a pleasure that his stern code denied him. How Bunyan indulged that weakness is a fascinating glimpse into the intricacies of the Puritan mind.

No sin, outside the conventional vices at least, moved Bunyan's ostensible indignation so much as the sin of reading for entertainment. Fiction was anathema to him. He grouped romances together with atheistical pamphlets as "nasty, odious, lascivious pieces of beastliness". Godly books, such as *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, *The Practice of Piety*, and *The Sick Man's Salve*, were sufficiently didactic as well as sufficiently dull to be recommended to the elect. Even certain narratives, Foxe's *Martyrs* and lurid accounts of God's vengeance against sinners, were exciting in a godly way and consequently not prohibited. But lying stories and vain tales of all sorts, and particularly the romances of chivalry then vastly popular among the peasantry of England, were "worthless things" and "things of no advantage", filthy, untrue, and diverting in the sense that they led the mind from one other-world, that of the Christian, to another other-world, that of romance, where all men are brave and all women fair.

A fondness for chivalric fiction Bunyan placed, in *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, prominently among his hero's damnable shortcomings. He showed the young Badman surrounded with influences that should have lured the most hardened of sinners into right paths, influences such as prayers after meals and before bedtime and shelves full of irreproachable tracts on salvation. And yet Mr. Badman wantonly persisted in hiding behind sugar barrels and reading *Amadis* and *The Mirror of Knighthood*. "He would keep them in close places, and peruse them at such times as yielded him fit opportunities thereto." Again, in his *Sighs from Hell; or, Groans from a Damned Soul*, Bunyan made the

reading of romances one of the deadly sins. The chief groans of the repentant ghost concern his memories that during his life he had enjoyed reading the Scriptures less than following the adventures of St. George and Bevis of Hampton from chapter to chapter of black-letter thrillers. Bunyan quite obviously was not, one concludes from his writings, a devotee of romance.

And yet that is exactly what he was. *Pilgrim's Progress* could not have been written by a man whose mind was not saturated with the literature of chivalry. Greatheart, Valiant-for-Truth, and, for a part of his pilgrimage at least, Christian himself, are knights that fight in armor against giants, dragons, and monsters, conquer the enchantments of haunted valleys, and are in spirit and in deed blood brothers to Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Lancelot, and Sir Palmerin. The stories centered around Bunyan's Christian heroes are the conventional episodes of romantic fiction. Bunyan must at one time in his life have been extraordinarily familiar with just the sort of literature that in his sermons he condemned, and must have cherished and preserved the memories of this sinful reading throughout his career as a Puritan preacher and teacher. And when he wrote *Pilgrim's Progress* he used these "carnal cogitations", as he would have called them, to point his moral and adorn his tale.

Take a giant fight at random from the second part of the *Progress,* the fight between Greatheart and the terrible Bloodyman; observe how the hero dealt his antagonist "a down-right blow, and brought him upon his knees. With this blow he also broke his Helmet, and with the next cut off an Arm. Then did the Giant roar so hideously, that his voice frighted the Women." Then turn to such romances as *Don Belianis* and *Montelion;* see one hero charging upon a giant "with so sore a stroak that it, descending full upon his shaggy crown, brought him upon his knees" and made him roar "most hideously"; see another dealing a monster of mankind "such a blow on the Helmet that he clove it in sunder"; see a third striking his foe "such a full Blow on the arm that he cut the same quite off, whereat he gave such a Groan that all the Place rung with the noise thereof". Greatheart's passages of arms with the other two giants, the redoubtable Maul and Slaygood, are equally close to chivalric

episodes, in diction and in action. Each fight begins with the exchange of vaunts between the combatants, the conventional "flytings" of the romances; each contains an intermission during which the champions lean upon their weapons, pant, and glare at one another; each is a give-and-take of mighty blows that turn the vane of fortune now toward victory and now defeat; each draws to its close with the giant's growing weakness, his fall, his decapitation, and ends with the hero's prayer of thanksgiving. In short, if these giant fights in *Pilgrim's Progress* were severed by a sharp lancet from their context and grafted skillfully into the body of *Amadis de Gaule* or *Parismus, Prince of Bohemia*, the operation would be a complete success.

Not only the giant fights, but almost every passage of the second *Progress* that is not pure preaching is a romantic situation. The Enchanted Ground, through which the pilgrims pass in imminent danger of being cast into a magic sleep, had its origin in two enchanted gardens described by Richard Johnson in his popular romance, *The Seven Champions of Christendom*. Adventures at Doubting Castle, presided over by the unamiable Giant Despair, are paralleled by adventures at castles in Emanuel Ford's *Parismus* and in Samuel Rowlands's version of the old romance, *Guy of Warwick*.

But nowhere does Bunyan's knowledge of the romances show itself so interestingly, and nowhere is it disguised so subtly, as in that part of *Pilgrim's Progress* that conducts Christian from the foot of the Hill Difficulty through the terrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The Hill Difficulty, from the point of view of the allegory, represents the diffidence which the Puritan convert experiences before he unites with a congregation of the brethren; the two lions that Christian finds in a narrow passage before the gate of the House Beautiful are symbols of church and state persecution directed against Nonconformists; the House Beautiful itself, where four grave damsels entertain Christian after he has safely climbed the hill and passed the lions, represents the community of visible saints, the Christian church. The armor with which the damsels clothe the hero at his departure and the arms that they give him are the spiritual weapons of offence and defence described in Paul's letter to the Ephesians.

The Valley of Humiliation into which he descends denotes the reaction following a period of spiritual exaltation; the foul fiend that advances across the plain shaking his fiery darts at Christian is the enemy of mankind as manifested by temptations in the human heart; the leaves from the Tree of Life that are borne by a mysterious Hand to Christian, as he lies wounded after the battle, typify the comforting influences of the Holy Spirit. The second valley, dark, vaguely horrible, haunted by things invisible and unclean, into which Christian next advances with sword drawn in hand, symbolizes the dread of death in a state of unregeneration that haunted Bunyan himself so continually, the Valley of the Shadow of which the Psalmist sang, the distressing intervals of melancholia from which all religious enthusiasts are doomed to suffer.

Thus the story appears from the point of view of what Bunyan calls "practical Christianity", the Puritan system of salvation. But from the viewpoint of pure narrative, the story is a series of situations from the romances. The House Beautiful, on the top of a precipitous mountain and made, by the lions that guard it, inaccessible to all but the most heroic of champions, corresponds in no accidental way to those palaces which in chivalric stories are called "defended". The brave Montelion was far from the only knight to ascend "a rocky Hill of great Largeness", to find a "most stately Palace" on its summit, to be confronted by "two Lions that kept the Passage", to be dismayed by the "roaring Noise" that they made, and finally "to pass by them, expecting no other than cruel Resistance", but finding that "contrary to his thought, they laid themselves down at his Feet, as it were reverencing him". Such an adventure corresponds in detail to Christian's experience. Once within the stately palace called Beautiful, Christian's entertainment at the hands of the four damsels is obviously that of the knight errant, given solace when evening comes at a wayside castle; indeed, it resembles in several aspects the entertainment of Johnson's Seven Champions at the house of a courteous Jew at Damasco, who shows his guests the "rarities" of his palace and his armory, just as Christian is shown "rarities" and an armory at the House Beautiful. When the damsels arm Christian at his departure, in preparation for

some adventure soon to come, they show their kinship with the damsels of the romances, such as the four that gave the valiant Palladine of England a "marvellous costly green Armour" as he left them; and when Christian descends the hill and plunges into desperate combat with Apollyon in the valley beneath the palace, he is unmistakably a hero similar to Tom-a-Lincoln, who went from Prester John's palace into the Vale of the Golden Tree and there fought a dragon, or to St. George, who arose from his bed at a hermitage and "like a bold adventuring Champion, entered a Valley", where the dragon of Egypt had his haunts.

Without stopping to connect Apollyon with the dragons and fiends of romance or with the terrible Endriaque that came "bounding over the rocks" to meet Amadis of Gaul on the Devil's Isle, and without dwelling upon the healing of Christian's wounds by means that correspond to the magic oranges, gems of rare virtue, apples from the Tree of Life, and water from the four wells of Paradise that heal the wounds of heroes in *Huon of Bŭrdeux*, the *Morte d'Arthur*, and many another romance, we will follow Christian into the Valley of the Shadow, tell a story from the romance called *Arthur of Little Brittany*, and then have done with sources. For by this time it must be clear that Bunyan had, at some time or other in his life, read romances as diligently as he read the Bible and godly books in his later years, and that he was almost as intoxicated with the spirit of romance as was the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, Cervantes's famous hero.

Christian, as we have seen, has gone in the morning from his place of entertainment, has entered a valley called Humiliation, has battled there desperately with a fierce monster, has overcome him, and has continued his journey in readiness for further perils, coming soon to the entrance of a second valley, this time a dismal vale of terror. Before he can enter, two men rush up to him, crying, "Back, back, if either life or peace is prized by you!" This is, of course, enough to make Christian hesitate a little; but, being a hero of the true stamp, he determines that the way to his desired haven lies through the midst of the valley, and that he must venture, come what may. Once in the valley, he is in total darkness. He finds himself on an exceedingly narrow passage-way, with a deep ditch on one side and a quag on the other. He

is beset in the darkness by "things that cared not for his sword", by a company of fiends that advance and then retreat before he reaches them. Unholy sounds are all about him; the pit of Hell casts up lightless sparks across the way. And then, just as Christian is in most peril, the darkness suddenly lifts, the supernatural terrors vanish, and the sun shines down on a peaceful plain.

Now follow another hero, not an allegorical representation of a Puritan convert this time, but a famous knight, Arthur of Little Brittany, engaged in achieving the adventure of the Tenebrous Tower. He sets out one morning from the lodge where he has been entertained, and comes "intoo a great valey, darke and depe". Before he can enter, certain hewers of wood rush up to him and cry, "A! gentyll knyght, for Goddes sake retourne againe, for and ye goo any ferther ye are but deed." This is, of course, enough to make Arthur hesitate a little; but, being a knight of great prowess and renown, he determines to achieve his adventure, come what may. In the valley against which the hewers of wood have warned him, Arthur has a number of fights on his hands. This Valley of Valefounde, where a giant, a lion, and a griffin come successively to encounter the errant champion, corresponds in position and in nature to Christian's Valley of Humiliation. Beyond it, Arthur finds a second valley, a murky and mysterious region where the sun never shines. He is forced to pass blindly over "a lytle brydge, which was so narrowe, that one man could not passe by another, and under thys brydge there was so great a pyt, that the bottom thereof could not be perceyved". He is beset in the darkness by unseen foes; he finds in the midst of the valley "a greate pitte" and "a great hideous fyre", out of which issue the enchantments that give the valley its horrors. These enchantments dispersed and the adventure accomplished, the sun returns, bringing the light of the morning.

It is hardly necessary to cite more parallels, tiresome work at best, to show that in a large part of his *Pilgrim's Progress* Bunyan utilized for a spiritual purpose, and yet related with a far from sanctimonious zest, the exploits of secular heroes. Doubtless not a few of Bunyan's associates in the Nonconformist fraternity understood what he was doing and were not a little distressed by it. Those pillars of the Bedford congregation to whom Bunyan

showed the allegory in manuscript, and whom he consulted about printing it, wagged their heads and said, "John, not so!" The conscientious Puritan who supplemented *Pilgrim's Progress* some years later with a *Key to the Allegory* remarked apologetically: "Some readers may, perhaps, conceive that our author was too fond of giants and monsters, but when we consider the important theological and moral truths concealed under these ideas, it more than justifies him." It was these very giants and monsters, however, and not the important theological and moral truths, that made *Pilgrim's Progress* for many generations a rival of *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe* in the affections of English and American children. And to the majority of Puritans in Bunyan's and in later days, hungry for the sort of romantic fiction that their stern code proscribed, it opened doors to fascinating regions of wonder where, adequately chaperoned by important truths, they could see monsters quelled, giants overcome, impossible tasks achieved, and follow great heroes up hill and down dale and through enchanted valleys. No wonder that such a romance in the guise of a work of edification sold twenty-one editions in ten years and found a place in the ingle-nook of every English cottage.

Bunyan no doubt foresaw that the romantic qualities of his allegory would give it a vogue denied to his tracts. He knew well enough what sort of sugar was needed to make theological pills slip easily down the throats of his contemporaries. There is also no doubt that he was vitally interested in the spiritual medicine itself, in the theological and moral ideas that underlie the allegory. But obviously Bunyan felt as great joy in creating the adventures of his heroes as any of his readers felt in following them, and obviously his interest in Maul, Bloodyman, Slaygood, Apollyon, and the lions of the House Beautiful was not alone in their allegorical status as Acts of Parliament against Nonconformists or as carnal cogitations in the Christian heart. He loved romance for its own sake. He condemned his Mr. Badman for reading romances surreptitiously; but, just as surreptitiously, he cherished the memories of romances he once had read, made them the material of his day-dreams and of his famous allegory. The tales of chivalry are as important in the genesis of *Pilgrim's Progress*

as in that of the *Faerie Queene*. Spenser gloried in his love for knightly adventures; Bunyan outwardly abhorred romance, and yet secretly lived in a romantic world. Therein lies Bunyan's charming hypocrisy.

At first Bunyan's love for the romances had no element of sham. He began to read them in his boyhood, when, as he tells us in his autobiography, the thoughts of religion were very grievous to him and the "books that concerned Christian piety" were as dust and ashes to his spirit. In those days it was his delight "to be taken captive by the devil at his will". "I was one of those lousy ones," he wrote in his downright way; "one of those great sin-breeders; I infected all the youth of the town where I was born with all manner of youthful vanities." It was wholly natural, therefore, that this red-blooded young Englishman should have early learned to revel in the popular adventure stories so common in his day, the seventeenth century equivalents of our Western fiction, with knights in the place of cow-punchers and flashing swords in the place of smoking forty-fours. At the age of twenty-one, however, John came under the influence of a pious wife and the Puritan congregation at Bedford; he adopted without reservation a new philosophy of life that looked askance on earthly pleasures and fixed its eyes on the Celestial City. According to this philosophy, the reading of romances "fed the nature that is out of the fear of God"; it was consequently forbidden to all true believers, and in this prohibition, as in all others, Bunyan acquiesced. As far as we know, he read no more romances. He added his voice to the chorus of denunciation against all books that were not godly books. And yet he did not root the memories of the old, sinful, pleasant reading out of his mind.

Instead of suppressing his old interests, he gave them a new application. The Bible, for one thing, became a sort of romance to him. We can see in his sermons how he loved to dwell upon David's fight with Goliath, how he visualized the gentle Noah as a knight in armor warring against the giants who lived before the Flood, how he gloried in the deeds of heroes who stopped the mouths of lions and put to flight the armies of the aliens. For another thing, he turned the old object of his hero worship, the

knight errant, into a Christian hero, garbed him in spiritual armor, and sent him out to war against the world, the flesh, and the devil, religious equivalents of the giants and monsters of the romances.

He himself was this hero. Just as in his boyhood his play instincts had found expression in acting out the adventures of Bevis and St. George with his companions, in conducting gallant assaults on cottage castles and winning eternal renown in barnyard tournaments, in his later days as a Puritan preacher he gratified the same instincts in a manner but slightly different. As he launched controversial attacks on the Anglicans and the Quakers, as he faced his judges at the time of his trial, as he struggled with temptations in his own heart, and above all as he dreamed, he thought fondly of himself as acting the part of Amadis or Lancelot. By imagination, he made his own life a romance. Christian and Greatheart, in *Pilgrim's Progress*, are projections of Bunyan's own personality; their adventures against giants and enchantments are his vicarious experiences, the substance of his dreams. Bunyan indulged his natural interests, sinful as they were, in and through his religion; and that, I imagine, is what most Puritans manage to do, by one hook or crook or another.

The real John Bunyan is an exceptionally attractive figure. There are hints in a contemporary portrait of him, as "tall of stature, strong boned, somewhat of ruddy face, with sparkling eyes", that show what manner of man lived under the Geneva cloak of his Puritan principles. In his own way, Bunyan was a man like Bayard or Sidney, a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, a representative of a chivalrous order that most contemporaries had outgrown. In the days of Monk, Charles the Second, and Wycherley, he rode on his pilgrimage with the clear-eyed zest of Chaucer's Squire. He was a Puritan, and yet a dreamer and eternally a child. He was a hypocrite, because only through hypocrisy could he be at the same time a Puritan and John Bunyan.

HAROLD GOLDER.

CHARLES MAURRAS

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

DURING the last few years Democracy has been subjected to a veritable drum fire of criticism. Making the world safe for democracy was all very well during the War, but for the moment the crusading spirit in all countries is at a low ebb. It will probably be a long time before the world accepts Montesquieu's comforting conviction that "republics live by virtue just as monarchies live by honor". To dispassionate observers the laws of economics play a more conspicuous part in the conduct of international affairs than either virtue or honor. After the Napoleonic wars it fell to the lot of Wellington and Castlereagh to prevent the dismemberment of France at the hands of Germany. Even the most devoted admirers of Wellington and Castlereagh would not suggest that they were actuated by any other motive than expediency. They knew that Europe wanted peace and that there could be no peace if France were humiliated. If the people of Germany or Austria or England, inflamed by the twenty years' struggle against Napoleon, had been allowed to express an opinion at the Congress of Vienna, would France have escaped as lightly? In other words, is it fair to assume that democracies are more far-sighted or more forgiving than Tory diplomats?

In America we are in the habit of silencing all criticism of democracy by the one word education. We have experienced no other form of government, and though we are prepared to admit its imperfections our imagination refuses to conceive of alternatives. Whenever democracy fails we lay the blame not on the system, but on the insufficient education of the electorate. In France and England, where democracy has been slowly and painfully evolved instead of suddenly springing into existence, the consideration of other theories of government is more possible. Today one of the ablest men in France is dedicating his life to the overthrow of the republican régime. That man is Charles

Maurras, the intellectual leader of the Royalist party. Day by day Maurras expounds his doctrine of continuity in government and of union between Church and State in the columns of the *Action Française*. Started as a weekly review in 1900, the *Action Française* under the editorship of Maurras and Léon Daudet has become an extraordinarily successful daily paper. The policy of the editors has never wavered. Without deliberately catering to the aristocracy they attack all Jews, Freemasons and Radicals indiscriminately. Maurras is by far the greater thinker of the two, but Daudet has a certain talent for abuse that has proved effective in keeping the *Action Française* in the limelight. Maurras actually succeeded in arousing genuine enthusiasm for the late Duke of Orleans, "Philippe VIII", as he preferred to call him. It would be pleasant to picture him as a twentieth century Jacobite, faithful to a lost cause, blind to the changes of history, imbued with a spirit of passionate, unreasoning loyalty. Such a portrait would bear no resemblance to the original. To Maurras the very word romance, associated as it is with everything that is exuberant and disorderly in literature and politics, is anathema. There is nothing romantic in his attachment to the monarchy. If he were a Breton we might assume that his forefathers had followed the standard of La Rochejacquelein and that he had been brought up to revere the ill-starred loyalty of the Vendeans, but as it happens M. Maurras comes of Provençal bourgeois stock. He was born and bred in a district that has no royalist affiliations. His political opinions are founded on his own reading and observation rather than upon any inherited doctrine of the divine right of kings. Far from ignoring the history of the last fifty years, precisely because he has studied it so carefully, Maurras is convinced that France can never thrive as a republic.

The most serious charge that he makes against democracy is that it is incapable of a stable foreign policy. Between the years 1870 and 1895 there were thirty-five ministries in France. Is it to be wondered at, asks Maurras, that during that period of incessant change the Third Republic became a mere pawn in the game between Germany and England? This trend of thought is developed in great detail in his *Kiel and Tangier*, a study of French policy under Hanotaux and Delcassé. Starting with

1895, the year in which the French and Russian fleets came together to fraternize with Germany in the waters of the Kiel Canal, Maurras shows how France embarked on a series of foreign adventures that led to one humiliation after another. A foray into Egypt inspired by the Germanophile ministry of Hanotaux ended ingloriously at Fashoda. The fiasco of Tangier, 1905, indicated that M. Delcassé's Anglophile policy was equally ineffective. At a word from the Kaiser, Delcassé, the brilliant architect of the Entente Cordiale, was compelled to resign. Never had national prestige been so flouted. In the heyday of peace, without deigning to discuss the question, Germany had dictated the resignation of a French Cabinet Minister.

Maurras is unsparing in his denouncement of both Hanotaux and Delcassé. Either policy might have been successful under a monarchy, neither could possibly come to fruition under a republic. Theoretically a good case might be made out for a policy of reconciliation with Germany on the understanding that the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine should be recovered in the shape of British colonies. An even better case might be put forward for an alliance with Great Britain, appealing as it would to the strong sentiment of *revanche*. In either contingency, however, France should be a partner and not a vassal of her ally. Unfortunately French prestige was so low that neither Germany nor England felt compelled to recognize the obligations of any alliance. At Fashoda and again at Tangier she was left to extricate herself as best she could. As long as colonial expansion remained at the mercy of the English, owing to the hopeless inferiority of the French Navy, it was better to have the English for friends than for enemies. The great mistake consisted in ever embarking on colonial ventures without first assuring the means of communication. Hanotaux and Delcassé were equally wrong because they both initiated a foreign policy that was bound to lead to war with one of the great European Powers. For such a war France was hopelessly ill prepared. The Dreyfus case, the Panama scandal, and the feud between Church and State, had so weakened national morale that a vigorous foreign policy was out of the question. Undignified bickering at home had made France a pusillanimous figure abroad; and such it will always be,

according to Maurras, until the republic makes way for a monarchy.

We do not have to be ardent royalists to admit that Maurras has laid his finger on a very real weakness inherent to democracies. Thirty-five ministries in twenty-five years! Or if we come down to the present day, eight ministries since 1919 with every possibility of a ninth before these pages are in print! The figures need no comment. The same malignant disease infects the Army and the Navy. There is no lack of talent or patriotism, but the vicious system nullifies the best efforts of the personnel. When Maurras denounces democracy in France as a "*régime politique sans mémoire*" he is not indulging in idle rhetoric. What he says is literally true. Schoolmasters, generals, politicians, all whirling in and out of office every six months, can not profit by the experience of their predecessors. The morale of the Army deteriorates for the same reason that the foreign policies of a Hanotaux or a Delcassé collapsed. No one believes that the Chief of Staff will remain in office long enough to effect any vigorous reforms. In Germany a Moltke or a Schlieffen may be in office for years, but in France, just before the War, Foch was dismissed from the War Office as soon as a Radical Government came into power and discovered that his brother was a Jesuit. It may perhaps be objected that during the War the French Army showed no particular signs of deterioration, but Maurras would say that again and again the army was jeopardized by political interference. Nivelle was a purely political appointment, and the Nivelle offensive did more to shake the morale of the French Army than all the attacks on Verdun. Admitting that democracy breaks down in a crisis, and that under any conditions it is incapable of sustained action, what reason have we to suppose that France would fare better under a monarchy? Maurras assures his readers that on the day the Pretender ascends the throne the Golden Age will come again. Jews and Freemasons will disappear, traitors will be punished, public confidence will be restored. Why does he think so? In the first place he has what will seem to many people an exaggerated conception of the native intelligence of kings. Because Edward VII was a great diplomat it does not follow that the Duc de Guise "*connaît l'Europe comme un bourgeois sa ville.*" Still less does it

follow that the average Frenchman, however disgusted he may be with the Republic, will immediately place implicit confidence in an untried monarchy. Ever since Louis XVIII came back into France on the cruppers of the invader, the monarchy has been something of a figure of fun. Nor have the various aspirants to the throne since 1870 shown any marked political acumen. The memory of the Comte de Chambord refusing to be king unless the nation adopt the standard of his ancestors has not impressed the French people with the natural sagacity of princes. Such things mean nothing to Maurras because he is always arguing for a system and never for a personality. He can champion the Catholic Church without believing in Christ, and he can wax eloquent over the idea of monarchy without stopping to consider the qualifications of the claimant to the throne.

In his *Enquête sur la Monarchie*, an inquiry addressed to various distinguished Frenchmen on the desirability and feasibility of restoring the monarchy, Maurras elicited from the Duc d'Orleans a very concise statement of his programme. It may be expressed in three words—"*réformer pour conserver.*" Taking that as his text Maurras proceeds to show how the most important reforms are incompatible with democracy. Chief among these is the whole problem of decentralization. Maurras deplores the gravitation of power to Paris, which he attributes entirely to Republican terror of municipal autonomy. The evil goes back to that fatal day in 1789 when the National Assembly abolished the old provinces of France and divided the country arbitrarily into eighty-one departments. If it were a mere matter of nomenclature no great harm would have been done, though most people would agree that the word Roussillon, for instance, conveys more to the imagination than Pyrenées Orientales, and Normandy more than Eure or Calvados. Unluckily the National Assembly remade the map of France with the definite intention of eradicating local patriotism. Whereas a Frenchman hitherto had prided himself on hailing from Brittany or Provence, he was now a citizen of the Republic with no local affiliations. The system which had been conceived as a Republican measure was eagerly seized upon and perfected by Napoleon. He was quick to see that the centralization which was necessary to the Republic was still

more necessary to the empire. The policy of conscription with which he saddled France could never have been carried through if any degree of local autonomy had prevailed.

It is then only under a monarchy that what we should call States Rights can thrive, because a monarchy, within its own frontiers at any rate, has no cause for jealousy. Republics founded on theories of individual liberty are naturally haunted by spectres of secession. Empires fall apart as soon as any outlying province develops a spirit of nationalism. The outstanding benefit that Maurras anticipates from a return to the *Ancien Régime* is the general decentralization of power. He would send the prefects and the subprefects about their business, because being appointed by the Minister of the Interior they owe their allegiance to the central government in Paris rather than to the district over which they preside. To the commune, at present a mere administrative convenience, he would restore much of its old authority. That authority was sacrificed on August 4, 1789, which will always be for Maurras a black letter day in French history. In a moment of insanity the Third Estate, by way of acknowledging the *beau geste* of the nobles and clergy, deliberately surrendered its own provincial and municipal privileges, thereby impoverishing not only itself but posterity. Today the influence of the peasant on local matters which directly concern him and upon which he may be assumed to have some knowledge is practically negligible. The mayor of the commune has to refer every question of the slightest importance to the prefect, who in turn submits it to the Minister of the Interior. On the other hand, the individual voter very largely determines matters of State policy; indeed he is actually the last court of appeal. As an example of the fatuity of the electorate, wherever large questions of policy are concerned, Maurras cites the Russian alliance. A democracy being founded constitutionally upon numbers admires sheer size above everything else. Once Russia with its enormous population and its vast extent of territory joined the Entente, France was lulled into the belief that war with Germany was impossible. Like Matthew Arnold, Maurras is continually harping upon the fallacy of numbers, but in France as in America the remnant is still being crowded to the wall.

Maurras sees decentralization as the only antidote to the supremacy of numbers. In a rare outburst of enthusiasm he confesses his longing "to deliver from their departmental cages the souls of the provinces whose names are still cherished throughout the length and breadth of France."

It is not only the cause of government that he is here pleading. The whole question of provincial, in his case more especially Provençal, culture, is at stake. Lorraine did not mean more to Barrès, Paris to Anatole France, than Provence means to Maurras. Not being a sentimental man, in fact his enemies have accused him with some justice of a certain pagan hardness, his love for Provence is not quite as obvious as that of the average Frenchman for his particular corner of France. The Société des Félibres, of which he is one of the most active members, was founded in 1855 for the maintenance of everything—language, literature and administrative independence—that was redolent of Provence. For a long time Mistral was the guiding spirit of the society, and since his death Maurras has become the standard bearer. Something of the same kind, aiming at a renaissance of the provincial spirit, has been started in Brittany and Lorraine. Needless to say the movement has not been smiled upon by the Government. Ardent Republicans scoff at Maurras as a crazy reactionary who thinks he can hold back the hands of the clock, but that is merely their way of saying that he is an independent thinker. He is just as willing to champion the forces of progress as he is to attack the principles of democracy. The fact is that Maurras is too intellectual a person to be drugged by the catchwords of the multitude. We doubt whether he would be the least interested in an idea or a project either on the ground that it was startlingly original or that it was sanctioned by experience. Such things, he would say, do not matter. Is the idea or the project intrinsically worth while? If it is, let us try to put it into effect.

Any one wishing to satisfy himself that Maurras can be an ardent supporter of the new order need but read his delightful essay entitled *Les Changements* in *L'Etang de Berre*. Here he makes game of those sad-faced pessimists who are forever bewailing the vulgarization of the countryside. It seems that the village of Martigues where he was born and brought up has been

subjected to a rather too ruthless modernization. Artists, who used to flock there, have decided that the ugly new buildings and the unspeakable electric tramway have effectually ruined their haven of beauty. They turn to Maurras as a kindred spirit, and to their dismay Maurras informs them that there is nothing sacred about antiquity, that the changes are probably beneficial, and that anyway the world is not a museum. Instead of being soothed by an eloquent statement of Ruskin's philosophy, they meet with about as much sympathy from this so-called reactionary as they might expect from H. G. Wells.

And yet Maurras is not insensitive to beauty. If he turns a cold shoulder to the artists it is because in his eyes they are guilty of a false æstheticism. Their clinging to the past, their instinctive opposition to machinery, proves them to be infected with the disease of romanticism. Man is powerless to destroy the inherent beauties of Martigues. The blue of the Mediterranean, the dome-shaped hills that surround the village, the play of the sunlight on the Etang de Berre—such things exist for all time. It is only the trappings that change. Maurras has that rare faculty, so infuriating to his opponents, of shutting his eyes to and literally blotting out everything that is inessential. While they protest, for instance, against a new and particularly objectionable suspension bridge, he merely remarks: "I see it without noticing it, and every man of ordinary intelligence will do the same; he will obliterate it from the landscape by an automatic decree of his instinct." This process works well enough in the little world of Martigues, but when applied to more debatable problems in literature and politics it presents obvious difficulties. In his attack upon the literature of the nineteenth century, Maurras singles out Victor Hugo, Béranger, and George Sand, and then maintains that the whole trend of literature of the last hundred years was revolutionary. He deliberately ignores such men as Gautier, Balzac, and Flaubert, who were not for a moment concerned with vague theories about the rights of man. Thus, by choosing his own examples, he is able to prove that in romantic literature the function of the intelligence is almost that of an explosive. He assumes that the one object of the romantic writer is to overthrow established institutions such as the Government, or the family, or the Church,

and maintains that prior to 1789 literature had generally sided with the forces of order against anarchy. No doubt there is a germ of truth in this categorical statement. Intelligence, once firmly entrenched on the Right, is swinging more and more to the Left. In that respect France is certainly more advanced, for better or worse, than England or America, but that is because civilization in France goes down to a lower level than in other countries.

Maurras goes on to deplore that the literary men in France during the last hundred years should have consistently backed the wrong horse. Not only did they devote their energies to bringing about a state of political anarchy, but they resolutely set themselves against material progress. A gap has appeared between the spirit of culture and the commercial and scientific forces of the country, where formerly there was no gap at all. So it is that literature, because it fell into the hands of men who idealized life instead of accepting it, has become more and more estranged from the great mass of the people. Nor is there anything surprising in this estrangement. Maurras, never at a loss for a reason, finds it in the foreign extraction of the leaders of the romantic movement. Rousseau was a Swiss, so was Mme. de Stael, and though they all benefited by French culture they never accepted the national discipline. They were weak precisely where the French genius is strong. In the place of logic, accurate observation, and critical insight, they brought only a fund of barbaric vitality. Those people who pride themselves on their Nordic ancestry would do well to ponder these words of Maurras. It is a French point of view if you will, but it is also the point of view of a man who can be unsparing in criticism of his own nation. As a critic Maurras is supremely important because he realizes the intimate relationship of literature, history and sociology. It is not true to say that he hates the French Revolution and all its works because he is a crusted conservative. He hates it because his sympathies lie with Greece and Rome rather than with England and Germany, and because owing to the Revolution France, "*le boulevard de classicité,*" has been led astray by men and ideas that are foreign to her genius.

Maurras is a man whose antipathies are easily comprehended.

No great subtlety of mind is required to grasp his contempt for democracy, or his hatred for everything in literature that is slipshod in thought or expression. His enthusiasms are more elusive; they are not merely the converse of his dislikes. Only in his last volume, *La Musique Intérieure*, recently published in the *Cahier Vert* series, does he disclose the fundamental optimism of his character. Twenty years ago he wrote an account of his impressions of Greece and Greek art which struck a note of profound pessimism. In *Anthinea*, as the book was called, he went to Athens as a lover going to a trysting-place, and when he left Athens it was as if the world had suddenly grown dim. Even Florence could not revive his spirits. "A gradual decadence," he says, "has invaded Florence as it has invaded Italy and the whole world, which day by day grows colder, uglier, and more barbarous." Since then his sympathies have so broadened that this narrowly classical view of the universe fills, as it were, only one compartment of his mind. One of the most effective cures for over-fastidiousness is editing a daily paper, a task to which Maurras has devoted himself for over twenty years. No one can accuse him of being a theorist living in an ivory tower. He has become the Cassandra of French journalism, and it is not inconceivable that he will be right about the monarchy as he has proved right in his other prophecies. He foretold the War, the Allied victory, and the ensuing failure of the Treaty of Versailles, on the ground that the broken machinery of international relationship could not be repaired by the clumsy hands of democracy.

La Musique Intérieure represents an important advance in the literary progress of M. Maurras. Hitherto he has been engaged almost exclusively in controversy; now for the first time he steps out of the arena and we find that this master of dialectics is a poet at heart. There was some excuse for the English reviewer who, commenting some years ago on Albert Thibaudet's excellent monograph, *Les Idées de Charles Maurras*, maintained that Maurras was hardly more than a first rate publicist. There could be no excuse for such a statement now. As the title suggests, *La Musique Intérieure* is a curiously intimate book. The author has long suffered from deafness, so that the music he hears comes through the imagination rather than through the senses. The

first half of the volume is autobiographical. Maurras tells us how he grew up with the ambition of being a poet and how he decided, with some searchings of heart, that he must devote whatever literary talents he had to his country rather than to the Muses. Stated thus baldly it may sound as if the author were inclined to pride himself on conscious rectitude, but actually his writing is entirely free from the sin of self-righteousness. There is nothing heroic in his mind about serving the State. His father held a small governmental position and he had been brought up in the tradition of service. The æsthete or the bohemian recoils from patriotism as a bourgeois virtue that is apt to interfere with the splendid code of individualism that every man must evolve for himself. The relentless intelligence of Maurras thrusts aside any such selfish, easy-going philosophy. Those few moments that he could snatch from journalism and controversy he gave to poetry, but having once dedicated his life to rescuing France from anarchy he has not often taken his hand from the plough.

The second half of *La Musique Intérieure* shows us what happens on those rare occasions when M. Maurras plays truant. As a poet he presents grave difficulties to the unwary reader. Perhaps the best way to understand him is to bear in mind his comment upon his own early work. "*En ce temps-là,*" he says, speaking of his youth, "*il fut décent de faire l'idiot en vers.*" To play the idiot in verse means nothing more than surrendering oneself to the cult of prettiness. For the verbal dexterity required to make a ballade or a triolet he has nothing but contempt. Maurras has enough of the Greek in him to recognize beauty under any disguise, but he insists upon a beauty of conception rather than execution. It is significant that the only modern poet whom he praises without stint is Jean Moréas, whose mother was a Greek, and that what he admired in Moréas was his capacity for seriousness. While other poets were content to embellish a trivial subject with vivid epithets, Moréas conceived of themes that were intrinsically poetical. Maurras has evidently tried to walk in the footsteps of his master. His later poems, particularly *Le Mystère d'Ulysse*, are crystal clear in expression; and yet though they are bathed in sunlight they are curiously difficult. Many poets have been inspired by the wanderings of Ulysses, but no

one except Maurras, so far as we know, has cared to show how the wanderings ripened the bitter kindliness of his nature.

For many people this poetry will seem to be too philosophical, to rely too much on the reason and not enough on the imagination or the senses. Possibly this criticism is just. Maurras can be as exuberant as Francis Thompson, but he will never lose himself in the clouds. When his Pegasus comes back to earth we see that all the time there was method in his fine frenzy, that he had carefully deliberated before caracoling. In everything that he writes, prose or poetry, there is always method. A man of his crusading spirit would be incapable of playing the virtuoso. Because his poetry is charged with reflection rather than emotion the multitude will not accept him as a poet. As a vigorous independent thinker, however, he has won the enthusiastic admiration of a few and the respect of a great many. That there is any demand at all for the stark severity of his teaching proves that the French people have not lost their appetite for ideas. Maurras has been compared to a doctor warning a timid patient that the only alternative to a dangerous operation is death. The operation in this case involves cutting away the malignant growth of democracy that is stifling the life of the nation. It is possible that his forebodings are not justified and that the body politic is not in the imminent state of collapse that he pictures. That is a question for Frenchmen to determine. For the foreigner the importance of Maurras lies in his reasoning more than in his conclusions. He has enlisted reason and argument in the support of an apparently lost cause, which is something that the Legitimist has never done before. He is called a reactionary because he insists that as long as she is a Republic France can never regain her old position in Europe. As well might he be called a Communist, because he believes that the welfare of the community and the family is of greater importance than the welfare of the individual. If we must define him let us call him a radical reactionary, a philosopher, a poet, and the very prince of debaters. Long may he flourish—a delight to lovers of literature the world over and in France a thorn in the flesh to all those who have made up their minds that whatever is is right.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

THE REAL ESTATE AGENT'S TALE

BY AMY LOWELL

THE furniture goes with the house. Oh, yes.
There ain't no silver, but silver's never let,
At least I never heard of that being done.
There's lots of dishes though, and only a few
Are cracked or chipped, the owner was very careful.
She washed her plates as though they were her babies,
And everything's spick and span, just as she left it.
Maybe you'll want a little bit more comfort
In your chairs. But you can send up one or two
If these don't suit, and probably a spring sofa
For the sitting-room, the one there's hard as nails
And I don't fancy you'll like its horse-hair cover,
Folks don't to-day. My wife couldn't abide ours,
We broke it up for fire-wood long ago.
It's a pretty place, the more you look it over,
And the rent is very reasonable indeed.
Now just you let me make a note or two:
You'll take it as it stands without the sofa,
And you don't want the bed in the East Chamber,
Nor the kitchen things, and you do want an ice-chest.
Nothing more? Well, now, there's just one thing
Which may surprise you, but I wouldn't keep
That clock if I was you. Oh, it goes all right.
It hasn't missed its strike in fifty years.
I've come here every Sunday and wound it up,
Sam Gould, Miss Bartlett's nephew, told me to.
He's all that's left of the family, he and the clock,
But I don't notice he's sent for it to Boston.
It's a very handsome thing, the sort that dealers
Hunting old furniture can't get enough of—
We have a good few of the tribe up here,
Nosing about whenever there's an auction—
But for all that I wouldn't want it round.
I guess I'm mighty poor at real estating
To say a thing like that, but still I wouldn't,
Not if 'twas me. You needn't laugh, Mr. Brooks,

I've got a funny feeling about that clock.
I want to let it stop, and tie a rope
Around it good and tight just where the wood
Juts out to hold the face, and then I want
To hang it up in the old apple-tree
Outside my office and let it swing and rot
With snow, and rain, and sun, until it drops.
You think I'm mad, I guess. Well, Sir, I'm not.
But I've got my own ideas about that clock.
It's a whole hour to train time, if you care
To hear why I feel so, I'll tell you why.
That clock's been in the Bartlett family
Time out of mind, ever since Simon Bartlett
Brought it from England on one of his long voyages,
The longest voyage he ever took and the last.
He was captain of a ship trading the Indies,
Not the West Indies, of course you understand,
But the other Indies, off around Cape Horn.
This time he'd been away above two years
And back he came, slapping along as fast
As winds would blow him, expecting to be married
Soon as his ship had got her anchor down.
The war of eighteen-twelve was on and booming,
But Cap'n Si didn't know a thing about it,
Until a British ship fired plunk at him.
He made what fight he could with only muskets,
But the British ship had a bellyful of cannon,
And pretty soon 'twas strike or go down flyin',
So Cap'n Si, being prudent, hauled his flag.
They put a prize crew on him just for luck,
And off he went under the Union Jack,
And found himself clapped into Dartmoor jail,
With no way of sending word back to his Sweetheart
That he wasn't hobnobbing down with Davy Jones.
They let him out after the war was over.
He'd made some money carving little toys,
For sailors in those days knew how to whittle
And visitors were always keen on buying,
And I guess he had some more sewed in his clothes
The warden had overlooked. But all his keepsakes
Were gone, the presents he was bringing home
To give his bride. He wouldn't come empty-handed,
He bought this clock, now he had time again,
It seemed to him time had been all choked up,

Clogged somehow, like the wheels of a dirty watch,
While he had been in prison. He might have thought
Amanda would have married, but he didn't,
And she hadn't. So that at least was right as rain,
And they set up housekeeping with the clock.
You bet he wound it every week, he wouldn't
Have let it stop for a hundred thousand dollars.
He'd got time back, and he meant to hold on to it.
He did, being over a hundred when he died.
And I don't suppose the jail seemed more than five minutes
When he looked back. He'd given up sea-faring
And moved quite a ways inland, to Nashua,
And then on here to Franklin. Here he stuck,
And here his folks have been sticking ever since,
Till Sam Gould went away and Miss Bartlett died.
The Bartlett family just lived by that clock.
You never caught one of them being late
For meals, or getting up, or going to bed.
The clock was in at all the goings on.
No Bartlett woman was married from a church,
They used to stand the minister in front
Of the clock to marry them, and all the guests
Looked right into that clock face all the time
The wedding was going on, and ten to one
The clock would strike and you couldn't hear a thing
Was said. It was the same with christenings.
Every Bartlett baby was baptized
In front of the clock, and every Bartlett corpse
Got prayed off into Heaven with that clock
Tick-tocking up above, and striking too,
Funerals weren't more serious to Bartletts
Than the clock's striking. I've heard my mother say
They purposely arranged to have it so.
It really was uncanny how their lives
Moved and circled about that grim old clock.
Bartletts were born, and Bartletts died, but the clock
Was always the same, it never changed a bit.
When I was a boy I used to come with Sam
And stand for hours watching those rocking ships
Up there. But when Sam's father died and I
Saw those ships rocking up above his coffin
They turned me sort of sick, I wanted to smash them.
That clock was treated as if it was alive,
And there it stood, grinning with all its ships,

Not caring a brass farthing what occurred
To any one. I got a hunch that day
That the clock had a nasty soul, that it liked to watch
The family like puppets in a show
And that some day it would get bored and do
Some horrid thing. It was a curious fancy,
Wasn't it? But maybe I was righter
Than I could ever dare believe I was.
The Bartletts owned a lot of land round here,
Old Si had spread himself when it came to land.
Some of it was farm, some woodland, some was nothing,
And kept as such for a full century.
I guess the Captain started the first store
They had here. He did a thriving trade
In groceries, and calicoes, and hardware,
But somehow the family drifted out of business
And long before my day they'd sold the store
And only kept the farm. But the new West
Cut farming into bits all through this country.
Only some folks don't know when they've had enough
And the Bartlett family hated change like poison.
George Bartlett, having only girls, the neighbours
Used to wonder what would happen when he died.
At first, of course, they thought the girls would marry,
And Jane, the youngest, did—but not a farmer,
Her husband was the doctor here, and a good one,
But country practice ain't a roarin' gold mine.
Still it kept them, and Jerusha found a man
To rent the farm, and things went on like that
For a good many years. Then the doctor died
And left his wife and Sam without a cent.
Jerusha took them in, but the farm rent
Didn't go far with three of them, so Jerusha
Sold off her wood; not the land, you understand,
But the trees on it. The Diamond Match people
Sent saw-mills in and cut down everything.
There were miles and miles looked like the Day of Judgment,
Stumps, and dead twigs, and rotting chips, and cinders.
The city folks were mad as hops about it,
But if Jerusha cared she didn't say so.
I went to Hanover about that time,
And then to Law School. How they got the money
To send Sam down to study pharmacy,
I've only just found out. They borrowed it,

And at enormous interest. By that time
Sam's mother had died, and there was just those two,
Sam and Miss Bartlett, with the measly farm rent
To carry them. Miss Bartlett made it do,
Pinching along on next to nothing here
Till Sam got his diploma. Just a year
After he'd started working in a drug-store,
The man who rented the farm got sick and died.
And there was poor Miss Bartlett with no money,
Not a single dollar bill that she could count on,
And owning acres and acres of useless land!
If dirt was only dollars now—but it isn't.
Land-poor she was, and a very bad case of it.
Of course she meant to let the farm again,
But no one wanted it, and her wood land
Was nothing but a six years' growth of saplings.
One afternoon Miss Bartlett sent me word
She wanted to see me. So I went right down
And had a talk with her. She told me everything
And asked me whether I could sell her land.
I didn't think I could, and said so frankly.
"Martin," says she, "I'll give you just six months,
If it ain't sold then, I know what I will do."
Now she might have meant she'd join Sam in the city,
Or take in washing, or go out for a housekeeper.
But she didn't mean any of those things,
She meant she'd kill herself. I don't know how
I got that, but I did. She might sell land,
The same as you might have your teeth pulled out,
But she couldn't leave that house. It seemed to me
As though she and the clock were wound together
And the house was the shell of both. The clock was ticking
In the silence that followed after she had spoken.
It ticked so loud I heard it in the parlour
Where we were sitting. It seemed as though her heart
Was ticking with it somehow, or that what
I listened to was not the clock at all
But her heart beating, pounding on the silence
To break it down. 'Twas fearfully uncanny,
And when I left her and went into the entry
There were those everlasting ships rocking and rocking,
And telling me something plainly all the time.
I couldn't pass them, and I got the notion
That they were shouting at me I could sell

The old land if I dared—just if I dared.
I hauled my feet away at last, and when
I got outside I called myself some names
I wouldn't like another man to call me.
I thought I knew the clock was only fancy,
But I couldn't shake the idea of Miss Bartlett.
I knew I'd got that right, it was suicide
She had in mind. You bet I didn't leave
A stone unturned about selling that land.
I advertised it out of my own pocket.
Five months went by and I was almost crazy,
And then one morning I landed a customer.
He was rich as mud and mad as a March Hare,
He wanted rural solitude, he said.
I told him he would find it at the farm
And he agreed he should. But, mad as he was,
I couldn't plant on him a single acre
Of that poor spindly, second-growth wood land.
What ever had been the farm he wanted badly,
But he wouldn't touch a yard of anything else.
I didn't blame him, the wood lots were a sight,
And 'twas luck you couldn't see them from the farm-house.
For Miss Jerusha couldn't touch the farm trees
They being rented at the time, you remember.
I tell you, Sir, I simply soaked that fellow,
I made him pay twice what the farm was worth.
And he stood for it, he liked the place so much.
Well, that was that, and he had signed the deed
A good two weeks before the month was up.
It was a Saturday I took it over
To get Miss Bartlett's signature. I can't forget
How quiet and genteel the old house looked,
With the lilacs by the door all in full bloom
And the window-beds with their red-and-yellow tulips
The way they'd always been. When I was a boy
I never could pass that yard without looking in
To see Miss Bartlett's flowers and sniff the scent of them.
I used to smell it for hours afterwards.
I felt as though I'd gained a lot of time
That day and I didn't hurry to ring the bell.
But when I did, and Miss Bartlett opened the door,
The entry seemed as black as pitch to me
Coming in from the sunlight, and the tick
Of that infernal clock seemed to break the air

The same as you break water skipping pebbles,
I could scarcely hear Miss Bartlett greeting me,
And when I looked at her I half expected
To see the ships rocking upon her forehead.
I got myself together in a minute
And gave her the papers and showed her where to sign them.
It took an age, I thought, and then I found
That I was breathing in time to the ticking clock
And counting—counting. I'd got to eighteen hundred
Before she finished. Then I tried to say
Something appropriate, but nothing came.
Miss Bartlett was like an image run inside
By clockwork. Her face was wax—wax-white,
And wax-still too, she thanked me like a doll
Who speaks because you press it.
I'd saved her life, perhaps, and yet I seemed
To be pressing it out at the very instant.
At any rate, there was nothing more to do
And I got up. Miss Bartlett got up with me
And walked to the door, and for some sudden reason
Turned round and went directly to the clock.
She had the papers still, and she held them up
Before the clock-face with a curious gesture,
Defiance it might have been, or supplication.
It had a nasty look to me, the way
She braced herself and cringed at the same time,
Like I was watching some beastly ceremony,
With torture in it and things one wouldn't think of,
I might be seeing a heathen devotee
Making oblation to a heathen god,
A wood and metal thing without a soul
But furious with abominable intention.
Ten breaths I counted before the clock fell over.
It started to strike, then with a hideous screech
Of grating wheels and rapping bells, it tottered,
Poised on its edge and suddenly came down
And crashed Miss Bartlett with it to the floor.
I got it off her somehow, she was breathing
And muttering something. When I stooped to hear,
She whispered, "Go and put the clock up, Martin.
Put it up before you touch me." And I did.
And you would have done the same, Sir. All she wanted
Was to see that clock in place before she died.
She saw it so, but when I went to lift her

I did not lift Miss Bartlett, but a corpse
With hands and feet already growing cold.
But nothing ailed the clock. I looked at it,
Its ships were rocking, cool as cucumbers,
Over and back, over and back. I carried
Miss Bartlett into the parlour and laid her down
On the sofa, and I could hardly pass the clock
For loathing, and a sort of fear, I guess.
I passed it twice, and it was ticking softly
And purring too, it might have been a cat,
When I went out to call the doctor. They tell me
It was the wires jarring, but I know better.
Well, now you know the story, you can choose
Whether you want the clock or not. I thought so.
You'll never make me think it didn't kill her,
If there are homicidal clocks or no.
It may be foolishness, but I believe it,
Believe that clock has got a sort of mania.
If it were mine, I'd smash the case to pieces
And bury the works out under those rank saplings,
But Sam will have a word to say to that.
And now, Sir, we'll be starting for the train.

AMY LOWELL.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

LINCOLN THE AMERICAN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

In these two volumes Carl Sandburg has made a vividly human portrait of Lincoln with a richly peopled background. And sometimes the background comes out of the frame. Nevertheless with few new facts or incidents, and with no pretence of novelty of interpretation, he has drawn a picture that for vitality, realism, sympathy and discrimination, holds attention and commands respect.

The author, himself a son of the prairie, has attempted to sketch, and in a measure explain, his hero in terms of heritage and environment. By episode rather than steady narrative he brings before us the panorama of Western life, which entered into the fibre of Lincoln's habits and character. Often he suggests a bard sitting before a rude fireplace chanting his hero tale with a poet's repetitions and refrains, his sentences and characterizations recurring again and again for rhetorical effect. Then, piling stroke on stroke of fact, he will plunge into a very "catalogue of the ships" with detailed lists of crops or game animals, or an inventory of a grocery shelf, to give concreteness to his story. Some obvious slips need correction in any new edition, such for instance as a quotation from De Tocqueville ascribed to Montesquieu, and the repeated error in the name of Chief Justice David K. Cartter, who stuttered in his spelling as well as his speech. Poetic rhapsody should also restrain itself from such flights as making Nancy Hanks sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains", when she died before Bishop Heber wrote it. The lyrical strain is at times a trifle overpowering, especially in the earlier chapters dealing with Lincoln's boyhood, with Lucy and Nancy Hanks, the romance of Ann Rutledge, and the possible roots of

the wistfulness and melancholy that so deeply tinged his nature and contrasted so strongly—was perhaps compensated with his Bœotian humor. But out of it all we get a remarkably true and understandable view of Lincoln, and of the society of which he was so much a type, both in his strength and weakness.

This prairie society in which Lincoln grew up is often spoken of as something peculiarly apart, a West that had a new meaning of humanity and a new message for the world. As a matter of fact, as Mr. Sandburg shows clearly, it was part and parcel of America. It took its aspect from pioneer conditions rather than from any new strain of character. Life there was rough. Ignorance and irreligion, fighting, drinking, swearing, were rife. But Timothy Dwight at the end of the eighteenth century could bring exactly the same indictment against the Vermont settlers just building the most thoroughly Yankee of the Yankee States. A few years later a historian of Western New York reported the saying of about 1815 that "the Sabbath had not found its way west of the Genesee River". On the other hand, the same aspiration that led John Hay's father in the West to ride forty miles on horseback to get a newly published Waverley Novel sent Minard Lafever, then a youth of nineteen, walking fifty miles to Geneva, New York, to get his first treatise on architecture.

These Illinois pioneers carried out through Cumberland Gap or along the Mohawk Valley the tradition of the Revolution. Many of them had fought in it themselves. Others were heirs of the riflemen who went with Daniel Morgan from the Shenandoah to Saratoga, or of the men who followed John Stark to Bennington. Except for a few in the older seaboard towns, the great mass of the people, whether on the New England farm or the Virginia plantation, were like them in fundamental ideas. "We lived," said Dennis Hanks, "the same as the Indians, 'ceptin' we took an interest in politics and religion." That interest in politics and religion was characteristic of the whole stock. They lived like Indians only so long as they had to. They migrated as separate families over wide spaces, and the prevailing isolation retarded the growth of ordered institutions. But the moment these were possible we see schools and churches springing up, and all the commodities of refined civilization in demand, as Mr.

Sandburg's inventory of the silks and velvets in the Springfield shops of 1837 shows.

Most of the settlers were poor, but with the poverty of new beginnings, not of degeneration, and without class consciousness. Aside from the few born pioneers who flee civilization as fast as it catches up with them, the prairie people were eager for the habits and refinements of settled society. When Lincoln at twenty-five first went to the Legislature, he laid aside his buckskin trousers and bought the best suit of clothes he could afford. He never saw a moral issue in a dress coat, or, like that later group of prairie intellectuals celebrated by Hamlin Garland, identified it as a badge of slavery to the effete East. The Illinois of Lincoln's formative years was scarcely touched by the waves of foreign immigration, while in the East the industrial organization was in its infancy. The bulk of the Eastern population was still rural; the workers in the factories were mostly the same people off the farms, or out of the small workshops. The Erie Canal had made New York the great outlet of the prairie, and linked the Middle States and the upper Mississippi Valley into a greater likeness of interest and feeling than they have perhaps ever had before or since. Anyone who can remember the more isolated country homes of New York or New England even less than fifty years ago, will see in the Illinois farmers and townfolk, as described by Mr. Sandburg, their sayings, their social customs, their business methods, their intellectual habit, enough that is familiar to feel them all essentially one people.

Lincoln himself would have listened with understanding to them all. He shared their habits of political thought and he likewise shared, not their theological dogmas, which at the time they were so given to quarreling about, but their common religious aspirations, with a deep spiritual feeling. He was of the blood of North and South and East. The New England Lincolns were his ancestors. Lincolns from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania fought in the Revolution. In his veins was also the blood of the Middle States Quaker and Virginia planter. His people were good stock. Pioneer conditions had meant to them poverty and ignorance, but they carried with them over the mountains the ideas of the Declaration of Independence. With almost

no schooling and few books Lincoln was "always a learner", and what he learned amid difficulties was that same foundation of American ideals and English culture on which they all stood. *Æsop's Fables*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and above all, the Bible, sank deep into his mind and shaped the austere grandeur of the Gettysburg Address and the splendid cadences of the Second Inaugural. He wrote verses, like, and as bad as, those of the other young men of his day. He studied and in earlier years affected Websterian eloquence; and, despite his later directness and his love of folk talk and the racy story, he could still inject into a hard-headed, argumentative letter to a political convention from the White House such a poetic flight as: "The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea."

This Lincoln that we see so much alive in Mr. Sandburg's pages grew up in the Jeffersonian tradition, which was the common faith of practically all of America; but in the application of that doctrine, though a pioneer and poor, he turned to the conservative, constructive side under the inspiration of Henry Clay, and early became a leader among the Whigs, pleading for a protective tariff, and internal improvements, and sound banking. In the Legislature his ambition was to be "the De Witt Clinton of Illinois". From Webster he learned that conception of Union and the Constitution that moderated even his fight for freedom and made him finally the preserver of American Nationality. No man gave greater sympathy. John L. Scripps wrote in 1860 that he had "an exquisite sense of justice", and sometimes it stood in his way as a lawyer. Yet neither poverty, nor pity, nor indignation could make him a fanatic. He was simple to the end, in some ways crude, homely and rugged with the indelible marks of rail splitter and flatboatman on him; but no one who has ever seen the nobility of his face as it appears, for instance, in the Leland daguerreotype, taken about the time of the Presidential nomination, can think with patience of pictures and statuary that depict him as a sort of "Man with the Hoe", in the attempt to glorify the clodhopper as a caste. There was nothing of the proletariat about him. He was the typically shrewd, ambitious American, modest yet eager for distinction; intellectually honest, high principled and courageous, yet a velvet footed, opportunist

politician, whom his lifelong friend, Leonard Swett, called "a trimmer, and such a trimmer as the world has never seen". His intellect was not extraordinary. A Springfield associate at the bar said that in him "passion or sentiment steadied and determined an otherwise indecisive mind", and his critics in the Civil War often complained of that indecision. But it was made up for by patience, benevolence and an unswerving determination to steer right, when he could find out which way was right. His course was marked by steady growth in character and power and influence. His neighbors recognized him as one of themselves, and one of the best of themselves. His rise was not fortuitous. He led, but, more than leading, typified the aspiring, freedom loving, justice seeking spirit of the whole race "who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake". There was nothing miraculous about his development on prairie soil from poverty. Hundreds of others came to mastery from as unfavorable surroundings. The miracle of Lincoln was his soul, and such a soul is as much a miracle when it appears in Athens or among Hebrew prophets as in a Kentucky clearing.

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN.

A GREAT TEACHER

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, 1879–1922. Edited by Lady Raleigh, with a Preface by David Nichol Smith. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It appears that Oxford already is putting to the test the place that Sir Walter Raleigh will hold among literary critics, for it has been chosen as the subject of a University Prize Essay—and perhaps no one thing could be more of a tribute to the faith he placed in youth than that youth should be asked to give its estimate of one who, as George Gordon, in *The London Mercury*, says, "seemed always, by his own paths, to have reached the next stile, and to be leaning there, as the young wits and adventurers climbed over." Almost at random amongst the letters written during the War will one come on this supreme belief in youth, and what it was

giving. "It is queer to ask for the top thing from these children, and get it as a matter of course." Again, "the nurseries of today are the legatees, and they will seldom think of the splendid generation of youth that broke itself to give them the world." "The pathos of the young and their generosity with their lives, is almost intolerable." And so on, through letter after letter. But he had passed his life with youth, going almost at once, after the end of his time at Cambridge in 1885, to the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College, at Aligarh, as Professor of English Literature, and then successively, except for the two years after his return from India because of his ill-health, at Owens College, Manchester; University College, Liverpool, where he was for ten years; Glasgow, an appointment by the Crown, and where as at Liverpool his success was great; and finally Oxford, in 1904, as the first holder of the University's Professorship of English Literature. And through all these years youth had been at once his companion and inspiration, and it will be of great interest to see what judgment youth places upon him, at least on his professional side. When he was appointed as official historian of the Royal Air Force, in 1918, he felt at last that he joined the ranks with his three sons, and to write of these experiences, for flaming youth was surely part of that service of the Kingdom, was to give a lasting testimony to the real passion of his life. But he lived to complete only one volume. He died at Oxford in May, 1922.

The Letters—selected from some 2,000—bear ample testimony of a man at once of delicate sensitivity and a virility that must have heartened those who were associated with him. His response was so quick to the moods and minds of the people he was with that in this wise he captured his classes, casting to the winds any prescribed form of instruction, but seeing instantly what would catch and hold his students and lure them on to further searches for themselves. He had some very definite things to say on the Educationists. "An infatuated class of people, and their theories abandoned tosh." Of his own system he said, "My system is called the 'Jack-in-the-box' system. The virtue of the Jack-in-the-box depends on the psychological laws of attention." And the "system" worked superbly because of that power of personality that fascinated all those who came in contact with it.

A truly great teacher. And his own definition of a University as a place "where men are learning, not to obey, but to choose" might well be taken to heart in our over-standardized educational system.

The wit and flash throughout the letters indicate how easily he reached critical values, and on what solid foundations they were based. Yet always one feels that Raleigh's questing among the poets, the preparations of his books, his enthusiasm for Johnson, and later that deep insight into the English character as shown in the War, were all born alike—a huge zest for the high adventure.

It may well be that it will be said of his criticism what Mr. Mackail says in his volume entitled *Coleridge's Literary Criticism* —that "criticism, in the hands of an artist, is itself art." And his friend George Gordon, in the article already referred to, considers that Raleigh's *Six Essays on Johnson* more than any work "inaugurated the present triumph of Johnson, and the revaluation, now proceeding, of the eighteenth century". No small office surely. His own view of literary criticism he presents in this wise:

> I am a good deal puzzled . . . to get a comfortable or permanent niche in the order of things in general for literary criticism. If it is simply tracing literary cause and effect as history is said to be the tracing of political cause and effect, I do not see why a lover of literature ever should go on to it any more than I see why a lover of painting should study chemistry.

And again:

> If any young man could found a society where people speak only what they think and tell only what they know—in the first words that come to hand—that would be, at last, a school of Literature.

There is a good deal of "first words that come to hand" in many of the Letters, and while they may not inaugurate a school of literature, they exemplify a type of writing to be regarded as literature.

But when one puts down the two volumes of these Letters, where one has been admitted to an intimacy in so many bypaths of the mind and spirit, the creed of the man is summed up in his own words—"It would be a nightmare to die if we left no laughter and singing behind us."

ELISABETH CUTTING.

ENGLISH AND CHOCTAW

HUMAN SHOWS, FAR PHANTASIES, SONGS AND TRIFLES. By Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

HARVEST OF YOUTH. By Edward Davison. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE LONG GALLERY. By Anne Goodwin Winslow. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

NOT POPPY. By Virginia Moore. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

AMERICAN INDIAN LOVE LYRICS. By Nellie Barnes. Foreword by Mary Austin. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THOMAS HARDY'S *Human Shows*, etc., continues without a change in his philosophy, method, or style the themes treated in the rest of the body of his poetry, particularly the two volumes of collected poems issued by Macmillan in London in 1920. One cannot refrain from exclaiming at the continued virility and fecundity of this, the Grand Old Man of English Literature, in the year 1926. "Life is roomy and the odds unbounded," he wrote in his early youth nigh a century ago! Few more able brains enlisted in the service of literature have brooded over the problems of human destiny at any era. Time, it seems, has been wisely generous in protracting his period of observation for so many decades, since the result is one of the most profound comments on the dance of shadow shapes in the human comedy of our mutual tongue.

It is impossible to review Mr. Hardy's last book of poems, simply because it is bound in separate covers, as an entity apart from the rest of his poetry. Here are over one hundred and fifty new poems added to the body of his verse. Nor does this include all that he has recently written. One regrets that the superb "Gentlemen, Gentlemen," which appeared in *The Century* about two years ago, is not here included. Perhaps that will remain for the final end of the momentous story.

In the present collection we are again permitted to see—in the characters, stories, and landscapes which the poet presents with an infinite variety of sameness—the universal man in Thomas Hardy's pitiless universe. Critics of a school, a place, or a time might complain that Mr. Hardy's poetry too often lacks inge-

nuity or the continuous glitter of dazzling lines, the "magic" which this thrill-loving generation cries for. The poet's weaving is on so vast a scale, however, that a charge like this is like complaining that the figures on a tapestry covering a whole castle hall are not embroidered with beads. The sound of the horn is in his hunts; and the figures of the lovers and of battles breathe and bleed. Of the landscapes—there has been nothing like them—the world is in Wessex. A judgment rendered upon all the facts discloses that the poet has chosen the medium and the style best suited for the tremendous spaces he has chosen to decorate.

The arras of Thomas Hardy shows the comedy or tragedy of man in an "infinite" series of ballads and narrative poems presenting dramatically their scenes and characters until they people the theatre of a new world. Each one of these poems, although it may treat of one incident only, generally manages to include within itself at least one complete life history from swaddling clothes to shroud. Taking the work as a gigantic whole, it shows forth humanity on a set stage—innumerable actors forever reënacting the same play in the same theatre with the same plot—but with different incidents and different lines. Each of the poems is thus a microcosm of the macrocosm it serves to create. Because the resulting cosmos is presented dramatically, the poet's own conclusions about its nature and its inhabitants are borne in upon the reader as an inherent part of the whole. Whether Mr. Hardy's conclusions about "the nature of things" will be found to be ultimately acceptable or merely another rationalization, depends upon the scope and the insight of his observation. That his insight is great must be admitted. The present volume is a further proof of his scope. It will now be necessary again to revise the already rotund Hardy Dictionaries.

It is said by those who know that Thomas Hardy regards himself above all things as a poet; that he is only incidentally a novelist, and refers to his novels as "the stories". In America, where poets are largely regarded as a harmless form of after dinner amusement, or at best as a species of eccentric song bird, this estimate of himself is hard to understand. Mr. Hardy is thinking, however, of the poet of the great literary tradition—of

Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. All of these men chose to embody their greatest creations in verse. In relying upon that form for his projection into the future rather than upon prose, Mr. Hardy has the experience of time and his own great wisdom to comfort him. Critically and intellectually considered, the net result of a whole Hardy novel is to add *one* comment more to the human comedy in the realm of English literature. There are several of his poems which in a few stanzas accomplish the same result. Many of them in reality contain the plot for an entire novel.

By turning to the imaginative shorthand of poetry, Mr. Hardy has produced a whole galaxy of characters and comments in which his novels are only one solar system. That he is right in regarding the universe he has thus created as more important than one of its systems, no matter how bright the bulkier stars of his novels now seem to be, will become increasingly evident as the ever lengthening perspective of the future leaves the whole body of his work shining as a complete universe in the milky way of time.

Harvest of Youth is an American collection of the early and recent poems of Edward Davison, who has already attained the dignity of a volume in England, some time since. There is a lack of superficial glitter about this poetry that will be deceptive to those who look for emotional thrills, verbal pyrotechnics, and intellectual modishness. Both the style and themes of many of these poems show that Mr. Davison is writing in the tradition and knows why.

Many of his lines and attitudes take their source and inspiration from the perennial springs that must always make new verdant spots when they are uncovered, but that require real delving to tap. Mr. Davison has his own individual method, however, and has laid out his garden with genuine imagination instead of a fashionable fancy. It will not do merely to come there to glance about, and depart. The shadows and patches of sunlight for those who are capable of tarrying for observation will be found to have a peculiar quality of their own, combined with the power of awaking memories. The mood evoked is a curious one. It is the strange sensation of having for the

first time experienced something that was nevertheless familiar before.

There are two important qualities in Mr. Davison; in the first place he evidently knows what the word "poet" means and attains in his style the dignity which the art demands. In plain English, he is not trying to be another one of those clever little fellows that do verbal somersaults in a vacuum. Also, and this is a vast deal in itself, he combines his words and sentences so that they make a genuine melody of the English idiom. Astonishment is not attained by a series of verbal rapes. What seems to be less fortunate in his verse is a tendency to deal with abstractions and conventional literary themes, and to lapse into lines that are sometimes dull. In a poem which transcribes a bit of genuine wonder and adventure we are shown a glimpse of Labrador:

> The white precipitous cliffs and flowing rivers
> The snowy wastes and glaciers of that name.

This is simply a literal naming of landscape features with an eighteenth century gusto and tag "of that name". Why Mr. Davison thinks *Thou* is a better pronoun than *You*, and solemnly goes through all the rest of the post mortem ritual of the grave style, brings to mind a profound difference of opinion. "The Old Women Hear the Young Girls Singing in April" is a lovely poem, as is "Harvest Over". If Edward Davison does not forget himself in remembering too many other things, he may yet give us some great poetry.

Anne Goodwin Winslow's *The Long Gallery* is a book of excellent and delightful minor poetry. She deserves more space than can be given to her here, and no small meed of praise for having carefully limited her scope and then cultivated her field. The first half of the book is given up to poems of personal moods. There is not an affected, forced, nor trivial mood presented. In fact the best of this poet's moods are important, and they are all poetically expressed.

Mrs. Winslow's style utterly lacks the self-confessed weakness of embroidery. She is never sentimental and she is often strong. The poems dealing with historical and classical settings in the latter part of the volume are dramatic, in the spirit of the time with which they deal, fresh, and often poignant. This book was

worth doing and genuinely deserves to be read for the pleasure of doing so. Mrs. Winslow is a poet with something to say which she says well, and not a public informer who takes upon herself the task of turning state's evidence on her lovers and flubdubbing about the difficulties of being female. *The Long Gallery*, it is to be hoped, will soon lead into the main hall, which for her is just around the corner.

Miss Virginia Moore in *Not Poppy* is evidently having an absorbing and sometimes rather difficult time with herself and the world at large in attaining adult stature and the poise which occasionally goes with it. "Sappho is in her like a burning rod," and she reproaches herself for "not being wild mustard on the road where beetles are an episode". Some of the poems show that Miss Moore is familiar with the latest brand of university culturine about monism and pluralism, but I do not honestly find anywhere in the one hundred and nine pages, which the title unnecessarily avers are *not* soporific, that their author is genuinely intellectually intelligent or emotionally educated.

Miss Moore's poetry is all in the latest female mood; a little too modish, in fact. It owes a great deal for its now stock attitudes to Edna St. Vincent Millay, and has a repercussion of syllables and rhymes reminiscent of Eleanor Wylie. Miss Moore is so sure that her own moods are interesting and important that we here have a book about them. If her emotions deserved that, they were also entitled to their own style.

Genuine poetry has no place for the girlishly cute and literally bizarre. It takes great art to be at once dignified and grotesque; only a poetic Hercules can be magnificently tiny. Miss Moore strives for all these effects. She pauses to wipe two tears with spider gauze; she keeps an appointment inside a cupola that was a drop of ointment; a moon butting the branches was a blind ancestral slice of melon-rind, etc.

This is fancy but not imagination; and it is fancy that unhappily lacks delicacy. There are a thousand poets who *can* do this kind of thing, and a half hundred who *will* not. The troubles of passion must be phrased either uniquely or universally to become poetry. It was a small glass slipper that Cinderella left in the prince's hand that left royal footprints on Mr. Longfellow's

sands of time. Fancy what would have been the lady's fate had that glass slipper been even the "*choicest*" of patent leather shoes!

There is a great deal of talk in the air just now about the importance to American literature and decorative art of the neolithic savages who preceded us in this continent before, unfortunately for them, our European forefathers decided to move to pastures new. The theory behind this is that these "Amerindians", as the new jargon terrifically labels them, lived so long in this continent that they developed a mythology, a decorative art, and rhythms which are native and therefore spiritually expressive of North America. *Ergo;* we should turn to them, sit at their feet—learn, imitate, and adapt. This is a delightful theory, which has already accumulated a considerable literature of propaganda. To this "literature" Miss Barnes's *American Indian Love Lyrics* belongs. I am now going to cut entirely under Miss Barnes's rather pleasant little volume to place a stick of dynamite at the roots of the troublesome stump in the field of American literature from which Miss Barnes's sapling grew. The trouble with the theory behind all this "literature" is that it isn't true. The Indian himself is now known authentically to be a mongoloid type who arrived from the West, *racially speaking*, a comparatively short time before the Europeans came from the East. The culture of the Red Indian is in its final analysis Asiatic, and goes back to the days when their slant-eyed ancestors hunted the mastodon in what was then marshy country south of the retreating glacier and west of the later Chinese wall. Even maize came from Mongolia! The comment of the Red Brother upon his new environment was very superficial, indeed. He remained in essence and tradition a Mongol in the neolithic stage, while some yellow and white savages in other parts of the world began to suspect that God was not a grizzly bear and the cause of rain something more subtle than tribal chants. In short, certain whites and yellows became spiritually and artistically civilized and forgot their animistic drivel. The Red Man in North America remained the same. Mary Austin remarks in her foreword that the Mediterranean cultures forgot their tribal rhythms and art and that Greek and Latin poetry solidified in cultivated traditions. Of course, it did. That is why it is great poetry. It

expresses the moods of civilized peoples. To watch a tribe of hopeless savages trying to make rain by jumping around with snakes in their mouths to any rhythm whatsoever, may be a picturesque experience, but it is certainly not a wellspring for American literature.

As a matter of fact the rhythms of the Negro who accompanied the whites to North America, his attitudes and his folklore, have had infinitely more of an effect upon White literature, art, and music in that continent during the past three hundred years than all the tribes of Red Skins from Moostakmaguntic, Maine, to Tacoma, Oregon. The reason for this is, and the cold fact remains, that the legends, poetry, decorative art and mythology of the Indians are only of value as a picturesque and grotesque background for the European-Mediterranean culture which now roars triumphantly over their unimportant graves and kitchen middens. A few, a very few, of their customs and discoveries have been assimilated. Any effort to copy their "art" will result in what is known in archæology as an intrusive burial. Five years ago this reviewer in speaking of ethnic contributions to our background wrote in *Carolina Chansons:*

VOICE OF AN INDIAN

Gone from the land,
We leave the music of our names,
As pleasant as the sound of waters;
Gone is the log-lodge and the skin-tepee,
And moons ago the ghost canoe brought home
The latest of our sons and daughters—
Yet still we linger in tobacco smoke
And in the rustling fields of maize;
Faint are the tracks our moccasins have left,
But they are there, down all your ways.

That is all that can honestly be said. In the Chinook jargon, Miss Barnes's book of Indian Love Lyrics would be called *Hiya Tenas Iktah; videlicit,* a Collection of Trifles.

HERVEY ALLEN.

THE ESSENCE OF READABILITY

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

UPROOTED. By Brand Whitlock. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

THE BLIND GODDESS. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

STARBRACE. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

SPANISH BAYONET. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE HIGH ADVENTURE. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

HAVING just finished the perusal of a half-dozen recent and somewhat notable American and English novels, I am willing to confess—if *confess* is the needful word—that I have been well entertained. Indeed, my literary unregeneracy goes so deep that I have found hearty enjoyment even where I think I have perceived rather obvious shortcomings. But, being a critic by mental habit as well as by avocation, I must needs trouble myself (and my readers) with the query, *why* these (certainly rather egregious) narratives have given me pleasure. In all sadness, what is the quality of each of these books that disarms criticism and constrains me to make my acknowledgments to the author? What is it that—"in the teeth of all the schools"—makes a story readable?

This question is particularly hard for me to answer because, as I look back upon my reading exploit, I am first of all struck with the curious variety of the tales that all go under the general name of *novel.* One would almost say that if one of them is genuinely and worthily a novel, the others can't be! But there is something that puzzles me even more; that is, the rather low percentage of *originality* in the group as a whole. If originality be the test, I am perhaps justified in thoroughly liking only one of them. And though this one be remarkable for originality, I might find upon analysis that this virtue is more than offset by a certain irresponsibility and a tendency toward the fantastic almost inhumane.

Perhaps *truth* is the ultimate test—fictional truth, of course, "reality," as Professor Phelps would have it, or even realism. But I hardly think so. I have never doubted that a story is all the better for expressing grave and beautiful, or shocking, truths about human life and character. I am sure that a fiction cannot be utterly false or meaningless unless its author is false or a fool. Realism, I also admit, is a grand thing. But it must be great realism: it must not be merely the realism of detail or the realism of a petty protest. And it really needs the support of profound feeling and conviction to make it tolerable.

At all events, the contentment with which I have read all these books is not due to their realism. As I have already suggested, I find them somewhat egregious when compared with life as it is lived—it is for this reason that I like them. They seem to me to represent a swing away from the merely true-to-life story, and also from the terribly earnest, sinfully scoffing, romantic realism of the violently modern phase.

The most original book of the lot is undoubtedly Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald's *All the Sad Young Men.* Read "The Rich Boy", the first narrative in Mr. Fitzgerald's collection of tales, and you will admit the originality, even though you may be a little taken aback by the keenness of Mr. Fitzgerald's psychological realism and a trifle abashed by his vigorous a-morality. Certainly, I have seldom, if ever, encountered in fiction a character that appears to be at once so typical and so individual as Mr. Fitzgerald's "rich boy". Moreover, in reading this story, I am not really troubled by moral queasiness. Its unsentimentality is not of the kind that offends. The fact is that Mr. Fitzgerald's apparent irresponsibility is not a moral irresponsibility, or thought of protest, inappropriately made to serve for literary inspiration. It is the joyous irresponsibility of the artist. Later in this book we find the author in an O. Henry-ish mood. The story called "Rags Martin Jones" is a tale of Arabian improbability, a modern phantasy, with an O. Henry conclusion. "Gretchen's Forty Winks" is of the same school, as regards technique, and is almost "bourgeois" in sentiment. Mr. Fitzgerald seems to urge that a man is justified in temporarily drugging his wife in order to prevent her from making a fool of

herself; he makes a butt of a conceited physical-culture faddist; he justifies the point of view of a plain, very masculine man. But these attitudes do not very seriously matter. What matters is Mr. Fitzgerald's insight into people's minds and moods. Mental attitudes are grist for his mill; various techniques and literary points of view are but tools. What he desires is to express in various forms of fiction, elaborate and quaint or simple and serious, his understanding of people. Thus, even when he is most serious, his stories are rather jolly, stimulating things. I may add that Mr. Fitzgerald can write, his style being of the sort that produces lively realizations of rather subtle meanings without particularly calling attention to itself.

These reflections about Mr. Fitzgerald seem to me capable of throwing a little light upon the question with which I set out; yet I must grant that there appears to be so little in common between F. Scott Fitzgerald and Brand Whitlock that the critic who attempts to consider them both in the same article may be accused of some temerity.

Mr. Whitlock's *Uprooted* is essentially a study of manners and of atmosphere. Its insight is an insight into social situations rather than into the intimacies of the mind. The people in the story, including a relatively harmless adventuress, are all rather conventional, with one exception. This exception is the heroine —a provincial American girl abroad. I suspect that "Betty Marsh" is not merely an American girl abroad, but also a "beautiful soul" of the romantic type—one who, like Trilby, is good and lovable, no matter what happens to her. But she is also a flapper of rather an extreme type, quite the Philistine, quite the sort of fool who rushes in where the experienced fear to tread. This is the only originality of the story—the crass up-to-dateness of Betty against the background of the European scene. But it is enough. Mr. Whitlock's heroine is charming, and the situations she causes are interesting. For the rest it is the very conventionality of the story, its artificiality, if you choose, its smoothness of surface, at any rate, that constitutes its charm. Any great depth of emotion or ruthless revealing of motives would spoil the picture, which is essentially the portrait of an American girl in an unconventional pose—a pose revealing at once her strength and

weakness, her awkwardness and her grace—against a picturesquely foreign background. For a rarity, the novel has sentiment without sentimentality, and a sufficient love story without violent "heart-throbs". Though scarcely notable for its "reality", it is real enough for the reader's acceptance, and though hardly to be called a romance, it possesses a sufficient glamor. What one admires in it, is its artistry—the manner in which details of description, traits of character, types of feeling, none very remarkable in themselves, are made to contribute to a general effect.

Mr. Arthur Train is somewhat conventional, not only in his character-portraiture, but also in his situations. His *The Blind Goddess* is in no way remarkable as to its fable. A poor young lawyer makes friends with the daughter of a wealthy man and finds himself appointed Assistant District-Attorney. Later he has to prosecute this same rich man, whose daughter he has come to love. But before the case comes to trial, the accused is shot, murdered, it is supposed, by his former mistress, who is the mother of his child. Dillon, the young lawyer, has to solve the problem of keeping his sweetheart ignorant of the identity of her mother and at the same time prosecuting that woman for murder in spite of a secret doubt of her guilt.

Hugh Dillon is the kind of young man who, on awakening in the morning, is "possessed with a fierce desire for food, tempered only by an aversion to getting out of bed." Could anyone be more engagingly normal? His love affair is of the sweet old-fashioned sort that we have all read about a hundred times—

"Moira," he said at last, "this is a strange time to be telling you so, but I love you."

"The best time to tell me," she answered, "is when I need you most."

"Then you love me, too?"

"I have always loved you, Hugh. Ever since that day in court when I saw you from the bench."

"And I you!"

But the romance of the story is at least sufficient to give a pleasant, sunshiny effect to a narrative that might otherwise depress one with its dusty and technical realism of the criminal courts and the Tombs.

This novel savors, to me, of the "gay nineties." It is neither rigorous realism, nor lawless romance, nor yet real old-fashioned melodrama. It is rather a somewhat naïve attempt to give romantic interest to real life, as a newspaper reporter or a criminal lawyer may see it, and at the same time to arouse interest in a matter of public interest. Mr. Train feels a sincere indignation at the abuses of legal procedure and at the too frequent travesties of justice which our legal system, together with the old Adam in all of us, seems to make possible. He has a familiarity with things pertaining to the criminal law which enables him to write his story, I will not say with realism, but with considerable actuality. In these qualities lies the individuality of his novel. But I love it for its very unreality, and for its artfulness—for the skill with which the author has made all his details and all his stage properties contribute to a general effect, that of a story with an honest thrill in it.

The originality of Mr. Stephen Vincent Benét is of a somewhat more subtle kind—and yet there is not too much of it! Yes, I am inclined to think that this is quite possible. Is not *Treasure Island* almost too original to be a really good pirate story? And do boys really like it? On this point, I have never quite been able to make up my mind.

In his *Spanish Bayonet* Mr. Benét has written a tale of adventure and intrigue with just enough avoidance of the too blissful love affair and the too happy ending to remind us that the author is after all one of the moderns. I cannot avoid mentioning, as one phase of the author's originality, though it comes in somewhat out of place, the name of his villain, "Dr. Gentian." I cannot say that there is much originality in the portrayal of the atrocious little doctor, with his air of complete respectability, his firm and suave demeanor, his incredible wickedness, his secret faith in the black art—except what is implied in his name. But that is a good deal. Mr. Benét excels in naming things, and, by the same token in describing them. He is a poet, and he uses poetry decoratively to give color and life and spiritual freshness to as stirring a bit of melodrama as I have read these many years.

The fable is dreadful enough in all conscience. Andrew Beard, son of a wealthy banker in colonial New York, goes to

Florida on business, and there becomes a member of the family of Dr. Gentian, the head of a supposedly free colony engaged in the production of indigo, a colony which is, however, to all intents and purposes a slave plantation under the doctor's stern rule. He falls in love with the doctor's beautiful daughter, but Sparta Gentian, for all her nobility of aspect, proves to be a wanton and to be in love with Cave, the overseer of the plantation, who is something of a cave-man, indeed, a sullen Caliban, who plots rebellion against his master. Andrew, though he suspects the doctor of cruelty, is blinded by love, until he discovers Sparta's faithlessness and also the plan of mother and daughter to bring him to Sparta's bedroom at night and thus by involving his honor to make his marriage inevitable. Then follows a tale of secret passages, of imprisonment, of escape, of rebellion and bloodshed, ending after many vicissitudes with the safe arrival of Andrew in New York. Not in itself a pleasing tale—but what a jolly art it is to make all this so agreeable, to transform it by literary magic into a thing of harmless excitement and amusing picturesqueness!

"Through the round porthole," writes Mr. Benét, "like a picture held in the circle of a spyglass, was the white stone thumb of a lighthouse, and a crawling line of foam on the beach." Andrew watches a small boat approaching the ship. "The black, struggling bug in the waves jumped into a longboat as Andrew put the glass to his eye. He could see the sweat start on the backs of the eight negro rowers as their oars rose and fell in thrashing dumb-show." Such curiously brilliant and sudden realizations of experience does the author continually give us. And I must spare a word of commendation also for the remarkable skill with which he fully conveys, but without offence, the effect of the profanity and the frankness of speech characteristic of the period in which his story has its setting.

Not nearly so successful in its fashion—the fashion of the "romantic," or artfully adventurous, story—is Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Starbrace*. My objection to *Starbrace* is not that it is either realistic or romantic; or even that the story lacks originality. My criticism is that the originality of the story seems to consist chiefly in a sort of inconsistent blending of romance with

realism. *Starbrace* is the neglected, ill-brought-up son of a gentleman who married beneath him, quarreled with his father, and was reduced to such poverty that he was obliged to labor as a shepherd. Apparently, the author, rejecting the romantic tradition which would give to such a youth a noble and ambitious character, has considered, truly enough, that he would in all probability prove to be a lumpish oaf, perfectly selfish, and without any desire to better himself. In fact, Starbrace's only redeeming feature is his love for Theodora Straightway, who is saved from being quite commonplace only, if at all, by the fact that she somewhat strangely falls in love with Starbrace. Theodora rides well, and she is said to be a trifle morbid in sentiment. But of this latter trait there is really little indication; she is a perfectly well-conducted young person, with no symptoms for the psycho-analysts.

The truth is that in such a swashbuckling, eighteenth century romance as *Starbrace*, there is hardly room for the sort of character study that alone would give interest to the central figures as conceived by the author. Not even the torture that Starbrace suffers when he is inconsiderately placed by his stern grandfather under the care of a narrow minded clerical tutor can make me really sympathize with the fellow; and, when the tutorial régime is renewed after Starbrace has been convicted of highway robbery and then pardoned by the King, the situation, I confess, seems to me rather ludicrous than tragic.

I wish that I could think of Starbrace as representing the free heart of youth, or the sheer love of life, or the high spirit of the gentleman born perverted to adventurous crime. But, alas! I can think of him only as phenomenally stupid. I wish that Miss Kaye-Smith would at least permit him to play the hero now and then among his companions on the "snaffling lay"; but he is as inept at highway robbery as at everything else, and he makes his escape from imprisonment, by crawling up a chimney, only to be recaptured ignominiously a little later. The author has given us plenty of excitement, plenty of hard riding, a good deal of shooting, an abundance of expressive eighteenth-century oaths (for which I am grateful) and a glimpse, now and then, of real character. But the reality of the story will not mix with its romance.

One cannot write a "Newgate life" as picturesque adventure-story and serious character-study in one.

The story ends with the death of the hero at the battle of Prestonpans. In throwing himself upon the weapons of the victorious Highlanders and losing his life, a useless sacrifice, Starbrace was perhaps heroic, but I cannot quite persuade myself that he really knew what he was about or acted from any intelligible motive.

My criticism of Miss Kaye-Smith's novel is simply that it might have been an extremely entertaining story if it had been a little less serious and a little less true.

To be true after the fashion of Tolstoy, or Dostoievski, or William Dean Howells, is not given to every one. But surely the very type of readability in a novel is Jeffery Farnol's *The High Adventure*. To describe a romance of Farnol's seems scarcely needful—by which I do not mean that Mr. Farnol's romances ought not to be so much alike, but rather that I am glad they are. The formula of the Farnol romance could not, I think, be improved upon. In *The High Adventure* we have a love story that begins with a lady climbing down a ladder; we have intrigue, mystery, and masquerading the most surprising. We have all the excitement of a detective story in eighteenth century costume. We have a picturesque and (for a change) villainous Irishman, who speaks the brogue as if born to it; we have a Sam Weller-ish law officer as cunning as Sherlock Holmes. We have humor, refined villainy, prize-fighting, combats in the dark. Indeed, what haven't we? Is any of this strikingly original? I think not. But it is all set forth with so much honesty and so much zest; the whole story hangs together so well and is so plausible; it is so crafty a story and yet so frank and lusty a tale, that I think it fully deserves the popularity it is almost certain to achieve.

One quality of Mr. Farnol's deserves perhaps more emphasis than has generally been laid upon it, for the trait is rare enough. He has a genuine, unaffected delight in plain goodness, and this he is able to express without ever being either solemn or saccharine. His hero succeeds in being strong and genuine without the effect of beefiness or the mannerism of bluntness and over-simplicity

which were so painfully associated with heroism in some historical romances popular in the 'nineties. If he is not quite so genuine a human being as Tom Jones, he belongs to the same breed.

And now, to return to the question propounded in my first paragraph, when I ask myself why these novels have appealed to me, I am afraid I must answer that it is chiefly because of their *unreality*. I do not say "because of their romance," for romance is somewhat beside the question. May not one suppose that though every writer must be in some respect true, it is a mistake for all but the greatest to attempt to be true in many ways at once, or on a great scale? Certainly, every really interesting, every eminently readable, story possesses a certain integrity of purpose and reflects life from some angle with superior brightness. But the charm and the interest seem to me to be often dependent upon a certain unreality in the parts of the story that do not especially involve its peculiar purpose and point; upon the craft of the author in subordinating and thus treating in a comparatively conventional manner things that belong in the background; and upon his skill in transforming the crudities of life into things that can be tolerated and even enjoyed.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

AN AGE OF INNOCENCE

HERE AND BEYOND. By Edith Wharton. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company.

At the moment we do not recall how far Mrs. Wharton has hitherto succumbed to the lure of the short story. But if the good lady harbors the intention of carrying on th' imperial theme, we can only implore her to cultivate her better manner. In brief:—

Of all the silly, inconsequential, irrelevant bits of flubdubbery, these "six exquisite gems", as they are called, stagger criticism. There is, so far as we can see, not one page from the opening line of "Here and Beyond", the first "gem", to the final word of release in "Velvet Ear-Pads" which deserves five seconds consideration.

In complaining that the tales are irrelevant, it is not meant, of course, to imply that they should be hung upon a central theme,

for each is designed to stand alone. We refer rather to the author's penchant for what she evidently considers gay repartee, wherein the party of the first part puts forth a remark to which the party of the second can only respond by saying something screamingly funny—to the unbounded delight of the fair creatrix. This, as Mrs. Wharton should know, will not do. In a play such artifice is called padding; in a goose, stuffing; and Mrs. Wharton is obviously in love with the trick.

But a far graver offense from the point of view of one who has read and genuinely admired Mrs. Wharton's earlier stories, lies in the literary puerilities to which she here descends. Example:

> Hadn't she laid the cable before my eyes, her own streaming with tears while I read: "Sister died suddenly this morning requested burial in garden of house particulars by letter"—with the signature of the American Consul at Brest, a friend of Bridgeworth's I seemed to recall?

It needs no critical judgment to tear this travesty on grammar to pieces. Even the double possessive was not spared. The informal, thinking-aloud discursiveness apart, there is no excuse for such stuff in a writer who presumably has some acquaintance with the decencies of composition.

Again: "When he came back a frown still lingered on his handsome brows." [Complete sentence.] Is this Harold Bell Wr—? No, Edith Wharton.

Not all the sophomorics, however, can wholly obscure the great virtue which shines forth in all the works of Mrs. Wharton that have come under our notice. She has always had, preëminently, the gift of character-sketching; like Willa Cather, she can make one see and feel her people after half a dozen words of introduction. Her art does not desert her even now, and consequently it makes one the more impatient of the follies of style and literary technique which mark "Here and Beyond" from start to finish.

If Mrs. Wharton is determined to continue the inviting path of short story writing, we can offer no better advice than the suggestion that she take down the familiar, but still incomparable, O. Henry and read, read and read him again.

JOHN T. RODGERS.

THE WRITING OF HISTORY

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES CONCERNING THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS. Selected and arranged by William R. Manning, Ph.D. Three volumes. New York: Oxford University Press.

THE PAGEANT OF AMERICA. In fifteen volumes. I: ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS. By Clark Wissler, Constance Lindsay Skinner, William Wood. III: TOILERS OF LAND AND SEA. By Ralph Henry Gabriel. New Haven: Yale University Press.

THE CITY OF THE SACRED WELL. By T. A. Willard. New York: The Century Company.

OUR TIMES: THE TURN OF THE CENTURY: 1900–1904. By Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE POLITICAL EDUCATION OF WOODROW WILSON. By James Kerney. New York: The Century Company.

FOUR YEARS BENEATH THE CRESCENT. By Rafael de Nogales. Translated from the Spanish by Muna Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Kipling's epigram concerning the number of ways of inditing tribal lays, every blessed one of which is right, might with equal truth and pertinence be applied to the making of history books. There are many ways in which it may be done, every one of which has its merits and its advantages. By this I do not mean merely the writing of history from the various familiar points of view—the military history, the political history, the economic history, the history of the people, and what not. These are legitimate and useful classifications, but quite different from what is here meant, and from what is suggested by the volumes at hand. I mean at present a more fundamental classification, of the materials from which any of those histories must be constructed, and of their source and the manners of their procurement.

Here, for example, are three large volumes of *Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States Concerning the Independence of the Latin-American Nations*, put forth at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. They must be regarded as simply the raw material of history; a compilation of authentic texts of State papers, issued within the United States or passing between it and more than a dozen other Governments. To the average reader it may seem astounding that there was

such a flood of letter-writing on that subject. Did not the Monroe Doctrine in a few hundred words dispose of the whole business? Go to! Here are more letters—long ones, too, though written before the invention of typewriting machines—than there are words in the Doctrine, beginning many years before the Doctrine was put forth and continuing several years after that event; which latter fact most profitably reminds us of what we too much forget, that the Doctrine was not a sporadic utterance, made on the spur of the moment as a checkmate to the Holy Alliance, but was the deliberate culmination of a long train of counsels and declarations, beginning years before the Alliance was conceived.

This correspondence is raw material. Yet some raw material is in finished form, needing no editing, digesting or comment. A rough block of granite in the quarry tells of the structure of the building just as convincingly as it will after it is cut and polished and fitted into its place. Here, then, is James Monroe, Secretary of State, a dozen years before the date of his Doctrine, writing to Joel Barlow, Minister to France, about proposed recognition of Venezuela, Buenos Aires and other insurgent provinces, and speaking of "the just claims of our Southern Brethren, to which the United States cannot be indifferent." Compare that letter with the words of the Doctrine itself, and you will declare that they were conceived by the same mind and written by the same hand.

Again, seeing what intentional and incorrigible obfustication prevails today concerning the purpose of the Doctrine, what a gratefully vivid and penetrating light is thrown upon it—upon the purpose and understanding of America at that time—by the words of Henry Clay, as Secretary of State, in a message to the House of Representatives almost exactly a hundred years ago! If, he said, there had been a forcible attempt of European Powers to subvert the South American Republics and to restore a monarchical system, "the people of the United States would have stood pledged, in the opinion of their Executive, *not to any foreign State, but to themselves and their posterity, by their dearest interests and highest duties*, to resist to the utmost such attack." The italics are mine; but Clay and his Chief, John Quincy Adams, as well as

Monroe himself, would have approved them, as emphasizing the fact that the Doctrine was a doctrine of the United States, by the United States, and for the United States.

These are illustrations, which might be multiplied a hundred fold, of the value of a compilation forming what might be termed a history of original documents.

Here is another example, in the first and third volumes of the forthcoming fifteen, in which history is presented in an entirely different manner; equally authentic, equally serviceable, and far more engaging; to wit, history in original pictures. There come to mind, in scanning the opulent and luminous pages of *The Pageant of America*, the shrewd observation of Carlyle upon the value of pictorial portraiture in historical research and study. "Often," said the Sage of Chelsea, himself a master history-writer, "I have found a portrait superior in real instruction to half a dozen written biographies." Then we must reckon a series of history pictures to be at least complementary to a series of history books. If a narrative in words can be made so graphic and vivid as to present pictures of scenes and persons to the mind's eye, surely drawn or painted pictures may be made so informing as to present to the mind a narrative of events or a statement of facts.

It seems to be upon this soundly logical principle that the work before us has been conceived and is being executed. And judging from the first two volumes issued, the execution is worthy of the conception. The number of pictures secured for reproduction, thousands upon thousands, is stupendous, as their variety is bewildering. The world must have been ransacked to obtain them. Yet more impressive still is their uniform pertinence. There is not one that suggests having been merely lugged in to fill space, or that seems superfluous. Every one has an explicit story to tell; every one makes clearer to the mind the history of America. There is a great array of early maps, some of which have hitherto been all but unknown; and of ancient drawings and prints; historical paintings of the best type, and those works of artistic imagination which sometimes most strongly and unerringly convey the truth of history; innumerable individual portraits; a wealth of reproductions of illustrations from periodicals;

and of course photographs without number. Significant doings in war and peace, characteristic occupations of the people, landscapes, buildings, and what not, are portrayed, each with brief letterpress for identification and for linking the graphic scene with the historical narrative.

It would be ungracious not to remark, also, upon the singularly fine mechanical work that has been performed. The reproduction of old maps, documents and pictures, frequently faded, stained or many colored, is always a trying task, and the results are frequently unsatisfactory. But the achievements in these volumes, which necessarily implicate the most difficult subjects, are above all praise; often suggesting belief that the reproduction is in clearness and relief an improvement upon the original. A few years ago I had occasion to acclaim an earlier output of the same press, *The Chronicles of America*, as setting an unsurpassed standard in both subject matter and technical form. Nothing more could be wished, and nothing less would be just, than to say that the *Pageant* worthily complements the *Chronicles*.

Another kind of history is found in the monuments, sculptures and inscriptions of remote antiquity, unearthed and interpreted by laborious exploration and study. Egyptology has long ranked among the sciences. Now we are beginning generally to recognize what some men, often accounted visionaries if not impostors, long ago declared, that in America there are remains of former civilizations which in magnitude, in tokens of high culture, and in age, are comparable with those in what we once incorrectly called the "cradle of civilization"; and to realize that our "New World" may yet be regarded as "that new world which is the old". In *The City of the Sacred Well* we have a fascinating account of many years of patient and intelligent research amid the remains of the great cities of the Mayas, with a wealth of photographic illustrations of buildings, sculptures, and pictorial records. It was pure research, open-mindedly directed, which was doubtless prudent. We recall only too keenly the impassioned *odium archæologicum* which has too often arisen over theories and interpretations of Mayan antiquities. But a lucid, unbiased narrative and exposition like the present demonstrates that the most extreme and apparently fantastic suggestions of former explorers,

while they may have erred in fact certainly did not err by exceeding possibilities. There is a history written in stone in the Yucatano jungles that rivals in importance and fascination any that is to be found in the archæology of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Still another type of history is that presented by those who can say with the Pious Æneas that all of these things they saw, and sometimes that a part of them they were. Such a work is *Our Times*. Mr. Sullivan has long been known as a trained observer, exceptionally endowed with the two supreme qualities of the observer of affairs, namely, a discriminating judgment in the selection of the affairs best worth observing, and a penetrating vision in discerning not merely their superficial interest but also their esoteric significance. The close of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth formed a period far more epochal—and epical—than most of us probably realized or imagined at the time. Great scientific and mechanical inventions, geographical discoveries, and profound political, industrial, social, educational and religious changes, marked it as a time of flux scarcely rivaled in all former ages. So swiftly are we now living that those days, less than a generation ago, already seem to belong to the remote past; to that a distinct and profitable sensation is produced by the reminder that a man not only still living but also not yet grown old, is able to recall them from personal memory, and we realize that we, too, can remember them, though too much without Mr. Sullivan's accuracy of detail and luminous power of interpretation.

A single example will illustrate the value of this trained observer's contribution to the truth of history. Probably almost every person in America in 1896 supposed William J. Bryan's famous "crown of thorns and cross of gold" speech, which made him three times the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party and for nearly thirty years its most popular and influential leader, was a spontaneous outburst of spiritual fervor and oratorical genius, as indeed it seemed to be; and that supposition has continued to this day, apparently confirmed by the lapse of time. Yet Mr. Sullivan tells us, with an authority that will not, I imagine, be challenged, that—

> Almost every paragraph of the "Cross of Gold" speech had been delivered scores of times to audiences up and down the Missouri Valley, during two years preceding. . . . The essential parts of the speech, those sonorous sentences, those emotion-rousing phrases, rolled out from Bryan's lips that day as familiar to Bryan himself as the Lord's Prayer. Every one he had tried again and again on country schoolhouse audiences.

Mr. Sullivan does not, of course, confine himself exclusively nor even chiefly to political matters. Society, education, music and drama, religious activities, fashions in dress, manners and customs, indeed, every phase of the whole kaliedoscopic *comedie humaine* comes within the scope of his encyclopædic recollections, his racy narrative and description, and his wittily wise interpretation.

Far less comprehensive in scope, yet far more intensified in interest, is Mr. James Kerney's *Political Education of Woodrow Wilson.* Also it approximates more closely to the attitude of Æneas, for the author might truly say, to a much greater extent than he does, that of the things which he records he was himself a part. Perhaps I may be permitted to add, from some degree of personal knowledge, that he was a very considerable and essential part of them, and that without his deftly diplomatic pedagogics the political education of Mr. Wilson would have been much less complete than it was. The book is instinct with three of the most important qualities of such a work: Intimate, authentic and sympathetic knowledge of the subject, candor and courage in exposition, and a lucid, direct and engaging style of expression. His characterization of Mr. Wilson will probably stand the test of time as one of the most discerning and most accurate that have been made:

> Embittered by losing at Princeton, it was not exactly in a spirit of gentle sweetness that a year later, as Governor, he set out to save the people of New Jersey and make himself President in the bargain. At Washington, he was bent on twisting America into the Wilson idea of a democracy when the World War broke and gave him his chance to go out and save civilization. He was a wholesale dealer in uplift. "For the man who has ceased to struggle, life is over," he said in one of his best speeches. . . . For him the struggle was unending. He hit the line hard and, once he had discarded caution, battled like a savage. . . . He seldom admitted he was wrong; those who differed with him either became "wilful" or they "did not know what they were talking about." He mostly saw man, the individual, in his littleness, and was in-

tolerant, impatient and disgusted with him. . . . In public all men do more or less play-acting. Wilson was no exception. He wanted to speak for the common crowd, but in private he frequently found it difficult to tolerate them. . . . His was a strange aloofness, and his political fortunes had a strange ascent. Full of the petty theories he had been teaching the university students, and unfettered with practical political experience or definite plan, he got off to a running start and made the whole distance to the pinnacle of greatest power at a tremendous moment in the world's history. . . . He was his own favorite confidant, at heart a solitary man "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone."

It is a book which must always be very seriously reckoned with in all further histories of Woodrow Wilson and his times, and in all evaluations of his character and career.

There remains before us another contribution to history made by one who was both the most intimate observer of the doings which he records and the most conspicuous factor in them. Nogales Bey, as the author of *Four Years beneath the Crescent* was known during the period of which he writes, is a soldier of fortune and a man of letters, notably accomplished in both capacities; a Venezuelan, who fought for Spain and against America in Cuba, was during the World War the Inspector-General of Turkish forces in Armenia, and then Military Governor of Turkish Sinai. His authority as a chronicler of one of the most sanguinary and lurid chapters in the history of that war is therefore unsurpassed, and there is satisfactory reason for esteeming as highly the impartiality and sincerity of his account. He was a witness of the horrors of the Armenian massacres and deportations, and for them he is no apologist. But he makes it clear, and this is his most important contribution to the history of that hideous time, that those crimes against humanity were the work of the Kurds and "irregular" bodies of Turks, and that "the Regular Army of the Ottomans was entirely innocent." This we should be inclined to accept as true; mindful of the fact that the "Bulgarian atrocities" of the eighteen-seventies, which, when disclosed by Eugene Schuyler and J. A. MacGahan, shocked the civilized world and started William E. Gladstone on his Midlothian crusade, were the work of "irregular" Bashi-Bazouks, and that only for a time in the reign of Abdul the Damned was the regular Turkish army de-

tailed for such service. It may be added that the disgust of the troops at this detail marked the beginning of the end for Hamid. The damning circumstance of the case, however, during the World War as well as in the Hamidian infamies all the crimes of the "irregulars" were not only condoned but appr[illegible] and perhaps instigated and encouraged by the chief civil authorities. Señor Nogales makes this fact as plain and as emphatic as he does the non-participation of the regular army, and thus fixes culpability upon the Ottoman Government.

And this raises the consideration, perhaps the most suggestive of all in this fascinating and thought-inspiring volume, whether that ordered and enlightened discipline which is too often aspersed as "militarism" does not in fact often make for humanity as well as for peace. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound." Had some civilian politician been in control at Appomattox, would he have told the Southern soldiers to keep their horses, for "they would need them for the spring plowing"? Had the settlement of the World War been entrusted to the men who won the Marne and held Verdun, would the world have been cursed with the ineptitudes of the Treaty of Versailles? And by analogy, if the men who write history were more often the men who make history, should we not have in our history books more of the simple, direct and convincing truth?

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

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a sister of Amy Lowell, is author of *Master Lights* and *XXVIII Sonnets*.

MARIE GOEBEL KIMBALL
is a young writer on American social history whose contributions to the study of Jefferson and Madame de Staël have already been recognized in the most recent books on these subjects. The present essay contains hitherto unpublished letters of William Short, sometimes called Thomas Jefferson's only "son."

ERNEST LUDWIG,
formerly Consul-General of Austria-Hungary and Hungary, acted as negotiator for his Government with the British Plenipotentiary of the Entente Powers in Budapest, and was also a Delegate to the Peace Conference. Mr. Ludwig has written many books in many languages, the most recent being *The League of Nations seen through Hungarian Eyes*.

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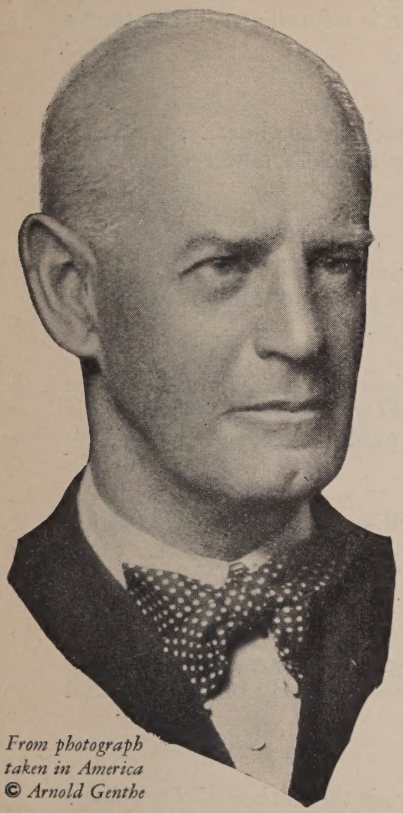

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THE RT. HON. WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL
Chancellor of the Exchequer
From *The New Statesman*

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1926

UNCLE SHYLOCK LOOKS ABROAD

BY THE EDITOR

I. TO JOHN BULL

UNCLE SHYLOCK reports a rising barometer. Thus far the European "ill will" which in the early summer threatened to engulf his fair land in dire calamity, mental, moral, spiritual, financial and commercial, has not made a dent in his thick skin. Although, in consideration of all the circumstances, he did feel the title somewhat rasping at first, his sense of humor already enables him to accept it with a smile. After all, it is no more irritating than the "Hog" he was dubbed by contemptuous Spain not so long ago when he was paying her twenty million dollars for distant islands which he did not want as a gift and would pay twenty times twenty now to be well rid of. So long, too, as old John Bull can give a grunt of satisfaction at "Perfidious Albion," as implying a marvel in diplomacy, and Mlle. Marianne can regard the calling of her offspring "Froggies" as a tribute to her culinary art, there seems to be no real reason why Uncle Sam should balk at a term which does at any rate signify tacit admission of a debt.

Yes, indeed, Uncle Shylock is "quite all right," as they say in the Mother Country; "Sam" was well enough in our bucolic days but it really ceased to be apt when Dobbin succumbed to Ford and was gradually becoming as shopworn as the English Channel. The bald heads of Wall Street find it congenial naturally and the

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bobbed heads of Broadway accept it as a tribute to their profession, possibly in remembrance of Portia, while Down East, we hear, they are beginning to name their twins Shy and Lock, irrespective of sex.

It is with no little gratification that we convey the pleasing information to the major Allies that their late—very late, as they sometimes bitingly remark—Associate is duly appreciative of their pretty compliment and will not fail to make use of both syllables if at any future time they should again seek gifts in the guise of loans for the purpose of waging war upon one another.

We hasten to add, however, that this observation does not apply to the splendid country that came forward promptly and voluntarily and made a settlement which then seemed to be eminently fair. Recent episodes have not impaired in the slightest degree the respect, admiration and genuine friendship won by sturdy old John Bull in squarely meeting his obligations quite regardless of the heavy burden necessarily imposed upon him. Indeed, so far as our folks are concerned, the clearing of the air afforded by silly departmental bickering has been helpfully enlightening. Naturally the sudden appearance of a brother of the deeply lamented and well beloved Northcliffe as a calumniator of the American people came as a surprise, though hardly as a shock, because of their own familiarity with blatant misrepresentatives of true public opinion; but it would be idle to deny that the somewhat caustic remarks of a leading member of the British Cabinet did, in fact, lend color to rumors that "ill will" toward the United States possessed England no less than the Continent.

Such a manifestation inevitably gave rise to real disquietude which, however, quickly faded from temporary resentment into mere passing contrition when the fact developed that the Chancellor's petulance found no small measure of justification in our own ineptitude.

The primary responsibility for the annoying performance clearly rests upon the ancestors of Frederick W. Peabody, Esq., counselor-at-law, of Ashburnham, Massachusetts, seven generations of whom on both his father's and his mother's sides, he freely admits, lived in this country "one hundred and fifty years

as American subjects of the British Crown and one hundred and fifty years as American citizens" and thereby imposed upon their living descendant a double-barrelled obligation to voice their joint or several convictions. Along about the first of June unmistakable rumblings began to indicate a disturbance below and, after listening intently every night for nearly a month, Mr. Peabody became convinced that those of his ancestors who comprised the English section were turning in their graves. Due meditation having pointed clearly to dissatisfaction with the international debt settlements as the cause of the movement, Mr. Peabody promptly, as in duty bound, exercised his "firmly established right to petition the Government for the redress of a grievance" and addressed a communication to the President of the United States defining "the redress I ask, nay, demand" as "cancellation of every dollar and cent" advanced to the Allies.

The letter was one of many that reached the Executive Offices one morning and was passed on, in regular course, to the Treasury. The President or the Secretary may or may not have read it; probably not, as the former was playing hookey in the Adirondacks and the latter was packing his grip for the steamer. The surmise that neither ever saw it is strengthened by internal evidence. The document comprised an eloquent appeal reflecting great credit upon the sincerity of the writer's emotions, but unhappily Mr. Peabody did not succeed in his avowed purpose "to maintain an attitude of courtesy as becomes a citizen in addressing his President."

"What mandate," he truculently, and quite absurdly for a lawyer familiar with the Constitution, the Acts of Congress and the pronouncements of both National conventions, demanded, "has your Administration received from the people of the United States to do the things you have done? Upon what authority has your Government assumed so to act for them? What better right have you to assume that the Government has truly represented them in the matter, than I have to assume that the Government has misrepresented them shamefully?"

Queries such as these might be pardonable as evidencing nothing worse than a state of ignorance, but what can be said of the following hurled at a President by "an American in every

fibre and bone and drop of blood" for seven generations backward

> The difference between your assumption and mine is this: yours takes it for granted that money is America's god; that we are a nation of money-grabbers, without conscience, gratitude, loyalty, magnanimity, justice or honor: while mine is based upon the ineradicable, the burning conviction that Americans are just and generous and loyal and of one mind in the belief that it profiteth a nation nothing to gain the whole world and lose its own soul.

That insolence such as this, surpassing in offensiveness anything of like nature that we can recall, required even an acknowledgment, to say nothing of an answer, ought, we think, to be plain to the most ordinary intelligence. But no such view achieved penetration. Nor in point of fact did the legitimate part of the communication find understanding. The question raised by Mr. Peabody was one of National policy, not of accountancy or of differentiation between guns and food as "war supplies," and could and should have been answered conclusively, if at all, by a mere reference to President Coolidge's plain declaration to Congress, to wit:

> I am opposed to the cancellation of these debts and believe it for the best welfare of the world that they should be liquidated and paid as fast as possible. I do not favor oppressive measures, but unless money that is borrowed is repaid credit cannot be secured in time of necessity, and there exists besides a moral obligation which our country cannot ignore and no other country can evade. Terms and conditions may have to conform to differences in the financial abilities of the countries concerned, but the principle that each country should meet its obligation admits of no differences and is of universal application.

But the Treasury, having discovered in an insulting communication an opportunity to exploit its argumentative ability, hastened to reopen the largest debt settlement, incidentally the key to all the settlements, made with great difficulty three full years ago, and thus far peaceably maintained despite the extraordinary delicacy of the situation which has arisen from the relative diminution of England's capacity to pay. Whether the real purpose was to renew the closed negotiations, in the joyous hope of getting better terms, has not been revealed; this, however, being the only logical outcome of the shrewd endeavor, we should guess not.

Mr. Mellon chivalrously took upon himself the full responsibility of the note bearing his signature, and with his accustomed courtesy and candor made an effective offset to Mr. Churchill's testiness.

"The whole thing," he said frankly, "was most unfortunate, especially as there was no call for it at all. My reply to Mr. Peabody was not intended for publication, but even then I thought I was stating nothing but positive facts. However, it was most regrettable that it should have been published, and more regrettable still that it should have given rise to any controversy with Mr. Churchill."

Being blessed with an exceptionally acute sense of humor, Mr. Mellon no doubt will derive much amusement from the information awaiting him that it was the Treasury, not Mr. Peabody, who in this instance ran true to thoroughbred form, that gushed into print with its reply before Mr. Peabody had even received it.

The merits of the subsequent bickering of the two Treasury Departments hardly call for consideration, since analysis would resolve chiefly into a matching of erroneous and deceptive assertions.

In fairness, however, to our own Treasury, whose admirable functioning within its prescribed province has never been excelled, the fact should be noted that matters pertaining to foreign policy find their statutory lodgment in the State Department except in rare instances such as this, involving a personal attack upon the President, when direct and authoritative treatment by the Executive Secretary sometimes proves to be most salutary.

It was the tone rather than the substance of the Chancellor's quick response that puzzled Americans. His challenge of the accuracy of our Treasury's statements was natural enough and, even though ineffectually supported by equally erroneous assertions of his own accountants, was in some respects warranted; but when he solemnly declared that "no complaint has been made by Great Britain against the adverse discrimination to which she has been subjected," and added sarcastically that none would be raised but for "reasons assigned which clearly arise from a misconception of facts," the hostile note was unmistakable. There was, moreover, neither logic nor candor in the assertion itself for

the simple reason that "discrimination" was obviously impossible when the first settlement, that with England, was made.

Mr. Churchill, along with a large majority of the Cabinet, was strongly opposed at the time to acceptance of the terms negotiated by Mr. Baldwin, but he acquiesced nevertheless and, when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer two years ago, he clearly indicated full reconcilement in these words spoken in the House of Commons:

> Opinions have differed about that settlement. It is a settlement which commanded the support of the leading financial authorities in the City of London. It is a settlement which was advocated by the experts at the Treasury. It is a settlement which has been ratified by Parliament and accepted by the country. There have been different views about it. I have been myself quoted as having expressed different views. My right hon. friend the Prime Minister is the last man in the world to resent a sincere divergence of opinion between persons perfectly free at the time upon a matter admittedly highly complicated and in regard to which there have been the broadest differences of opinion between experts of unquestionable and unimpeachable authority.
>
> But, whatever views may have been taken about the settlement or expressed about it, there can be no dispute in regard to two facts. First of all, the settlement has been made; it is done and it must be made good. It forms the starting point for all future discussions in the field of inter-Allied debts. That is the first point.
>
> The second point is this: It has placed us in an extraordinarily strong position. We take our seats at the council board of Allied and Associated Powers under financial obligations to no one. We have no need to seek indulgence in any quarter. (Cheers.) Having met all our liabilities as prescribed, having rigorously discharged every contract into which we have entered, we are entitled to rest ourselves with confidence upon a position of freedom and independence which we have regained. We have regained it, not without great sacrifice; but it is ours, and it is ours forever. (Cheers.) We can look every one in the face.
>
> This debt settlement was unquestionably the indispensable forerunner of that consolidation and increasing establishment of our credit throughout the world, on which our world-wide trade depends, and it is an essential foundation in all that improvement in the exchange between this country and the United States and the maintenance of that exchange, which is a vital factor in the whole of our national and international finance.

To his credit be it said that this is not the first time Mr. Churchill has noted "misconceptions of facts" in connection with the Anglo-American debt settlement. When the illustrious Earl

Balfour had the effrontery to declare in his famous Note of August, 1922, that the United States would make no loans to the other Allies unless they were endorsed by Great Britain, the American Ambassador, feeling constrained to make flat denial of that misstatement, expressed the hope that the time would come when the British Government would publicly and officially disavow it.

At the expiration of two years this modest hope was realized and the man who made the correction unreservedly and most handsomely was no other than the Rt. Hon. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

His latest apparent faceabout is accounted for in various ways. Some think that he still considers it necessary to take a dig at Uncle Shylock once in a while in order to convince the provincials that his being half American by birth does not impair his one-hundred-per-cent British spirit, but we frankly doubt that he now recognizes such manifestation as a political requirement. Nor do we believe for a moment that his inferential slap at Mr. Baldwin, to whom he owes his present high position, was designed to arouse resentment that would enable himself to force the retirement of his sponsor from the Prime Ministry in furtherance of his own ambition. It is far more likely that his purpose was merely to test the real feeling of the British public toward America and then perhaps to consider the advisability of shaping his course to accord with the popular inclination.

If so, the outcome is all that could reasonably be desired by the citizens of both countries who feel that the best interests of England and the United States, no less than of civilization itself, can be served most effectually through good feeling and mutual helpfulness. The only public journals that seized upon Mr. Churchill's characteristically impulsive outburst were those hitherto supposed to be directed by Viscount Rothermere, *né* Harmsworth.

These widely circulated sheets, it must be confessed, in the words of Artemus Ward spoken of Napoleon, "tried to do too much and did it" so thoroughly that, after perceiving the impossibility of capitalizing prejudice and passion, the noble Lord was compelled by his own subscribers, advertisers and shareholders to

make abject retraction and apology, while simultaneously assuring Americans that personally he did not share the views of his benighted editors. Freely admitting that he found the humiliating task "most distasteful," he recognized the absolute "necessity" of performing it and promised never, never, to do so again; consequently no good could come from recalling his tirades; rather, the very few Americans who ever heard of His Lordship may well hold him in grateful remembrance for endorsing, along with Mr. Peabody, the new and pleasing appellation of Uncle Shylock originally applied by the affectionate Press of Paris.

Having thus exonerated, we trust to their entire satisfaction, all those who participated in the unfortunate episode, we find much gratification in bearing sincere testimony to the admirable treatment of the whole matter by the representative journals of both countries. After paying Mr. Mellon a handsome compliment, for example, *The Manchester Guardian* squarely concedes that "the logic of the American case for repayment is very hard to answer, and is very much that of the British public, whose agreement with America leaves little room for generosity to other countries;" and *The London Times*, with equal candor and breadth of view, says:

> The British debt settlement with America, whatever its actuarial consequences may prove to be in the life of the two countries, was based on a sound instinct of an essential identity of fortune, character and endeavor in the new world as it is now shaping. It is of no slight significance that since its conclusion, and the practical removal by that means of an occasion for futile controversy on fundamentals, the United States and Great Britain have been closely associated as principals in a work of systematic reconstruction in Europe—first in Austria and later in Hungary and in Germany.
>
> In this work they have altogether acquired a joint authority and inspired a growing confidence that neither could have acquired or inspired alone. The process of extending and developing coöperation has already yielded conspicuous results that can at once be determined by a hasty comparison with the world of 1922. That process dates from our debt settlement with America. It would be folly to jeopardize the achievement by any nervous and fretful impulse of recrimination over the act by which Great Britain made all this possible.
>
> So much still remains to be done. A new dread of instability is passing over Europe. It is reflected in the present economic and financial condition of France, Belgium and Italy, and in some obscure premonitions of new develop-

ments farther east. This is the very worst moment for the two nations which have vindicated their stability to undermine, by any petty quarrel or controversy, the basis of the practical agreement by which they mutually assure their prestige and marshal their joint resources for the benefit of a world in great distress.

Those are true and wise words and bear exceptional significance as coming from a great British journal owned by a broad-gauged man of American birth.

They are, moreover, well matched by those of *The Minneapolis Journal*, one of the most discerning of the newspapers of that great Middle West which, until recently, was not noted for pro-British proclivities; namely:

In America there are some who hate her, many who respect her, not a few who love her next to this, our own country. Americans have jested at her expense, have reproached her for her faults, have even at times reviled her for her failings. But deep down in the American heart there is recognition of her affinity to ourselves, and she is never seriously threatened without evoking something more than sympathy. Unconsciously or unadmittedly, Americans are proud of Great Britain, proud of her empire, proud of her record, her character, her ability to take care of herself, her invincibility.

We Americans conceived that we discharged a sentimental debt when we saved France from the Teuton. "Lafayette, we are here!" Pershing said at the tomb of the friend of Washington. Yet, not a sentimental, but a substantial debt we Americans owe to Britain, the debt of a descendant to an ancestor. The United States is the offspring of Great Britain. We owe to her our language, law, institutions, our spirit of freedom, our genius of self-government. And all the other stocks, their presence amongst us, all the hereditary hatreds, all the prejudice and contumely, cannot diminish the fact or traverse the truth.

In 1917 we went to the rescue of Great Britain, primarily because our national self-interest could not afford the downfall of the British Empire. There were other motives, but that was a main one. Probably in this crisis Britain will extricate herself as usual. But the crisis reveals to us again as in a lightning flash our deep concern in British affairs, our stake in her welfare, how it behooves us to do what, if anything, will help her to regain her feet, to go on.

The simple truth, always to be borne in mind, is that the adjustment of the greatest debt the world has ever known was accomplished by a mingling of the spirits of both negotiators in honest endeavor to serve the highest interest of each country as much as that of the other. It was as fair a settlement as could be devised at that time. Relatively today, as France's inherent "capacity to pay" has increased in approximate proportion to

Britain's diminution, it is clearly inequitable. But attempts or suggestions of readjustment of any kind would be no less harmful to the United Kingdom than to the United States, while any distraction from a mighty mutual effort to resuscitate the world might and probably would prove universally disastrous.

Ultimately, if the present trends of the two countries continue, we are convinced that the American people will be willing to accept from England a sum total equal to the original principal of her debt, upon the time-honored theory, still upheld by practice, that a gentleman cannot take interest from a friend.

So long as John Bull continues the sportsman and friend he has recently proved himself to be, even Uncle Shylock will not forget that Uncle Sam was a gentleman.

II. TO MLLE. MARIANNE

There is no reason why anybody should be surprised at the indisposition of France to pay her debts or at her methods of avoidance—shrewdly devised to humor her pride without parting with her francs. Our annoying experience of the present time, so far from possessing an element of novelty, is strikingly analogous to that of a full century ago. Then, as now, the legality of our spoliation claims amounting to five million dollars was admitted by successive French administrations from 1817 forward, but also, then as now, actual settlement was evaded upon one pretext or another until 1831, when a predecessor of President Coolidge named Andrew Jackson announced that the day of reckoning could be postponed no longer and, after prolonged negotiations, succeeded in obtaining from the French Government a specific promise, similar to that executed by Ambassador Berenger, to pay the amount in annual instalments of 4,166,666 francs and 66 centimes each.

The compact took the form of a treaty, which was duly ratified with the express stipulation that the first instalment should be paid one year from the date of exchange of ratifications, which took place in Washington on July 4, 1832.

There were irreconcilables even then and Andrew the First, like Andrew the Second, was sharply criticized for making so large concessions; but he, too, while frankly admitting the fact, justified the

sacrifice as "required from a sincere desire to avoid further collision upon this old and disturbing subject and in the confident expectation that the general relations between the two countries would be improved thereby." The Congress and the country approved.

Thus far the two performances are identical, in all respects but one. Mr. Mellon's arrangement remained subject to acceptance by the French Parliament while President Jackson's settlement was ratified without qualification by every branch of the French Government whose endorsement was required by law. No previous achievement had pleased Old Hickory so much as this; gleefully he "rubbed his hands," as well he might.

Now see what happened. Although the French Chambers were in session when advice of the exchange of ratifications reached Paris in April, 1832, the Government calmly pigeon-holed the notice, with the result that no appropriation was made to meet the first instalment due on February 2, 1833, and the draft of the United States presented on that date was dishonored by the Minister of Finance. Earnest remonstrance by the American Government induced the deliberately belated introduction by the French Government of a bill for an appropriation, which the Chamber solemnly referred to a Committee and, leaving it there, adjourned.

So the game of shuttlecock between the Government and Parliament continued until May, 1834, when the Chamber officially refused to vote the appropriation. Most ingratiatingly and politely, as usual, however, the Government, in conveying this information, promised that "all the constitutional powers of the King and his Cabinet should be exercised to accomplish the object" at the next session, and again the disappointed President, "relying upon that sacred regard for the national faith and honor for which the French character has been so distinguished," possessed his soul in exemplary, though hardly characteristic, patience.

But on December 1, 1834, nearly two years after his country's draft had been dishonored, Mr. Jackson, in a most temperate message, felt obliged to express to Congress his regret that the pledges made through the Minister of France had not been redeemed and that he must consider "further negotiations by the Executive out of the question." He continued:

It is my conviction that the United States ought to insist on a prompt execution of the treaty, and in case it be refused or longer delayed take redress into their own hands. After the delay on the part of France of a quarter of a century in acknowledging these claims by treaty, it is not to be tolerated that another quarter of a century is to be wasted in negotiating about the payment. The laws of nations provide a remedy for such occasions. It is a well-settled principle of international code that where one nation owes another a liquidated debt which it refuses or neglects to pay, the aggrieved party may seize on the property belonging to the other, its citizens or subjects, sufficient to pay the debt without giving just cause of war. This remedy has been repeatedly resorted to, and recently by France herself toward Portugal, under circumstances less unquestionable.

The time at which resort should be had to this or any other mode of redress is a point to be decided by Congress. If an appropriation shall not be made by the French Chambers at their next session, it may justly be concluded that the Government of France has finally determined to disregard its own solemn undertaking and refuse to pay an acknowledged debt. In that event every day's delay on our part will be a stain upon our national honor, as well as a denial of justice to our injured citizens. Prompt measures, when the refusal of France shall be complete, will not only be most honorable and just, but will have the best effect upon our national character.

Since France, in violation of the pledges given through her Minister here, has delayed her final action so long that her decision will not probably be known in time to be communicated to this Congress, I recommend that a law be passed authorizing reprisals upon French property in case provision shall not be made for the payment of the debt at the approaching session of the French Chambers. Such a measure ought not to be considered by France as a menace. Her pride and power are too well known to expect anything from her fears and preclude the necessity of a declaration that nothing partaking of the character of intimidation is intended by us. She ought to look upon it as the evidence only of an inflexible determination on the part of the United States to insist on their rights.

That Government, by doing only what it is itself acknowledged to be just, will be able to spare the United States the necessity of taking redress into their own hands and save the property of French citizens from that seizure and sequestration which American citizens so long endured without retaliation or redress. If she should continue to refuse that act of acknowledged justice and, in violation of the laws of nations, make reprisals on our part the occasion of hostilities against the United States, she would but add violence to injustice, and could not fail to expose herself to the just censure of civilized nations and to the retributive judgment of Heaven.

Collision with France is the more to be regretted on account of the position she occupies in Europe in relation to liberal institutions, but in maintaining our national rights and honor all governments are alike to us. If by a collision with France in a case where she is clearly in the wrong the march of liberal

principles shall be impeded, the responsibility for that result as well as every other will rest on her head.

Having submitted these considerations, it belongs to Congress to decide whether after what has taken place it will still await the further action of the French Chambers or now adopt such provisional measures as it may deem necessary and best adapted to protect the rights and maintain the honor of the country. Whatever that decision may be, it will be faithfully enforced by the Executive as far as he is authorized so to do.

The House of Representatives adopted a resolution declaring that the execution of the treaty ought to be insisted upon but defeated a bill appropriating three million dollars for "extraordinary military expenses," and the Senate merely pronounced it "inexpedient at present to adopt any legislative measures" on the subject; both Houses obviously thought best to note first the effect of the message in France.

They had not long to wait. France was surprised beyond measure. The temperateness of the President's previous communications had been misinterpreted as a sign of weakness or of fright. This message was different. It was not a timid Executive writing perfunctorily; it was Old Hickory himself speaking up and clearly meaning business. Even as of the present day, in trying situations, the French people had been "deluded by the politicians" and the only thing left for the Ministry to do was to detect and resent an "insult to the nation"—the *dernier ressort* of French diplomacy—and suspend official relations by recalling their Minister to Washington and sending passports to the American Minister in Paris.

"Having in this manner," Jackson reported to Congress with quite delightful irony, "vindicated the dignity of France, they next proceeded to illustrate her justice" by proposing an appropriation bill which should become operative as soon as, but not before, the President had virtually apologized for what he himself smoothly depicted as his "conditional recommendation of reprisals." To this peremptory demand he replied in the plain language which he had now substituted for the conciliatory phrases which he had been using vainly for years:

The honor of my country shall never be stained by an apology from me for the statement of truth and the performance of duty; nor can I give any explana-

tion of my official acts except such as is due to integrity and justice and consistent with the principles on which our institutions have been framed.

So that was that. But to leave no doubt in anybody's mind that he was not only closing but bolting the door, instead of "explaining" his proposals of reprisals,—"peaceful remedies" he called them,—he renewed them, with the added mild suggestion that it might be sufficient at first to prohibit the introduction of French products and the entry of French vessels into American ports, as "a proper preliminary step to stronger measures should their adoption be rendered necessary by subsequent events."

He then directed the attention of the Congress to "public notices of naval preparations on the part of France destined for our seas," and continued:

> Of the cause and intent of these armaments I have no authentic information, nor any other means of judging except such as are common to yourselves and to the public; but whatever may be their object, we are not at liberty to regard them as unconnected with the measures which hostile movements on the part of France may compel us to pursue. They at least deserve to be met by adequate preparation on our part, and I therefore strongly urge large and speedy appropriations for the increase of the Navy and the completion of our coast defenses.

"Come what may," he concluded, "the explanation which France demands can never be accorded, and no armament, however powerful and imposing, at a distance or on our coast, will, I trust, deter us from discharging the high duties which we owe to our constituents, our national character, and to the world."

This message was delivered to Congress on January 7, 1836. On January 27 the British Government kindly offered its services as mediator, and on February 3 Secretary Forsyth frankly and confidingly agreed on behalf of the President to "abide by the opinion" of His Britannic Majesty, with a simple reservation to the effect that such opinion should involve no concession upon any point claimed by the United States.

But there were no hearings. All this, of course, was only the customary fol-de-rol to help Mlle. Marianne to save her pretty face and, no later than February 15, the British Government notified Mr. Forsyth that the French Government were so enchanted with "the frank and honorable manner" in which the

President had expressed himself, with respect to the points of difference, that all difficulties, "upon the score of national honor," were removed and the money was ready whenever Uncle Shylock, or whatever they called him in those days, should call for it.

On May 10, Andrew the First notified Congress that the Treasury had received the four accumulated instalments, and rejoiced at "the restoration of the ancient cordial relations between the two countries," which happily have maintained for the ninety years that have intervened from 1836 to 1926.

How long they will continue agreeable is a question which France alone can answer. Uncle Shylock, strange to say, is not deeply concerned by the debt itself. He can wait. That he will be paid eventually he has no serious doubt. True, if the experience of Uncle Sam recounted above be observed as a precedent, an expert accountant figures that, upon the basis of actual payment upon a schedule of twenty odd years for five millions, the time required for liquidation of three and one-half billions, fixed by the Mellon-Berenger arrangement, will be 17,128 years.

Eternity, in our opinion, would be much nearer the finish line but for a single fact, namely, that the finances of France cannot be reëstablished without the same kind of help from the same source that John Bull received from Uncle Shylock when he decided to put the £ to par. But for that simple circumstance we would never get a franc from France.

But Mlle. Marianne is beginning to realize that neither manifestations of "ill will" nor abuse nor scorn nor spit-balls nor any of the precisely similar tricks attempted on Andrew Jackson will prevail now with President Coolidge, who would not if he could and could not if he would regard the settlement tentatively fixed as other than an irreducible minimum.

Nevertheless, France need not even agree to pay; Andrew the Second will not even hint at the rude proposals which Andrew the First made to Congress. Mlle. Marianne can "sit pretty" as long as she likes; but meanwhile, she may as well be notified positively, Uncle Shylock will sit tight.

We anticipate favorable action by the French Parliament before the end of the calendar year.

THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION IN BRITAIN

BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

NINETEEN-TWENTY-SIX has been a sorry year for British commerce and industry. But I shall presently give reasons to show why no irreparable damage has been done. The year started well with a gradual decrease in unemployment and an increase in orders, especially for the shipbuilding and engineering industries, both of which had suffered several years of severe depression.

The long-expected struggle between the coal mine owners and the miners, avoided by the grant of a subsidy in the previous autumn, broke out in May. The nine days of the so-called General Strike followed. The plan of the Trades Union Congress, and of certain members of the British Government, was to get the mine workers back to work simultaneously or soon afterwards. If this plan had not miscarried all would have been well, except for the loss of wages by the British workpeople during the strike, amounting to between seventy and eighty million dollars. In fact, from the business viewpoint, the laying of a troublesome ghost in the shape of the sympathetic or General Strike would have been, and, in fact, still is, a great step forward. The gain in British prestige, political and financial, would have been almost worth the effort and loss from the commercial, financial and industrial point of view.

Unfortunately, the plan did miscarry, and the miners still refused to go back to work on the terms offered by the mine owners, or the enforceable terms offered by the Government.

The long drawn out stoppage in the coal mines might, to the superficial observer, indicate an almost mortal blow to British prosperity. And there are some grounds for this supposition. Britain is peculiarly fortunate in having rich deposits of coal placed conveniently near the seaports. It was in Britain that coal

was first mined on a large scale. The proximity of coal, both to the seaboard and to the iron mines, was the basis of Britain's industrial development in the nineteenth century. In 1800 we raised 10,000,000 tons of coal! In 1913, 287,000,000 tons were raised, but 98,000,000 tons were exported. Not only was a great predominance established in the heavy industries and especially in the production of steel, in engineering and in shipbuilding, but the British mercantile marine has been largely built up on the supposition that outward freights of coal would always be available, so that few voyages need be made in ballast. British tramp steamers outward bound with coal returned with grain, timber or other commodities.

But just because Britain was the pioneer in the coal industry, the British mines in many cases are still worked on a system long obsolete elsewhere; and in other cases the best seams have been exhausted and the inferior seams do not now show a good profit. While the question of disposing of slack and waste is still untackled, in many of the older workings the coal face is now far removed from the bottom of the shaft. To these disadvantages, some of them avoidable, some unavoidable, must be added the cumulative mistake of the organizers of the heavy industry in Britain.

Most of the coal mines are owned by different small companies, and there is great loss in the management through a multitude of directorates. Thus, 1,500 separate undertakings and companies exploit about 3,000 coal pits. In addition, in most cases, the coal mines stand by themselves. That means they have to sell their coal in a falling market to nominally or actually independent electricity companies and to gas works and other concerns which reap the benefits of the by-products of coal.

What has been evident for a generation in Britain is the need of reorganizing the coal industry vertically and horizontally. By that I mean that there are far too many separate companies and they should be amalgamated in a few big concerns; and that these few big concerns should themselves reap the benefit from carbonising the coal and disposing of the three hundred different commodities produced from raw coal. A selling cartel and the linking up with electrical undertakings are the next steps. Al-

though this has been obvious to all informed persons for a generation, vested interests, commercial conservatism, sheer incompetence, opposition from interested parties and other causes have prevented this being done.

Great as has been the injury caused to British prosperity by this last continued coal stoppage, public opinion has been directed to this aspect of the industry as never before, and there is now sufficient energy behind this public opinion to override the obstructiveness or stupidity of the coal barons in Britain. Then too, the Government must enforce action. It must also be remembered that this is the third serious dispute in the coal mines in twenty years. The first was in 1911 and lasted for six weeks. It was followed by a period of great prosperity in 1912 and 1913. In fact, 1913 was the peak year in British prosperity. The 1921 stoppage, which lasted for thirteen weeks, was not followed by an industrial boom, though it was succeeded by a two years' period of mining prosperity and a temporary boom during the period of the invasion of the Ruhr coalfield by the French. The reason why there was not a general spurt in trade and industry was the almost universal slump in the world's markets.

From the mine owners' point of view, if the coal stoppage was inevitable it came in this year—1926—at the most favorable time. There was an over-production of coal in the world and the general slump continued in a great many coal-using British industries. Both from the point of view of the mine owners and that of many of the big engineering and shipbuilding firms it was actually advantageous to have had this stoppage. Many of the latter were remaining open at a loss in order to retain their connections and keep their workpeople together. Therefore too much weight must not be put on the superficial effects of industrial damage resulting from the present stoppage.

Furthermore, despite what I say above about the non-economic organization of the coal mines in Britain, they have not been doing so badly despite the serious drop in world trade, despite the uncertainty overlying the industry and despite the bad relations that had existed for some time before the stoppage between the miners and the mine owners. It is true that the four months prior to the stoppage showed nominal losses in the major-

ity of pits. But since July, 1921, when the last coal strike came to an end, wages have been based upon published profits. During the war period the capital of the coal mines was "watered" to a very great extent. But taking the pre-war capital of approximately six hundred and seventy-five million dollars and adding two hundred and fifty million dollars for extensions, an admitted profit of three hundred and ten million dollars has been made up till April of this year. This is not so bad on a real capital of nine hundred and twenty-five million dollars, leaving inflation of capital out of account.

Moreover, there is strong evidence that a good deal of the actual profit made has been hidden. Although the mines in most cases nominally stand on their own bottoms as regards nominal profits, by the system of interlocking directorates a good deal of the actual profit made out of the industry is camouflaged. The charge has been made again and again, and not disproved, that coal has been sold to nominally independent undertakings at less than the market price. In fact, the amount of actual profit made on the real capital of the mines has been reckoned at ten per cent. average during the last five years. And several of the better paying modern mines have actually shown profits of ten per cent. and even more on nominal capital.

Therefore, even without the necessary reorganization and modernization, once the men can be got back to work, with the inevitable sacrifices which they must make, the coal industry should recover its prosperity. And the public generally have been so wakened up to the real needs of the industry that reorganization recommended by the Royal Commission and by the previous Royal Commissions can no longer be avoided or delayed. There is a danger, of course, that the men will have been driven back to work embittered and resentful. But this is not the habit with the miners. It is not a characteristic of the English people to cherish resentment and thoughts of vengeance.

Some surprise has been expressed at the length of the coal stoppage and at the endurance of the men in the dispute. There are mitigating factors. The Guardians of the Poor are bound by the law to relieve actual distress amongst the women and children. The Education Authorities are bound to feed hungry

school children. The coal miners in Britain number 1,100,000, and, after agriculture, coal is the biggest single industry in the country. The miners mostly dwell by themselves in their own separate mining districts and are able to dominate the elected Boards of Guardians and also the Local Government Authorities by their voting strength. Where there is a Labour majority on these Boards of Guardians, relief is also given to the men as well as to the women and children. Furthermore, in very many families, pensions are being drawn in one form or another. All poor persons over sixty-five years old, for example, now receive the Old Age Pension. Many scores of thousands of the miners are drawing small pensions for old wounds or have male relatives, employed in lighter work, drawing pensions for war disablement. Scores of thousands of families have orphan children of soldiers or war widows also drawing pensions. All these factors, together with money received from sympathizers at home and abroad, have helped the men in the dispute to escape actual starvation. This has prevented the struggle from becoming very embittered.

But the reasons why I contend that mortal injury has not been done to British prosperity must not blind us to the very serious results of the year's events. In the coal industry, for example, the important contracts for the Swedish State Railways and for the Latvian State Railways have just gone to Germany. There will be a hard struggle to regain these one-time predominantly British markets.

These are but examples, and they could be multiplied all over the world. But after the long 1921 stoppage we recovered our lost foreign markets in a few months. So much for coal.

Most of the re-rolling works in the iron industry have had to cease operations, and the establishments for making iron and steel have nearly all closed. Great quantities of iron and steel have been imported from the Continent; and yet after eight weeks of the coal stoppage, orders for new ships were placed with the Clyde dockyards, including two North Atlantic liners. The engineering industry was less hard hit during the stoppage than is generally supposed, but the cotton, wool, pottery and the boot and shoe industries were. However, artificial silk, linoleum,

the chemical industry and a few others, continued to prosper in spite of difficulties.

There are three factors making for optimism in addition to the, at long last, recognized need of a thorough and scientific overhauling of the whole coal industry.

The first is that a general shake-up has been given to British complacency; all classes and sections of the community now realize that hard work and enterprise are the only salvation of the country.

Secondly, Britain, at great sacrifice, has passed through the post-war currency difficulties with less damage than any other belligerent in Europe. The country has reëstablished the gold standard and the banking, insurance and shipping services are intact. The two first in particular are in a very strong position. Capital exists, therefore, for the lubrication of such industries as can carry on and expand.

Thirdly, the nightmare of the sympathetic strike, which began with the formation of the Triple Alliance of railwaymen, transport workers and miners in 1911 for a combined fighting front and extended until the prospect of a revolutionary General Strike had been brought much nearer, has now been dissipated. Once the General Strike, so-called, had been beaten, the Unions could be taken in detail and organized Labour as a semi-political force is now weaker than it has been for half a century.

The British Trade Unions are the oldest, the best organized and the most powerful in the whole world. Their position in the State is more fully recognized and respected than in any other country. Their position of immense strength has been used, unfortunately, for the maintenance of certain restrictions on production, no doubt in the interests of individual workmen, but, of late years, definitely injurious to industry. Equilibrium has now been restored.

For all these reasons, therefore, I hold that the ground lost during the first eight months of 1926 can be recovered; and that Britain, with her sound finances, her rich Colonies and her own valuable natural resources, is by far the strongest industrial country in Europe.

J. M. KENWORTHY.

AFTER FUNDAMENTALISM—WHAT?

BY REV. WILLIAM ADAMS BROWN, D.D.

RECENT happenings in religious circles seem to show that the Fundamentalist movement which has held so prominent a place in public attention during the last half dozen years has reached its crest and is on the ebb. Both in the Northern Presbyterian and in the Northern Baptist churches the efforts of the extremists to commit the church to a policy of exclusion have failed. The Presbyterian General Assembly, accepting the report of the Special Commission of Fifteen appointed a year ago, has recognized the existence of different parties in the church and refused to commit itself to the policy of strict construction which has been strongly urged upon it by the Conservatives. The Northern Baptists, in their General Convention, have shown a similar tolerant spirit, and in spite of the protests of the Fundamentalist minority have endorsed the conciliatory policy of their present leaders by substantial majorities. The danger of a split, very real a year or two ago in these two great denominations, seems now to have been definitely averted.

This does not mean that the Fundamentalist movement is over or that the Conservatives in the churches may not still win notable victories. Whatever the decision in the Scopes case, we are likely for some time to come to see the aid of the State invoked to check the rising tide of Modernism. But whatever temporary inconvenience these attempts may cause, they are not likely to have the serious consequences once anticipated. The effort of the Fundamentalists to capture for their cause, or if not successful in this, at least to split, one or more of the major denominations, is not now likely to be realized.

It becomes timely, therefore, to ask what were the forces which account for this widespread reactionary movement. To dismiss Fundamentalism by calling it a revival of superstition gets us nowhere. Some powerful motive must have been at work to

arouse such deep conviction—a motive which will continue to operate until it is recognized for what it is and its legitimate demands are met. It will be worth our while to ask what that motive is and what is likely to be its influence on the future development of religion in America.

Many different influences have combined to produce the movement we call Fundamentalism, but in its deepest meaning it is a protest, largely instinctive, but none the less deep seated and passionate, against a form of religion which would substitute reliance upon man for dependence upon God. In the past religion, however different its forms in detail, has meant to its devotees the worship of a God who has made His will known in definite and recognizable ways—One to Whom one could speak, confident of being answered; on Whom one could rest, knowing that one's trust was well founded. This simple, trustful attitude toward religion has become increasingly difficult for many cultivated people. They realize acutely the obstacles which the scientific temper puts in the way of faith, and while they are still interested in religion, their interest has become that of the critic who desires to understand rather than that of the missionary who desires to share. They have exchanged the position of the participant for that of the observer.

A recent number of *The Atlantic Monthly* contained two articles about prayer. One was by a Harvard professor who wrote with all the technique of the scholar; the other by an amateur who had no other qualification for writing than the fact that he had rediscovered the art of prayer and could not rest until he had shared with others the joy of his discovery.

Professor Kirsopp Lake begins by telling us what prayer has meant to praying people in the past, and then goes on to explain why it cannot mean the same thing to us who are living today. One by one he takes up the familiar forms of prayer: petition, intercession, and the like, and shows why they are no longer possible to modern men. He concludes with a forecast of what prayer will be like in the future when it has been stripped of all its superstitious elements and reduced to its simplest form as the reverent contemplation of our own highest ideals.

Glenn Clark writes in a very different spirit. He brushes all

theoretical difficulties aside in face of the one fact that matters for him, the fact that since he has rediscovered the art of prayer, his entire life has been transformed. What has happened to him he dares to hope may happen to others who are willing to repeat his experiment, and he proceeds to outline a series of simple rules which he has found helpful in the conduct of his own devotion.

The contrast between these two articles measures the distance between our own generation and the generation which preceded it. We live in an age in which large numbers of people have been exchanging the attitude of Glenn Clark for that of Kirsopp Lake. Where their fathers and mothers prayed, they philosophize about prayer. They have ceased to be participants and have become critics of religion, and in the process something has dropped out which has left a gap which for many has not yet been filled.

How far this process had gone in some Modernist circles may be learned from a recent book of Professor Kirsopp Lake, included by *The New Republic* in its list of the best books of the year. He calls it *The Religion of Yesterday and of Tomorrow*. In this book he gives reasons why the older forms of religion, whether Catholic or Protestant, no longer satisfy many people. He describes the newer religion which he believes to be in process of formation —the religion of tomorrow. Its most notable feature, if he rightly interprets it, will be the substitution of the attitude of self reliance for the dependence which has hitherto been characteristic of religious people. Whereas, according to Professor Lake, the fathers were drawn to religion by their consciousness of weakness, their sons approach God conscious of their strength. The former looked up to an all powerful God for the help they needed and found their need met through a series of supernatural acts, which together make up what theology calls revelation and redemption. The latter are using the methods of modern science to discover the laws of life, and through this discovery are able progressively to emancipate themselves from the controls of the older religion. The religion of yesterday was one in which God revealed His will to man. The religion of tomorrow will be one in which man discovers the right life for himself. In the old

religion God judges man. In the new religion man will judge God.

Not all Modernists, to be sure, go as far as Professor Lake. Many avowed Liberals have as vivid a God consciousness as any Fundamentalist. Men like Dr. Fosdick and Dr. Merrill regard the discoveries of modern science as data which help them to understand more clearly how God reveals Himself. But of the fact of revelation they have no doubt. None the less it is true that the temper in which they approach the religious life is different from that of their predecessors. For submission they substitute inquiry, for acceptance criticism. The line which once used to separate reason from revelation has been blurred. Doors once thought to be closed forever have been opened, and no one can set limits to the changes which may follow.

So long as this attitude was confined to a scholar here and there, its effects were negligible. There have always been men in the church who have thought of religion very much as Professor Lake does. But they have been in a minority, which had little influence on the church as a whole. When the critic became troublesome the church found ways of dealing with him, each denomination in its own way. The case of Dr. Briggs might stir the Presbyterians, or that of Dr. Crapsey the Episcopalians. But so long as the controversy remained within a single denomination the members of other communions could shrug their shoulders and thank God they were not as other churches. But when the results of the new teaching began to extend from the seminaries to the universities and colleges, and from the colleges to the schools, a new situation was created. Newspapers and periodicals began to popularize the new religion, and it lost nothing of sensation in the process. In widespread circles the word went about that religion was in danger, and in various ways men organized for its defense. In addition to the steps taken by the Conservatives within the different denominations, interdenominational organizations were formed. Large sums of money were raised for propaganda, and the battle was carried from the church to the school and from the school to the legislature. Mr. Bryan, silver tongued orator though he was, could not have produced the effect he did if he had not made himself the voice of a widespread popular movement.

It is easy to depreciate the significance of the Fundamentalist movement because of the crass form which it has often taken and the unintelligent way in which its case has been put by many of its defenders. But at its heart it is the reaffirmation of the central experience of all religion—the discovery of God. To one man the discovery comes in one way; to another in another. But however it comes, it has this common characteristic, that it carries within itself its own evidence. Vital religion is always supernatural religion. To the arguments of reason, telling us that this or that is impossible, it has one simple and convincing answer: "God has said . . . Let God be true though every man be a liar." This vivid consciousness of a reality carrying within itself its own evidence has been characteristic of religious revivals in every age: and when it is lost religion languishes. It is not only simple and uneducated people who feel the need of assurance and certainty which Fundamentalist religion seeks to supply. In Modernist circles too there is evidence that all is not well.

I have quoted *The Atlantic* for evidence of the decline of the unquestioning faith which was the characteristic of the older religion. Let me turn to it again for evidence of the growing longing for what that unquestioning faith alone can supply.

In a revealing article by one who styles himself a Modernist, the writer tells us the story of his progressive disillusionment with contemporary religion. One by one he has followed the paths opened to him by the modern spirit, only to find them ending in a *cul de sac.* Biblical criticism, the new theology, the social gospel, he has tried them all and come back empty handed.

He is not alone in this failure, he tells us. He finds himself one of a multitude of seekers looking for something which they have not found. He quotes the experience of one of them, a man whom he had long respected for his sincerity, devotion and spiritual insight, who recently came to him to tell him of a dream. "I thought," he said, "that I saw you standing on a hilltop, and we, a great host of us, were crowded around waiting eagerly for what you might say. We could see your lips framing the word, but no sound came out of your mouth. We tried to help you by calling out the word your lips were shaping; but we also were dumb. And that word was God."

In the light of experiences such as this, it is not hard to appreciate the mood of wistfulness which is so characteristic of our time, or to understand why the thoughts of many persons all about us are turning longingly to religion in quest of some new light which shall illuminate the darkness from which otherwise they see no hope of deliverance.

What are the prospects that this longing will be satisfied—that those to whom the blind submission to authority which Fundamentalism demands is no longer possible will find the present God of Whom their hearts are in quest?

Three ways are being taken by contemporary religion, each of which has many advocates. Some find in the growing consciousness of social solidarity the door of access to the presence of God. Others, following the clue given by the mystics of all religions, seek to win through detachment from the world an inner assurance and peace not possible in any other way. Still others find God through the church and, in such movements as the Anglo-Catholic Revival and the more recent Eucharistic Congress of the Roman Church, see God manifesting Himself anew to each age through the historic institution which is the organ of His revelation and the mediator of His grace.

One of the characteristic features of the religious life of the last generation was its growing emphasis upon man's social relationships. The older individualistic Christianity in which men were thought of as separate units, each having his own direct relationship to God, was challenged by men like Rauschenbusch and Washington Gladden as one-sided and selfish. Men were to be saved one by one, to be sure, but not simply as men, but as fathers, teachers, husbands, employers, patriots, and the like. And it was easy to show that salvation of this kind was impossible without far reaching changes in the social organization. It was religion's function to save not only individuals from the consequences of their sins, but society from the influences which were producing sinners. And this it appeared was a complex process which required for its success the coöperation of many different specialists. So Christians began to concern themselves with the relations of the church to industry and race and were found working for the eight hour working day, better wages, the right of

labor to organize for its own protection, the safeguarding of women and children, the abolition of lynching, and similar reforms. The social settlement was a product of this new social emphasis; but it was only one of a number of like kind, some of them directly connected with the church, others the result of influences which the church set in motion.

We are witnessing a reaction against this early enthusiasm. The high expectations entertained by many of the converts to the social gospel have not been realized in fact. There was a time within the memory of many who are still in the prime of life, when it seemed to many earnest spirits as if the Kingdom of God would immediately appear. The plans for the new social order were already drawn; the foundations were laid. All that seemed needed was enough willing hands to build the superstructure. Today our mood has changed. The war that was once for all to put an end to oppression and tyranny has left as its aftermath a host of ugly shapes that mock our hope of a better world. The old selfishnesses and prejudices of which we hoped that we were rid forever, are with us still, and with them a new brood even more hateful and baffling. The failure, at least the indefinite postponement, of the social hope has turned the thought of many from this world to another and made them more than usually sensitive to the Fundamentalist appeal. As in the early church the trials and persecutions which fell to the lot of the Christian converts led many to despair of happiness here and made them hospitable to the millennial hope with its promise of a supernatural salvation, so in our day the disappointments that have come to many through the failure of their hopes of social reform have made them willing to lend an ear to any one who can promise an easier and more satisfying salvation.

But while this is true of many once socially minded Christians, it is by no means true of all. On the contrary, what has happened has made some of them not less but more alive to the need of radical social transformation. They differ from their predecessors not in their conviction that it is the Christian's duty to work for the Christianization of society as a whole, but in their clearer perception of the greatness of the task and the obstacles which prevent its accomplishment. In a work so great, mightier re-

sources are needed than these early reformers commanded. It is not enough to substitute the love of man for the worship of God. We must win from our faith in God the active power that will nerve the will for the sacrifices that must be made. In the past Christianity has been a transforming and liberating influence, releasing new energies and bringing new things to pass. And this it must still be to us today if it is to meet our present need. All the more because the task is not simply individual but social, do we need the resources which religion alone can supply.

So we see men and women in all countries turning with new enthusiasm to Christianity, confident that they will find in it the social enfranchisement they need.

The most striking illustration of the effect of the new social spirit in after-war religion is the movement known as "Copec", which culminated in the great congress held in Birmingham in April, 1925. "Copec" is short for Conference on Christian Politics, Economics and Citizenship. The movement began in the attempt of a group of British Christians, sobered by the tragedy of the war, to think through for themselves the spiritual implications of the Christian gospel. Their enterprise aroused widespread interest, and in due time received the official endorsement of many of the British churches. Commissions were formed for the study of various aspects of the problem. Associates were enlisted to push the movement and provide for its support. After five years of preparation the Congress met at Birmingham, and after a week of frank discussion of the most pressing social problems of the day adopted certain resolutions defining the duty of Christians in the field of industry, race, education, morals and politics. Those responsible for the movement have planned to carry it on through a continuation committee, and anticipate the time when the standards which they have defined for themselves will be accepted by the church as a whole.

No gathering of equal size and impressiveness has been held in this country, but similar influences have long been operative. The Federal Council's Commission on Social Service brings together the social service commissions of the different denominations, and in coöperation with the National Welfare Council of the Roman Catholic Church has repeatedly made studies of im-

portant social issues. The pronouncement on the eight hour day in the steel industry was a notable example. The Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook, a committee formed by the Federal Council and the General War Time Commission of the Churches to consider after war problems, has published a series of volumes dealing with various phases of the church's social responsibility. Similar studies have been made by another group of Christians who have created an informal organization for the study of the relation of religion and social problems under the name of "The Inquiry".

In these and similar ways the effort is being made to bring religion into all phases of human life and to prove anew the truth of the Master's word: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Not all Christians, however, find their way to God by way of the social gospel. Some there are, by no means Fundamentalist in their sympathies, who regard it as a blind alley serving only to mislead and confuse. No one has been more unsparing in his criticism of "Copec" than the Dean of St. Paul's. In a recent volume entitled *Science, Religion and Reality*, Dean Inge has this to say about contemporary attempts to find in social Christianity the panacea for all ills:

> The strength of Christianity is in transforming the lives of individuals, of a small minority certainly, as Christ predicted, but a large number in the aggregate. To rescue a little group here and there from materialism, selfishness and hatred is the task of the Christian church in all ages, and there is no likelihood that it will ever be otherwise.

To find God, according to Dean Inge, we must turn our thoughts in and not out. The Christian way as he conceives it is the mystic way, and in saying this he is voicing the experience of many beside himself. In widely different circles we find a revived interest in mysticism—an interest anticipated by William James when in his well-known Gifford lectures on the *Varieties of Religious Experience* he pointed out the central place which the mystical experience holds in the life of religion. The United States, always hospitable to new religions, has a score of cults which find in the immediate experience of God a way of deliverance from the sorrows and sins of life. Christian Science, New

Thought, Theosophy—these are but a few examples of an interest which is growing. In Christian Science, as the title of Mrs. Eddy's book implies, the motive which draws most of its votaries to the new cult is the desire for physical healing. The intimate relation between mind and body, long a familiar fact to those who have had much to do with sickness, is here made the centre of a religion which promises healing to diseases of the soul as well as of the body. But Christian Science is but the best known of a large number of cults which profess a similar faith and practise similar methods. A recent study, made by Miss Alice Paulsen for the Committee on Public Health of the New York Academy of Medicine, describes the methods of a number of these cults. All bid their devotees seek their remedy within; all inculcate relaxation and receptivity; all divert attention from that which is feared and fix it upon that which is desired; all appeal to faith as the key to a satisfying life as well for the body as for the spirit.

No one who has studied the facts will deny that many who follow such methods find what they seek. The use of the mystical discipline in Roman Catholicism and the cures reported at such shrines as that of Our Lady of Lourdes and Our Lady of Mount Carmel are well known to all students of religion. It is natural to conclude that what has been so beneficent to some will be equally adapted to all. So we find an ever increasing number of unlicensed practitioners extending the procedure of the older cults to cover phases and experiences that are not ordinarily included in the mystic way. There is nothing that the heart of man desires that is not promised by these new evangelists to those who have faith. "Success, money, efficiency, power over men, the love of women,—whatever you have tried to reach and failed in reaching —only have faith in me and in my method and it shall be given to you." This is the gospel which is being preached in many a hotel parlor today in the name of the new psychology.

For just as the social interest of our day has had a double influence upon religion, leading some men to despair of any large success from the methods of the social reformers, while for others it has filled these methods with a divine meaning, so psychology, turning men's thought in upon themselves, has made faith in God impossible for some, while for others it has rationalized the faith

they had. As the laws of the social life may be interpreted either as a substitute for Divine Providence or as the method by which God evolves His social purpose, so the laws of the individual life may be regarded either as man's way of creating God or as God's way of revealing Himself to man. Not a few in our day are choosing the latter alternative and finding in the inner life the shrine in which the human spirit meets God face to face.

Many of those who follow the mystic way are extreme individualists and have broken with historic Christianity. But this is by no means true of all. There are many—and I believe an increasing number—who find their most effective help to realizing the divine presence in the symbols of historic religion. God, Who transcends all human definition, draws near to them in visible and tangible shape in the sacraments of the church, and in the miracle of the altar and of the font makes the familiar objects of every day experience the vehicles of His supernatural revelation. The assurance which some find in social service and others in the silence of their own spirit, these seekers win through God's revelation in His church. This is the third of the three doors through which earnest spirits in our day are entering into the presence of God.

A notable example of this churchly approach was the recent Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. A faith which can assemble 200,000 persons in one place to participate in a single act of worship is evidently very much alive. Those Modernists who write of Catholicism as an outworn form of religion may find food for thought in what happened in the great auditorium by the lake in those memorable days of June.

In the light of such a demonstration of the power of Catholic religion we can understand the appeal of the Anglo-Catholic movement to many in our day. Anglo-Catholicism is the attempt to recover the spiritual values of the Catholic faith without accepting the claim of the Roman Pontiff to supremacy. Central in the faith of the Anglo-Catholic is the living church, considered as the custodian of a divine tradition of faith and worship which is mediated through sacraments duly administered by a priesthood, episcopally ordained. The recent congresses at London and at New Haven, the increasing number and aggressive attitude of the

High Church party both in the Church of England and the American Episcopal Church, are the best evidences of the vitality of the movement.

Nor is it only in the Episcopal Church that this type of religion makes its appeal. Many who do not share the beliefs by which the Anglo-Catholic justifies his procedure find the form of his worship spiritually satisfying. Symbolism, long discredited in the churches of the Puritan tradition, is coming again to its own. In Congregational circles we find a new interest in the sacrament, a new appreciation of the liturgy, a growing consciousness of the importance of the ministry which art can render to religion. A church which goes back only four hundred years is felt by many to be too young for the children of the God of all the centuries, and in various ways the churches which broke away from Rome at the time of the Reformation are seeking to recover their original heritage. Church unity, once dismissed as an idle dream, is now a living interest for many Christians.

The movement for church unity has taken two main forms. One seeks its goal by the path of organic union; that is to say, the inclusion of all existing churches in one organization with definite standards of belief, worship and ministry. Those who have made this form of unity their goal will meet next year at Lausanne in the Conference on Faith and Order to discuss the obstacles which now keep the churches apart. The other follows the method of federation, reserving to each church its own independent organization and government, while furnishing all with a single organ through which they can act together in matters of common concern. Those who advocate federation are not necessarily opposed to organic union. But they believe that in view of the wide diversity of belief and practice among Christians, any chance of uniting all in a single organization is so remote that it is best for the present at least to recognize existing differences and to use our present machinery for realizing the measure of unity which already exists. The Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work which met at Stockholm in August of 1925 gave an impressive demonstration of the extent to which the federal idea has already made its place, not only in the thinking but in the practice of Christians.

The meeting at Stockholm was in many respects the most important gathering of Christians which has taken place since the Reformation. Called to consider the responsibilities of the church for bringing the principles of the Gospel to bear upon the life of our time, it was an impressive witness to the three influences to the discussion of which this paper has been devoted. Those who met at Stockholm had been brought there by their recognition of the social obligation imposed upon Christians by their faith. They met as churchmen, officially delegated by the different bodies in which organized Christianity finds its present expression. But one and all were convinced that if the church was to fulfil the social task to which they believed she was called, it must be through renewed contact with her Divine Lord and a fresh experience of the transforming power of His Spirit.

More than a hundred different ecclesiastical bodies were represented at Stockholm. Every important communion, except the Church of Rome and certain Protestants of the extreme right wing, was officially represented. Delegates came from five continents and from thirty-seven different countries. East and West were there, the Eastern Orthodox Church, the churches of the Continent, of Great Britain, and of the United States, as well as of the younger churches that are growing up on the mission field. Almost every type of religious and social philosophy was represented. Men who had fought on both sides in the Great War sat down side by side to plan together for the making of a new world in which there should be no more war.

The discussions of the Congress covered every phase of social life—political, economic, social, religious. Five commissions prepared preliminary reports which furnished the Congress with the basis of a discussion which was at once frank and considerate. Wide differences of opinion appeared at many points. But as to the duty of the individual Christian and the church to bring the influence of the Gospel to bear upon all the relations of life, there was no difference.

> Responding to His call "Follow Me," we have in the presence of the Cross accepted the urgent duty of applying His Gospel in all realms of human life —industrial, social, political and international.

When one considers the wide differences of religious and social

background of those who attended the Congress, the adoption of such a declaration by an all but unanimous vote is a significant sign of the times.

No final pronouncement on matters of policy was attempted. But a brief message summed up the deliberations of the Congress and expressed its spirit. A continuation committee was appointed to carry on the work and to provide for the calling of a second congress when the time shall be deemed ripe.

Such are some of the forms through which the spirit of contemporary religion is expressing itself. Which promises the shortest and the most direct way to the desired goal, he would be a bold man to say. It may well be that, as so often in the past, no one way will be found practicable for all travelers, and that in the future as in the past they will make their journey by different routes. But one thing we may confidently predict: that unless human nature shall radically change, the religion of the future will still be religion. It will begin and end in the quest for God and will not be satisfied with any substitute. May we not hope that the earnest effort that is going into this quest in our day will not fail, and that the generation upon which we are entering will find its God and will be able to speak His name so clearly that all who hear will understand and recognize in what they hear the answer to their deepest need?

William Adams Brown.

CONTROL OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

AN EXPERIMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY REGINALD E. HOSE

NATIONALIZATION of the liquor traffic in Canada, or at least its genesis, may be found in the Government Control system established by the self-determining Parliaments in the various Provinces whose statutory enactments have given effect in this manner to the expressed opinions of their electorates. A departure from prohibitory legislation was made during the years 1920 to 1925 by five of the Provinces as well as by the Yukon Territory and the Dominion of Newfoundland, while Government control of the public sale of beer was also assumed by the Province of Ontario.

It is not within the scope of this article to discuss the development of this form of liquor administration throughout Canada or the exigencies leading up to the recent Treaty between Canada and the United States, ratified by the Imperial Government, providing for "the suppression of smuggling operations along the International Boundary between the Dominion of Canada and the United States".

The geographical importance, however, attaching to the distribution of the area in which the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquor has been approved, lies in its proximity to the United States, in which a contrary opinion has been developed, and it would appear as if the North American Continent has constituted itself the battleground for this question.

The success which attended the efforts of the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) in Great Britain during the war period, the outstanding feature of which was the "Carlisle Experiment", has been generally recognized, and if an echo of that transient legislation is heard in the description given of British Columbia's experiment in Government control, it is a tribute to the sentiment

for British institutions. By the last official census (1921) the inhabitants of the Province were divided into 387,513 of British origin, 76,153 foreign, 38,539 Oriental, and a native Indian population—widely distributed—of 22,377. Exclusive of the Indian portion, the population presented no racial problem in the administration of liquor laws, and in seeking to account for the varying attitude of the people of this and other Provinces toward the liquor question, colored doubtless by environment and ætiological proclivities, the influencing proximity of that more populous portion of the North American continent to which the Provinces are contiguous must not be overlooked.

In the year 1898 the movement in Canada to prevent the use of liquor for beverage purposes found expression in a Dominion-wide plebiscite. "Are you in favor" (the question read) "of passing an Act prohibiting the importation, manufacture, or sale of spirits, wine, ale, cider, and all other alcoholic liquors for use as a beverage?" All the Provinces gave an answer in the affirmative with the exception of Quebec, though the total majority was so narrow that it was not interpreted as justifying the measure being brought into operation, more particularly as at this time a large majority of the rural districts in Eastern Canada were under Local Option.

During the next sixteen years—a period marked by increasing population and development—but little activity was manifested in support of Prohibition, but with the advent of the World War a more general support for prohibitory measures arose, resulting in various Provincial referenda, and subsequent legislation prohibiting the sale of liquor for beverage purposes, or its consumption in public, and in some cases its importation for private use.

In British Columbia, the existing licensing statute was superseded in 1916 by a Provincial Prohibition Act following an appeal to the electorate at which the enfranchisement of women was also approved. Provision was made under the Military Forces Act for taking the vote overseas, and though the issue was somewhat beclouded by the absence of so many male voters, and the dual nature of the referendum, the result reflected the attitude of public hostility to the "bar" and the licensing system in general. The Prohibition Act received further support in the two years

following from Federal restrictions passed in the interests of conserving foodstuffs and generally prohibiting the importation, transportation, or sale of liquor in any Province where a local statute prohibited the sale of liquor. Much difficulty was encountered in preventing evasions of the Prohibition Act, and this, together with the cessation of war and the general relaxation from the strain of wartime anxiety, paved the way for a further referendum in an effort to remedy the abuses which had manifested themselves. The exact question balloted upon in 1920 marked departures from both prohibitory enactments and licensing provisions, reading:

> Which do you prefer:—
> (1) The present Prohibition Act?
> or
> (2) An Act to provide for Government Control and Sale in sealed packages of spirituous and Malt Liquors?

and by a decisive majority the Prohibition Act was abandoned.[1]

In the Spring of 1921 the Legislature of British Columbia was called upon to devise a workable measure to give expression to the mandate for Government Control. This bill, entitled "An Act to provide for Government Control and Sale of Alcoholic Liquors" and finally passed with the short title of the "Government Liquor Act", was not deemed to be a party measure, and was intended to implement the vote of the people. In its scope it was clearly within the terms of the British North America Act, that is to say within the competence of the Provincial Legislature, and though incorporating many of the provisions of the Prohibition Act, it did not purport to do more than to control and carry on the liquor business, and rested on the powers delegated to the Province by the British North America Act.

The admitted policy of the Act was the control rather than the suppression of the liquor traffic, and though it set up a monopoly to the virtual exclusion of private trading, this was

[1] In the United States, as a war measure, the distilling of whisky had been stopped by Congress in 1917, and the brewing of beer by Presidential edict in 1918. It is interesting to note that the identical issues which were being publicly raised contemporaneously in the United States and Canada resulted during this year (1920) in the eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution in the United States, and the introduction of Government Control in British Columbia, Quebec, and the Yukon Territory.

a matter in which Parliament could not be gainsaid. Though the act was subsequently assailed on the grounds that it was an encroachment by the Government upon the Federal field of trade and commerce, the attacks upon its constitutionality were successfully resisted in the Court of Appeal. Opponents of the measure endeavored to show that the act was passed with the direct intention of obtaining revenue, and the declared arrangement for the division of profits lent some color to these assertions, but such revenue as accrued was deemed to be only incidental to the general purpose of the act, and such as would arise from the conduct of the business within the recognized procedure of ordinary dealing.

As in the case of the Central Control Board in Great Britain, the act set up a new Government Department. A Board was appointed to accomplish this purpose, charged with the administration of the act in all its particulars and with ample and exclusive powers of purchase and sale, and authority to acquire suitable warehouses and store premises for conducting a retail business with the public. In short, by requiring a report to the Board of all liquor privately held at the time the act became effective, the measure aimed to transfer to the Province at one stroke the entire liquor business other than the manufacture or export of liquor conducted under federal licence.

It is unnecessary to hamper this article by a recital in detail of the machinery and organization of the Board's business, all of which can be readily followed in the printed official reports. The procedure to give effect to the act was clearly governed by the administrative and trading features which it embodied, and the early regulations issued by the Board provided for the necessary official seals, forms of licences and permits, determined the hours of sale at the Government Liquor Stores, and establishment of a suitable personnel for the business.

Some opposition developed to the taxation of liquor, which was still allowed to be privately imported and possession declared upon arrival, but a test case resulting in a favorable decision for the Board served to remove all doubt on this point, and whatever obstacles the Board was destined to meet with later could not in fairness be attributed to imperfections in the act.

The referendum had established as a condition precedent to the sale of liquor, that an official seal be on every package and from this basic principle trading and administrative features alike required to be built up. How directly the whole machinery has come to depend upon the fulfilment of this condition will be gauged from an examination of the more salient features of the Control system.

Fundamentally it would appear questionable if the full purport of the phraseology used in the referendum question was really grasped, and whether the words "in sealed packages" intended the use of an official seal or merely referred to the trade labels as an identification and assurance to the public against spurious liquor. Be that as it may, the official seal attached by the Board to each bottle may be said to furnish the sole authority for purchase, sale and retention of the liquor pending consumption, and as a matter of identification the Board's official seals alone determine the lawful possession of liquor whether purchased at a Government Store or imported legally and submitted for sealing, and as such entirely determined the guilt or innocence of the party in possession.

As a corollary to the identification of liquor by a seal, provision was made for the identification of the purchaser by a permit, the issuance of which would be conditional upon a written application accepting fully the regulations governing its use. As a patron of the Government Stores, in possession of a permit entitling him to purchase liquor for "beverage, medicinal or culinary purposes", the holder may well have experienced that sense of the liberty of the subject which in the previous four years had been somewhat curtailed; in reality, however, the permit card-indexed his every action. A written application attested his citizenship, address and occupation; compulsory presentation of his permit with each purchase identified him to the vendor; indorsement of his purchase on the back of the permit enumerated the quantities from time to time obtained; while the order form which he signed in the store afforded a permanent record of his purchases in the office of the Board. In this respect some considerable analogy is offered with the (Bratt) Stockholm system and the use of the "*motbok*" which covers domestic

consumption in Sweden; but theoretically, the permit system, free from all discrepancies, omissions, and irregularities, is little else than an expansion of the licensing system from the former liquor dealer or retailer to the individual, with sufficient limitations and regulatory restrictions to ensure opportunity for enforcement of the conditions under which it may be used.

The method of purchase and possession of liquor having thus been provided for, there remained the perplexing and contentious question of where such liquor should be consumed.

Prohibitory measures of preceding years had been brought about more by an anti-saloon agitation than by the less popular but more exacting demand for a "bone dry" Province. The attitude of the whole North American continent toward the consumption of liquor in public had been one of hostility to the open bar, and this had engendered a sense of apprehension lest the sale of liquor, even under the control of the Government, should prove to be the first step towards a return of drinking in public. The urgency of dispelling any such belief, and of devising adequate substitution for the open places, was clearly of primary importance in restoring the personal use of liquor, and resulted in a general and somewhat sweeping definition of a "public place"—namely "any place, building, or passenger conveyance to which the public resort, or to which the public have access"—wherein drinking was entirely prohibited, the intention plainly being to outlaw drinking in any manner calculated to offend public sentiment.

It is important to notice the trend of thought interpreted by this provision: it formed the exact antithesis to the public house and confined drinking to the home or the registered guest room of a hotel, the only elasticity afforded this rigorous banishment of public drinking being discretionary powers conferred upon the Board to issue special permits for gatherings of a public nature.

In its conception this measure was the bulwark against the return of the barroom, but its limitations incited other transgressions—associated with drinking in private—against that very decency which it aimed to inspire, and subsequent modifications resulting in its expansion into the broader field of licensing

were plainly the outcome of this rigorous effort to efface the consumption of liquor in public.

The act in other respects did not differ materially from the old licensing system, save that the trade was confined entirely to one firm (the Government) and the sale restricted to the retail vending of liquor in sealed packages only. The regulatory provisions governing hours of sale, quantities obtainable, and other matters incidental to the business being vested in the Board, and the penalties of varying severity, interdiction of habitual offenders, cancellation of rights, forfeiture of liquor and confiscation when illegally possessed, were perhaps more numerously distributed through the system of individual licensing, and where previous Federal legislation had been content to attack drunkenness only when associated with disorderly conduct, this act endeavored to inhibit public drinking by creating the new offence of "drunkenness in a public place", and thus brought within the scope of enforcement a more practical opportunity of effacing the objectionable publicity which intemperance occasions.

The economic features of the act, the profits derived and their distribution between the Consolidated Revenue Fund for the use of the Public Service and the municipalities, schools and hospitals, together with the monies accruing from the sale of permits and licenses, provided for a simple and businesslike handling of the traffic with an equitable participation therein by all municipally controlled portions of the Province. A general revenue of considerable magnitude was assured from the operations of the Board, when freed from competition, and limited as to loss only, from such curable causes as fire or pilfering, or by repeal of the statute, against which provision was made by a Reserve Fund, taking precedence of all other division of profits. It may be argued that the creation and distribution of profits is a matter which to some extent has tended to overshadow the real purpose of the act, and if such is the case it may be largely attributed to the widespread depression of the post-war years.

Law enforcement rested with the municipal police, though where proper enforcement by them appeared lacking, the Board was empowered to police the municipalities in respect of liquor

infractions, and deduct the costs incidental to such work from the profits accruing as the share of such municipalities.

By proclamation the "Government Liquor Act" became effective on June 15, 1921, but before examining the Board's policy in working out this empirical legislation, it is necessary to refer briefly to certain external features of the liquor traffic which necessarily influenced the Board's operations.

The Federal Government had been quick to seize the opportunity of additional revenue, and anticipating the introduction of the Control system in the Provinces of Quebec and British Columbia, doubled the duty on imported liquor, raising the impost to ten dollars per proof gallon, and by an amendment to the Inland Revenue Act increased the excise on alcohol from $4.60 to $9 a gallon to correspond with the customs increase. When it is realized that the amount paid to the Federal Government for Customs, Excise and Sales Tax is $1.64 per reputed quart, it will be readily understood that the opportunity for providing spirits at a moderate price in the Government Stores was seriously affected, while the advantage to the Federal Government may be estimated from the figures of the two Provinces mentioned, which have paid in customs, excise, and sales tax nineteen million and seven million dollars respectively, during the period 1921 to 1924.

The Federal tax therefore greatly increased the cost of liquor to the purchaser, and in an endeavor to avert this the British Columbia Government attacked the right of the Federal Government to impose duties upon the liquors imported by it for sale in the Government Stores, seeking to establish exemption from Federal taxation under Section 125 of the British North America Act, but an appeal from the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada—affirming a judgment of the Dominion Court of Exchequer—was dismissed by the Privy Council.

British Columbia, with its advantageous seaboard, and numerous highways leading to the United States, afforded many opportunities for the illicit transhipment of liquor. The licensed export houses dealing with other countries were distributed among the seaport towns and along the southern boundary of the Province. As their dealings related to other countries

the Board's supervision was confined to inspection and examination of their records. The liquor imported by these firms in bond, ostensibly for reshipment, escaped the payment of duty. What proportion of it found its way back into the Province is conjectural, but the actions of the export houses led to strong representation by the Provincial Legislature for more restrictive measures governing the exporters and culminated in a bill which, though approved by the House of Commons, has been thrice rejected by the Senate.

The control of the export houses proved to be one of the most disturbing features in the Board's administration, and a determined effort was made to curtail their activities by means of high license, the fee being raised from $3,000 to $10,000 a year. While this had the desired effect of closing up a number of the smaller concerns, it consolidated the larger group, who pooled their interests and incorporated as one company with branch warehouses.

A further disquieting element which manifested itself in the early days of the business was the control of the breweries' output, the sealing of beer having been found impracticable. The absence of the bar and the lack of any public place in which beer could be consumed quickly gave rise to irregular clubs and the ubiquitous bootlegger resumed his prohibition day activities.

The difficulty of equitably limiting purchases to any given quantity was insuperable, and the discretion of the vendors in charge of the Government Stores was deemed the safest solution where no general rule could be applied.

Such were some of the more apparent problems militating against the efficiency of the Board's system in its earlier stages.

From this it must not be inferred that the general policy and scheme of the act were unsuccessful. On the contrary, general approval was expressed as to the manner in which the Government Stores were conducted, the wide variety of liquors obtainable, and the courteous service of an efficient staff. Some minor defects in the act were cured by amendment, liquor agents being prohibited from canvassing and soliciting, and gifts of liquor by brewers and distillers forbidden, while the act was

further strengthened by more stringent penalties for supplying liquor to minors or interdicted persons. Further control of the brewery interests was also indicated in an added section requiring the use of a distinctive label on all barrels containing their product and a sharp disagreement arose over the penalties for the unlawful sale of beer.

The year 1923 saw the club situation brought to a definite head by an amendment to the Government Liquor Act which provided for club licenses conveying the right to members "to keep on the premises a reasonable quantity of liquor for personal consumption on the premises" and prohibiting the possession of liquor in unlicensed clubs. The amendment did not take effect until the Spring of 1924, when it was implemented by an exhaustive regulation issued by the Board governing the manner in which such liquor should be kept, served, and consumed. Though licensing features had been embodied previously in the Quebec and Alberta Liquor Acts, this was the first direct return to the licensing system in British Columbia. Influenced no doubt by the facilities for licensed premises afforded in other Provinces, the question had been thrust to the front by the necessity of a public or semi-public place for the consumption of liquor, by that large portion of the population, including the returned soldier organizations, unrepresented in the privileges accorded to the established social clubs, whose right to allow members to have liquor on the premises had never been seriously questioned.

The Board was greatly handicapped in dealing with the mushroom growth of proprietary clubs catering to all classes according to location and patronage, and providing in effect a "concealed bar" supplies for which were largely obtained from the Government Stores by individual members, or surreptitiously from illicit vendors, and though clubs were required to show their financial standing and ability to carry on a lawful club business, many readily degenerated into straight liquor selling venues.

It is interesting to note from the official licensing statistics relating to the sale of intoxicating liquor in England and Wales for the year 1924, an increase of 3277 club licences for the period

1919 to 1924, while for the same period "on" licences had been reduced by 3021. The inference would seem to be that if an increase in drinking clubs occurs so readily through a slight reduction in public drinking resorts, the outcrop of drinking clubs in a country without public houses is a certain factor, the most undesirable feature of which is the impossibility of either the police or the public exercising proper supervision and control.

In amelioration of these conditions the sale of beer in licensed premises—a subject which had formed a storm center at each succeeding session of the Legislature—finally came to a settlement in a non-party amendment to the Act, whereby "sale of beer by the glass upon licensed premises" was approved conditional upon a vote in the affirmative to be taken under the terms of a separate act known as the "Liquor Control Plebiscites Act". Much discussion of this subject occupied the attention of the members, more particularly as the Plebiscites Act set up the principle of Local Option, and to some extent the motive appeared to be rather that of finding a remedy for non-observance of the law than any pronounced or insistent demand for public consumption.

By a curious coincidence at this very time the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council were engaged in dismissing the petition of a Vancouver woman sentenced to imprisonment for selling liquor known as beer, on the grounds that their Lordships were not a Court of Criminal Appeal, and declining an opinion on the suggestion raised by counsel that the offence was not a breach of the peace or an offence against the community, but merely a breach of the provisions regulating the sale of liquor in British Columbia.

It must be admitted that a large section of the public construed the restoration of sale of beer by the glass in licensed premises as a return to the bar. Precedent had been established in other Provinces, Quebec with its tavern licence for this purpose, Alberta with its licensed beer premises in standard hotels and clubs, and there is little doubt of the contributing influence in this respect.

In June, 1924, contemporaneously with a General Provincial Election, the Government submitted to the electors under the provisions of the Liquor Control Plebiscites Act the question:

Do you approve of the sale of beer by the glass in licensed premises without a bar under Government Control and Regulation?

Twenty-three (including the City of Vancouver) out of the forty Provincial Ridings voted in the affirmative, and in the spring of 1925 the sale of beer by the glass was brought into effect by proclamation in districts which had voted for the same. The Board, pursuing the policy adopted in respect of clubs, issued a regulation dealing with "the conditions, accommodations and qualifications requisite for obtaining a beer licence and the sale of beer thereunder", and by the middle of the year the drinking of beer had been restored in some two hundred and twenty-five licensed premises scattered throughout the Province.

The new public house in British Columbia is the twentieth century beer hall; stripped of any advertising display, it forms merely a salesroom adjunct of the hotel proper. It must provide suitable seating accommodation for patrons and no direct bar service is permitted. Its service to the public is confined entirely to regaling its patrons with beer, the sale of soft drinks and light refreshments being prohibited, and no music or dancing allowed.

It is perhaps colorless and insipid to the former saloon frequenter, but provides that safety valve which was so essential to the effective working out of the sale of beer to persons wishing to consume the same at the time of purchase and with some opportunity for social meetings. The undesirable features associated with the old bar have as far as humanly possible been removed.

It is true that in every instance the instrument used to broaden the powers of the Board has been the referendum, and it is noteworthy that in the questions submitted both for and against the consumption of liquor, the opportunity of assuring a representative vote was secured by submitting the same conjointly with a general appeal to the electorate, but it must not be lost sight of that the Board with these extensions had been constituted a licensing Board with wide discretionary powers and but few of the limitations usually associated with licensing statutes.

With a population of slightly over half a million people, and a continuous visiting population of some magnitude, the Province of British Columbia may serve to illustrate the economic results

of the Control system. During a period of three years and nine months the Board made a net profit of $9,825,000. After setting aside $574,000 for a Reserve Fund and $247,000 for the Mothers' Pension Fund, the balance was divided in the proportion of $3,545,000 to the municipalities, $957,000 to Hospitals, $4,502,-000 to the Consolidated Revenue Fund for the public service of the Province, these profits derived from a total revenue of nearly forty and one-half millions. So much for the economic side. Opponents seeking to discredit the system, draw attention to the dangers of lack of competition, political interference, corruption of officials, and the embarrassment to the State of being placed in a fiduciary capacity for the liquor interests, but it is self evident that successful Government Control can only be secured by a clear sense of duty on the part of those entrusted with its affairs, disinterested enforcement of the statute, and a broad interpretation of the law without recourse to legislative expedients in the interests of one or other section of the population. Moreover it is patent that Government Control and Prohibition are passing through a period of probation, and during such period a more dangerous feature than the liquor itself is the corruption of public morals in a contempt for law, where restrictive legislation proves too drastic.

The field for inquiry into the use and abuse of alcoholic liquors is so wide that it is difficult to investigate any one aspect without resort to casuistry, but as suggested by Dr. Archdall Reid, it may be accepted as an axiomatic belief that—

> resistance to the attraction of alcohol is a mental peculiarity which a race only acquires through long exposure to the influence of abundant alcohol, and that populations are resistant just in proportion to their past exposure to it—as is true in the main of epidemic and endemic diseases—and that in both cases this is due to selection.

It has been demonstrated that Government Control of the liquor traffic is rapidly passing out of the experimental stage, and its widespread acceptance throughout Canada may prove an important contribution to further legislative efforts in this direction.

REGINALD E. HOSE.

MURDER ON THE RAILS

BY "ENGINEER"

THE managements of railroads and the supervisory and executive and legislative branches of the Government hold no greater responsibility than that of adequately protecting the safety of the traveling public. No one in this wide world is more helpless to protect himself from injury or sudden death, than a passenger on a railroad train. He pays for and is entitled to expect safe transportation. He is placed in a closed container (as a steel car) where he is as helpless against the effects of a collision or derailment as a babe in arms. His life and destiny are absolutely in the keeping of the engineer at the throttle, who, in turn, depends upon such a slender thread as the line of vision of the human eye looking out through space, sometimes in fog or rain or snow, or under other conditions where visibility is low, picking up an indication from a signal out on the roadside. Sometimes in the sleepy hours of the morning vigilance relaxes for a few brief moments, or a locomotive defect detracts attention from the signals, or there is a misunderstanding of signals, and then a bloody chapter is written into railroad history. Investigations are held, and the findings are that "this accident was caused by Engineer Blank failing to observe and to be governed by restrictive signal indications;" to which the Federal investigators add: "An adequate system of automatic train control would have prevented this accident." Then the stage is ready for another similar catastrophe.

No class of men are more dependable than locomotive engineers. Many of them go to their deaths with a clear record covering a period of years and at last give their lives as a forfeit; martyrs to their profession; faithful unto death; but victims of a mental lapse or of circumstances which they cannot control, and with them go the lives of other human beings, snuffed out like the light of a candle by a sudden breath, sacrificing their lives,

their fortunes and their happiness on the altar of unsafe operation.

It is not alone the locomotive engineer who is at fault, but rather the method of transportation that will permit such accidents. It is impossible for a man to be one hundred per cent. perfect, physically, mentally and functionally at all times. Recognizing these facts, it is fair to assume that the human at the throttle, high grade as he may be, must be backed up by an automatic agency to prevent disaster, when for any reason the human agency fails. It should be impossible for a locomotive engineer, even if temporarily insane, to run a train at high speed, freighted with human lives, into another train in his path, also freighted with human lives. It would be as reasonable to operate elevators without automatic control, or steam boilers without safety valves to limit steam pressure within safe limits, as it is to operate a high speed train without automatic speed restriction when closing in upon a train ahead.

The fact is that thousands of helpless passengers, who are paying for safe transportation, are killed or injured when means to prevent such accidents are available.

How long, then, before Federal statutes will be enacted holding the railroad managements responsible and making them criminally liable for manslaughter or murder on the rails, where automatic train control protection is not installed and where the lives of passengers are destroyed as the result?

It has long been recognized that some form of protection should be provided to prevent railroad collisions. This subject has been a live issue since 1880. In 1906, Congress passed an act directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate the subject of Automatic Train Control. As a result, the Commission appointed the Block Signal and Train Control Board, which was more or less active until 1912. In 1913, the Bureau of Safety assumed charge until 1919, when the United States Railroad Administration created an Automatic Train Control Committee which functioned during the Federal Administration of railroads.

In 1922, under Section 26 of the Transportation Act of 1920, the Interstate Commerce Commission issued Orders 13413, citing forty-nine railroads to show cause why an order should not be

entered requiring installation of automatic train stops or automatic train control devices upon designated portions of their respective lines. Hearings were held before the Commission, as a result of which the Commission made its order permanent on June 13, 1922. On January 1, 1924, the Commission issued a second order requiring installation of ninety-two additional operating divisions and fixed the date of completion for the territory covered by this second order as of February 1, 1926. This order included an additional division on forty-seven of the carriers contained in the first order. During this period the personnel of Division 1 of the Commission having charge of Automatic Train Control was changed, and, as the result of a sinister influence, the requisites of the Commission were altered to permit the railroads to install automatic train stops with a forestalling feature, so arranged that a locomotive engineer may nullify operation of the device at will.

Subsequently, the order for installation on forty-five railroads covered by this second order was indefinitely suspended by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and since that time numerous extensions of time have been granted by the Commission upon application by the railroads. In fact, upon one of these divisions the railroad has been entirely relieved from installation of automatic train control and has been granted permission to install automatic block signals in lieu thereof. To point out the fallacy of this decision it is only necessary to refer to the recent serious collisions on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Monmouth Junction, N. J., and Gray, Penn., where automatic block signals of the best type were disregarded and where two of the most disastrous collisions occurred.

During the time the Interstate Commerce Commission has been investigating this subject, and in the period 1906–1921, as shown in the records of the Commission during the 1922 hearing, there were 106,473 train accidents in which 6,142 persons were killed, 95,936 injured, and a property loss of $80,386,694. Of rear end collisions there were 17,043, in which 1,914 persons were killed and 25,974 injured, with a property loss of $21,507,894. Of head-on collisions there were 9,255, in which 2,412 persons were killed and 34,708 injured, with a property loss of $19,461,769.

In territory protected by automatic block signals, between July, 1911, and March 31, 1921, there were 111 collisions caused by failure of engineers "to observe and be governed by signal indications", in which 510 persons were killed and 2,458 injured, with a property loss of $1,539,074. All of the above losses in life and property occurred while the Interstate Commerce Commission was investigating automatic train control from 1906 to 1921 inclusive.

On March 11, 1924, the Hon. Homer P. Snyder, Congressman from New York, delivered a speech in the House of Representatives outlining the status of automatic train control and urging strenuous action. In his speech Mr. Snyder called attention to the fact that the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway had installed an automatic train control system on a full operating division of 165.4 miles of double main track and 102 locomotive equipments. This installation was completed in November, 1923, and approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission on December 17, 1923. He stated that this progressive railroad had complied with the order of the Commission and completed its installation and received the final approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission one full year before the time limit fixed by the Commission, and that the installation was completed at a total cost of $235,789, equivalent to $713 per mile of track. Further, that, in addition to the conservation of life and property, experience has shown tremendous savings in operation due to this scientific improvement in railroad service, as under such a train control system not alone is safe operation assured but, substituting the principle of spacing trains by restricting their speed rather than by stopping them (as is done under the present antiquated method of railroading), train control becomes an asset and a distinct earning power.

He stated, further, that whereas the American Railway Association rules provide that trains shall stop at automatic block signals in the stop and then proceed under a certain speed prescribed by rule alone, this system compels the train to reduce speed and compels the engineer to indicate his alertness to the situation by acknowledging the stop signal, and permits the train to proceed under safe speed without stopping; that such

was the practice and the rule on the Rock Island where a check of operation during July, 1924, showed that in the movement of 1,105 freight trains and 1,183 passenger trains there was a total of 6,078 freight train stops and 485 passenger train stops eliminated, which, capitalized at the American Railway Association figure of $1.92 per stop, would amount to the tremendous figure of $150,000 per annum in the savings in fuel, wear and tear of equipment and loss of time.

The question naturally arises as to what possible motive the railroads have in deferring installation of an automatic train control system having the advantages of low cost, simplicity, splendid performance, approval by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the full endorsement of the officials and enginemen of the railroad upon which it is installed, and carrying such economical advantages in operation? Why are the railroads installing automatic train stop systems which permit the engineer entirely to nullify operation of the device and run into a collision at full speed? Why are the railroads installing so many different train control systems over short territories which are not interchangeable one with the other, when the engines of one railroad run over the tracks of another road equipped with a different system? Is it with the hope of so confusing the subject as to hoodwink the Commission and eventually "kill" train control? If so, why?

The railroads have consistently opposed the installation of automatic train control. At the 1922 hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission they attempted to show cause why they should not be ordered to install train control on forty-nine divisions of railroads each specified by name. They failed to show cause and the order was issued on June 13, 1922.

At the 1924 hearing, the railroads attempted to show cause why the second order of the Commission covering installation of ninety-two additional divisions of railroads specified by name, should not be enforced. They succeeded in securing a suspension of this order in so far as fifty divisions were concerned.

While the railroads have consistently opposed installation of automatic train control devices, and apparently have organized to defeat any attempt to force installations, the Interstate

Commerce Commission has, in itself, aided and abetted the railroads to that end, and to a larger extent even than the railroads that body is responsible for present conditions. The Commission has usurped the powers of Congress and has given the railroads friendly help and suggestions which have enabled them to defeat the law.

In so far as Section 26 of the Transportation Act is concerned, it empowers the Commission to order automatic train control protection on the railroads. The railroads have captured the Commission, as is illustrated by the modified order of July 18, 1924, when the requisites of installation were so radically changed as to form the basis of a petition of the United States District Court by the Delaware and Hudson Railroad for relief from penalties imposed by the first order for failure to comply therewith. The Court, while upholding the constitutionality of the law requiring installation of train control systems, sustained the position taken by the railroad, pointing out that the action of the Commission in changing its specifications in this manner constituted an entirely new order. "To call such a change," said the Court, "in the effect of the order, a mere amendment, is unfair, if not absurd. It was an entirely new order, consequently the road is entitled to two years' further delay."

The effect of the two years' grace which the railroads received by this *faux pas* of the Interstate Commerce Commission caused many of the roads to adopt the manual system, by means of which, as stated above, the engineer may entirely nullify operation of the device and collide with a train at full speed. By introducing this unsafe method of operation, the Interstate Commerce Commission not only played into the hands of the railroads in confusing the train control issue but committed such a violation of the law as outlined in the Transportation Act, as to call for a Congressional investigation as a remedy for such usurpation of legislative functions and such utter disregard of the public interest which it was actually created to protect.

Congress cannot longer ignore the voice of the people in their appeals for relief from this deplorable condition. The attention of the public is focused upon their Representatives in Congress, which created the Interstate Commerce Commission and to

whom the Commission is responsible. Editorials in the public press are attempting to direct the attention of the Government to the necessity for action, which should not be further delayed, as is illustrated in the following brief extracts:

The Washington Post, June 23, 1926.

The fact is that there is no excuse for these disasters which are caused by human fallibility, now that automatic devices have been perfected which will stop a train in spite of the effort of an engineer to run against signals directing him to stop.

The Baltimore Sun, June 19, 1926.

In this instance the human equation seems to be again responsible. A signal was disregarded. The public in the circumstances may again become aroused to the necessity of speeding up progress in some better method of train control.

The New York Evening World, June 19, 1926.

Too many lives are being crushed, too many people are being crippled, to dismiss these tragedies any longer as unavoidable accidents.

The Pittsburgh Gazette Times, June 18, 1926.

Here is a striking example of the failure of the human factor of safety, is the common judgment. Here is strikingly illustrated the need of automatic train control devices to prevent just such deplorable accidents, is another conclusion instantly arrived at.

The Pittsburgh Chronicle, June 19, 1926.

The possibility of the sudden and unforeseeable striking down of the engineer by disease is a perpetual danger of railroading, the remedy for which is automatic train control to supplement the present admirable automatic switch and signal system.

Murder on the rails will continue until Congress awakens to the fact that it has abdicated to the Interstate Commerce Commission a large part of its functions in the protection of the lives of passengers, and that the Commission has proved itself incompetent or unworthy of the trust.

"ENGINEER."

JOHN STEVENS

BY ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

"*Genius has too fine an edge for common use.*" The quotation is from the writings of John Stevens, that man of extraordinarily varied interests and activities, whose long life of nearly ninety years made him a young officer of the Revolution and a venerable sage in Andrew Jackson's day as President; whose rich, colorful story has for a century been hidden under dusty documents in half a dozen horsehair trunks. In this sesquicentennial year of our independent existence, when the Federal Constitution and its Amendments are under such heavy fire, it has been thought appropriate to exhume the history of one of the most constructive of our early nation builders.

In the last issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Mr. Francis Thorpe discussed John Adams and his *Defense of the Constitution.* It was this small book which inspired John Stevens to set forth his own views and, like the "Cato" and the "Junius" of his day, he did so under the screen of anonymity. His carefully considered pamphlet, in which he ventured to disagree with the veteran New Englander and his political system of "Orders" and "Balances" as a method of government, was published as the work of no more definite a citizen than "A Farmer of New Jersey," with the result that it was generally attributed to the brilliant pen of the Revolutionary Governor of that State, William Livingston. Where copies of the pamphlet exist in libraries and historical societies, they are thus catalogued. But Jefferson made a note upon his own copy, "Written by John Stevens," and the recent unearthing of part of the original manuscript places the question of true authorship beyond all doubt.

"Good government," runs the pamphlet, "demands constant activity. The people ever have been, and ever will be, unfit to retain the exercise of power in their own hands; they must, of necessity, delegate it. Hence the immense importance of a *representative* legislature and a Tryal by Jury."

A little farther along, this point is stressed. "After all, it is by sober common sense and strict attention to business that the affairs of this world must be regulated." To which he adds that comment upon genius which has already been quoted.

The three Amendments to the Constitution which he advocated are not without interest. The first suggested that the President should not be doomed to make his appointments "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." Apart from the mere dignity of the office, demanded Stevens, why should the Senate have a voice in choosing the President's advisers, while retaining the right to impeach him if he proved ill advised? Those sharp political squabbles which have so often arisen between the Executive and Congress over appointments, in our own day, would seem to add some weight to this proposal of long ago.

Secondly, Stevens suggested that the Chief Justice should hold his own office "during good behavior" and that he should have the naming of his assistants. In at least the first half of this proposal, there were found to be enough in agreement to bring about the change; the second half is at least debatable. Finally, forecasting in some measure the present powers of Secretary Mellon, a Superintendent of Finance was advocated; this officer to manage all collection and expenditure of public revenue, to appoint receivers of taxes, customs and excise officers, and to form, with the President and the Chief Justice, a board to consider, from three essential viewpoints, all new legislation by Congress.

Recognizing that no national document so momentous as the new born Constitution could be regarded as perfect, John Stevens, nevertheless, wrote to Dr. Richard Price, of London, "Yet the features of it are, I trust, so happily blended and harmonized as to produce one *whole* which, for strength and beauty, I may venture to call unrivalled."

Among these ancient papers,—some, alas too far gone in years for present use,—there are long essays upon political economy, none of them without a certain pith. Upon metaphysics, too,—an interest of his later years,—the man has left behind him the manuscript of an entire book of which only the first part went into pamphlets. When yellow fever, in the early eighteen hundreds,

was scourging New York, Philadelphia, and other seaports, Stevens, although admittedly no physician, was an eager delver into the causes and treatment of the plague. At this time he made to Dr. David Hosack, so prominent in New York's medical and social life of the period, the earliest concrete proposal that there be built, for the accommodation of all the sick or, more especially, for the care of still unafflicted infants, floating hospitals to be anchored in the rivers or down the bay. On almost the same day he was speaking and writing in favor of the first system of watering the streets of the growing city; a system, be it understood, of his own devising, in his capacity of engineering director of the Manhattan Water Company.

Just as Franklin did not live up to the profound teachings of Poor Richard, so John Stevens was privileged to disregard his own sayings. Thus, the genius of which he spoke as too fine-edged for common use was, in his own case, whole-heartedly applied to almost every question, political, economic, or scientific, which commanded the attention of a country less than twenty-five years upon its own feet. To speak of Colonel John Stevens, of Hoboken,—as, in his day, he was most commonly known,—is to name a farmer, a horticulturist, a student of law and medicine, a sportsman, and a great mechanical engineer. To examine him under a microscope borrowed from any one of these professions is to discover him as a man of amazing vision, living, as the saying has it, "a century ahead of his time." Nor has this same saying often had a more accurate application.

His early opportunities came to him through his inheritance from his father, the Honorable John Stevens, and his grandfather, more simply known as "Mr. John." The latter had been the first of his family in America, landing in 1699 and bound, like so many other youths of seventeen, his contemporaries, as a lawyer's apprentice, "too doe no damage to his saide Master nor see it to be done of others." This progenitor of seven generations, in each of which the eldest son has borne his name, served out his time in New York and then pushed over into New Jersey, to marry Ann Campbell, daughter of the proxy and Colonial representative of Lord Melfort, the sharer with the Earl of Perth of the leading position among the twenty-four Pro-

prietors who through Berkeley and Carteret owned the Colony by grace of James, Duke of York.

The second John was a builder of ships and of houses in Perth Amboy; a merchant not averse to commanding his own vessels on their trips to Madeira with flour, or on their homeward voyages with wine casks cramming their holds and piled up to the very bulwarks. Commercial success, afloat and ashore, was for him a preliminary to marrying Elizabeth Alexander, whose father was James, Surveyor-General of New York and New Jersey, keen astronomer, and ardent advocate of free speech. By that marriage, the Honorable John acquired as brother-in-law William, called—mainly upon his own recognizance—the Earl of Stirling; that Major-General of Washington's army who gallops across the pages of every American schoolboy's history. The records indicate that Stirling, Richard Stockton, and John Stevens were the "insurgent three" of Governor William Franklin's Council; the last named writing to the Governor in June of 1776 that, since the dispute with Britain "has arisen to the present alarming situation . . . Your Excellency will not wonder that I should prefer the duty I owe my Native Country to any other Consideration." From that day, his seat in Council was empty, but he promptly found another in the Provisional Jersey Assembly; left this to represent his State in the Continental Congress, and returned to preside over New Jersey's convention to ratify the Constitution of the United States.

This good Anglo-Saxon stock produced the John Stevens with whom we have here most to do. He was twenty-six when the rifles of Lexington rang out, and he was very soon afterward a member of the Continental Army. This service, however, was of short duration, for he was soon appointed the Treasurer of his State—an office trying enough to the soul of any man, in that day of many different monies, when exchange soared or plunged according as an American or a British volley chanced to be effective. Keeping some half-dozen years of State accounts almost literally under his three-cornered hat—whether he chanced to be hanging this in Trenton, Bordentown, Amboy, or Philadelphia—meant, in the end, a considerable demand upon the private purses of both the Colonel and his father before, in the chaos of

settlement and readjustment, the last voucher—written, perhaps, by lantern-light upon the torn flyleaf of a book or the ragged corner of an old indenture—had been paid and cancelled. In this connection, the son is found writing to his father:

> As to the Continental money left with me by my Uncle, I have it here, *except nine or ten thousand pounds I borrowed to make up fully the balance due the State.* So that if you can purchase that much for me I shall be greatly obliged to you.

The peace of 1783 brought him back to his birthplace, New York City, where he occupied his father's house in the Bowling Green. With him came his wife Rachel, one of those five beautiful Cox sisters whose likenesses are to be seen strewing flowers at the feet of "The Preserver of his Country and the Defender of Our Daughters," in that quaint old print of Washington's triumphal entry into Trenton. Rachel Cox Stevens was to become the mother of another John, founder and first Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, part owner of the gallant *America* and aboard her when the deck glasses could pick-up, for Queen Victoria, "no second"; of Robert, leading inventor, engineer, and naval architect of his own later day; and of Edwin, practical business man as well as inventor, organizer and treasurer of all of a remarkable family's later undertakings and, of course, founder of the Institute of Technology which bears that family's name.

Hopoghan Hackingh made its first authentic appearance in history when Juet, mate of the good ship *Half Moon*, described it, in 1609, as "a good piece of ground; and hard by it there was a Cliffe, that looked of the colour of white greene, as though it were either Copper or Silver Myne." After the Revolution, it had become a desirable farm land of many acres, put up in 1784 at public vendue because its owner, William Bayard, had been over hasty in changing back into a Redcoat after the Americans had skipped away, in the fog, from the disaster on Long Island which so nearly stopped the war before it had well begun. As Hoboken, Bayard's confiscated estate went to Colonel Stevens for about eighteen thousand pounds.

To him, the present state of that tract could hardly be pleasing. He saw it as a park or country resort, to be visited by those

upon whom the business cares of New York pressed too heavily. "It is my intention," he announced, "to form there a complete collection of all American plants, as well as of exotics." To that end, he planned lawns, orchards, and winding paths around such shrubs as hydrangea and magnolia, flanked by greenhouses of roses and shaded by great trees like those fine old English elms at Castle Stevens, whose heads have long since been withered by the belchings of fuel oil from countless ships below. And that he succeeded, to some extent at least, in his plan, seems clear from Fanny Kemble's diary of years later:

> The good taste of the proprietor has made it one of the most picturesque and beautiful places imaginable; it wants but a good carriage-drive along the water's edge (for which the ground lies very favorable) to make it as perfect a public promenade as any European city can boast, with the advantage of such a river as none of them possess.
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> I think the European traveler, in order to form a just estimate of the evils and advantages deriving from the institutions of this country, should spend one day on the streets of New York and the next in the walks of Hoboken. In the one, the toil, the care, the labor of mind and body, the outward and visible signs of the debasing pursuit of wealth, are marked in melancholy characters upon every man he meets, and bear witness to the curse of the country. In the other, the crowds of happy, cheerful, enjoying beings are of that order which, in the Old World, are condemned to ceaseless and unrequited labor.
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> We rode like very impudent persons up to the house on the height. The view from its site is beautiful and we had it in perfection today!

Such was Fanny Kemble's opinion. And yet, within a few years of her comments, two of the Colonel's numerous daughters had made up their minds to quit the old family home forever because "New York City has grown up beyond Canal Street and utterly spoiled our view."

It was in about 1787, when his "country" house was finished, that John Stevens first seriously took up engineering. He does not, in his own letters, fully explain why he thus turned away from the law, for which he had been educated at King's College and in which he had long since received his appointment as attorney, signed by Admiral Sir William Tryon, last Royal Governor of New York. The Colonel merely tells his correspondents of the time that he has become interested in studying "the boiler built by Mr. James Rumsey, of Virginia." A casual way,

indeed, to introduce the subject which was to absorb him for the next fifty years.

Rumsey's boiler was merely a two hundred foot pipe, bent into a coil. Upon this, the Colonel, to use his own word, "animadverted" to the extent of expressing the opinion that it would never be kept tight, that its steam space would be so small and so variable, due to the flow of water, that it would be very liable to bursting, and that it could not, at the best, offer enough surface to the heating flame. It therefore struck him that he could design a better boiler, himself.

While he was about this interesting attempt, he read the long-winded arguments of Rumsey and of poor old John Fitch, in which each openly accused the other of having merely copied his own idea for a steam engine to be used in a boat. The difficulty which beset these two in attempting to establish priority was very probably the thing which influenced John Stevens to petition, first the Legislature of New York and then the Federal Congress, for an exclusive right—in short, a patent, under the Constitutional provision for "encouraging science and the useful arts." In America, as in England, the author or the inventor should own the right to the child of his brain. The fruit of this petition was the passing, in 1790, of the first United States Patent Laws, thus making John Stevens godfather, at least, to all later American inventors.

His own early boiler was a multi-tubular affair; a long step forward, with its small bore tubes, opening into heads, or drums, at both ends; with its much greater heating surface for a given size; and with its greater safety and usefulness in that the bursting of one tube would not necessarily wreck the whole. Of course, it was to be years before what we moderns know as the water tube boiler would come into general use, yet the whole principle, as far as men then understood steam and its properties, was embodied in the Colonel's patent of 1791.

In the last decade of the eighteenth century, with the whole country stirred by the birth of the Age of Invention, the most noticeable lack, in America, was that of capable mechanics; opportunities for them in Europe, as compared with openings on our side of the Atlantic, were in striking contrast to the situa-

tion today. Only here and there was to be found anything more mechanically pretentious than a crude mill or forge; tools were largely hand made, in the roughest fashion as occasion required; and "within the thickness of a worn shilling" was the accepted phrase for which our exact science has substituted "machine fit." Of steam engines there were almost none, for such developments as those of Watt and Bolton were by law confined to England. Indeed, the records show only three exported from that country in a quarter century—one for the pump works at Chantilly, France, one for Aaron Burr's Bank under its broad charter as a Water Company, and one, still later, for Fulton's steamboat. In 1796, an American built engine was as much an oddity as the first Ford car.

But John Stevens was undismayed. Self taught in mechanical principles by studying Savery, Newcomen, Watt, he set his heart upon a steamboat of his own. An early sharer of his enthusiasm was his sister's husband, Robert R. Livingston, the noted Chancellor of New York, before whom Washington took his oath as first President, and the accepted head of his widely connected, highly influential family.

These two associated with themselves, as a third partner, Nicholas J. Roosevelt. His share in the work was to be the actual building of the boat, at a spot upon the Passaic River, near the old foundry of Peter Schuyler—a settlement then called Second River but since known as Belleville. There, in fact, the work began, only to come immediately under the burden of differences of opinion.

It was the Chancellor's theory that the engine should drive the boat by pumping water up from under her bottom and out through a pipe in the stern. This, of course, was not a new idea; among others who advocated it was Benjamin Franklin. But both Roosevelt and Stevens considered it would prove inefficient, the former holding that more direct effect would be obtained by putting wheels at the sides of the boat and the latter—ever a step ahead—insisting that a wheel or wheels in the stern would be the ultimate solution.

Livingston's purse-strings were just then far longer than Stevens's—indeed, as far as "ready hard" went, they always were,

for the Colonel could never rest content with but a single progressive activity. Again, it was Livingston, with half a New York Legislature made up of powerful relatives or connections, who had all the influence; he alone could secure from the State the exclusive rights upon the Hudson which would allow him, for "a boat propelled by steam or fire, at the rate of four miles per hour," a monopoly of the river.

"I could wish," wrote Roosevelt to Stevens, "that either your plan or mine could be tried instead." And Stoudenger, the foreman who was to superintend the making and assembling of the mechanical details, remarked: "I will make the drawings and build the boat exactly as the Chancellor wants—but don't blame me if it won't work."

After long argument, the Chancellor prevailed. The crude little craft, finished in 1798, actually did run upon the Passaic. The Spanish Minister and other dignitaries invited to attend the trial trip were first amazed to silence at her actually moving, then stirred to extravagant praise when she made as much as three and a half miles an hour. The Chancellor wrote from Clermont: "I anxiously expect the fruit of our labours in seeing you arrive here at the rate of 5 miles an hour on the day you have set. Mr. De Labeyarre has prepared his battery to give you a salute when you pass Red Hook!"

But the horizontal wheel-and-pump machine was too much for its boat; in a very short time, to the infinite disappointment of all concerned, the pipe connections were torn apart by the racking strain and the seams of the boat itself were started.

Roosevelt's attention wandered off to pumps for the Philadelphia Water Company, and guns for the new frigates, while Livingston soon was absorbed in the duties of international diplomacy and his Ministry to France. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, John Stevens, in the face of several cruelly disappointing failures, still persisted. On the lower lawn at Hoboken he erected a tiny summer house in which he made drawings and long calculations; in the primitive shops of McQueen and others on the New York side he ordered cylinders and shafting on designs of his own. His hope and his purpose may well stand in his own words:

Could we be so fortunate as to hit upon such a mode of applying the steam engine to the purposes of navigation as would enable us to avail ourselves to the full extent of its powers, the reciprocal exchange of the production and manufactures of one country for those of another would result. The earth would everywhere be stimulated to bring forth with its utmost vigor; civilization and the arts would rapidly spread themselves over the whole face of the globe. Then, and not till then, might it be said with truth that man was really master of this world and that everything in it was subservient to his will.

This language he himself called "rhapsody," yet it does express his never-to-be-abandoned object.

"Wheels in the stern" was his constant maxim—today, we might call it his slogan. The sculls and the water wheels of the ancient, ever resourceful Chinese, gave him one hint; the screw of Archimedes supplied another. Though it doubtless could not be claimed for any one man that he actually invented the screw propeller, certain it is that, in its development, John Stevens was thirty years ahead of everyone else.

The single-screw "smoke jack fly," as his friends were wont derisively to name it, appeared in a boat launched from Hoboken in 1803. One of its first casualties was the explosion of its boiler, necessitating the prompt building of another and a stronger. But its main defect appears to have been recognized by the Colonel as poor steering qualities, that later very familiar tendency "to run in circles."

A year later, the Colonel was taking into his confidence that noted Philadelphia physicist, Dr. Robert Hare, Jr., inventor of the oxygen blowpipe. He wrote to him:

My present method is in various respects preferable.

To the extremity of an axis passing through the stern of the boat is fixed a number of arms or wings like those of a windmill. These arms are *made capable of ready adjustment*, so as that the most advantageous obliquity of their angle may be attained after a few trials. It is absolutely necessary to have at least two, *revolving in opposite directions*, to prevent the tendency to rotation which a single wheel gives to the boat.

The italics appearing in this quotation are added to emphasize how far advanced was the Colonel in the proper principle of what he actually had constructed, the first twin screw steamboat in the world. To look at the rough sketch which he made

upon the margin of this letter to Dr. Hare is to see a surprisingly good representation of the commonplace modern propeller. Moreover, it was not carried upon a shaft through the sternpost, like those of Ericsson and others, so many years after, but supported by struts outside the boat's hull.

Steam pressures of the day were not up to the demands of the propeller. To most experimenters, both here and abroad, anything over ten pounds to the square inch was something to be "viewed with grave concern." When Colonel Stevens sent his eldest son to England, to see Watt and submit the design of a boiler calculated to stand a hundred pounds, the great Briton himself, by then advanced in years, declared the design far too perilous to consider. In point of fact, not enough was known about packings and tight joints, in that early day, to make high-pressure steam at all a comfortable shipmate. Under such circumstances, this first real steamboat upon the Hudson River suffered in efficiency but nevertheless made many trips from Hoboken to the Battery. The lineal motion of its piston was transferred through a yoke to two shackle bars,—as John Stevens called them, though modern engineers will recognize them more readily as connecting rods,—thence to short shafts cogged into the propeller shafting.

The late Professor James Renwick of Columbia, has left this record behind him:

> I recollect a crowd collected at the Battery, back in 1804 or 5. When I asked what was going forward, I was told that "Jack" Stevens was about to cross the Hudson in a steamboat. I went down to the pier and saw the boat. The greasy individual in the stern beside Jack was, I believe, Robert Stevens. I could see the engine and the boiler but I could see nothing, above the water, to show how the boat was driven. Long afterward, John Ward, who was in that crowd, told me of seeing the engine and the propellers set up in McQueen's shop. That was the first twin screw in the world and, forty years after it, as luck would have it, we two were on a committee appointed by the American Institute to decide whether Colonel Stevens had invented it.

The "long afterward" came when the Colonel's sons, in 1844, cleaned up the old engine, restored the propellers and exhibited them anew. The boat then made eight miles an hour, a considerable speed when it is recalled that later craft, such as the

Clermont, never claimed more than five and a half. Indeed, as to that, Fulton himself is on record as believing that this latter was about the "maximum practicable and paying speed."

To proceed upon a larger scale became, in 1805, the Colonel's purpose. In view of the boiler difficulties mentioned, he determined to take what he considered to be really a step backward, to adopt Nicholas Roosevelt's suggestion of paddle-wheels. These, said the Colonel, would, without doubt, eventually be replaced by the stern wheel; for the present, however, they would suffice. Accordingly, he laid down his plans for a vessel one hundred feet long, sixteen feet beam, and six feet four "from keel floor to lower deck beams." Provided he himself supplied the beams, planks, engine and machinery, he found that Nathan Sayre, Joseph Morgan, and their associate shipwrights, would build her for nine hundred dollars.

At this promising point, John Stevens ran into a most formidable obstacle. It is, of course, well known to all that Chancellor Livingston came back from France, bringing with him renewed enthusiasm, a Bolton and Watt engine—and Robert Fulton. Equally well known is it that the Livingston influence promptly procured from the New York Legislature a renewal of the grant of the Hudson River for boats "propelled by steam or fire." Before this monopoly had been proved unconstitutional, much bitterness had been engendered, much time had been lost in useless litigation and, in the end, it took no less a person than Chief Justice Marshall to read the law aright and establish federal supervision of interstate commerce. Until that time came, the waters that ran below Castle Point were no longer open to John Stevens.

However, he completed his new boat, naming her, perhaps as hope arisen from the ashes of his plans, the *Phœnix*. With the Hudson denied him, he proposed sending her down the Jersey coast to the Delaware and, to accomplish a voyage then unheard of for a steam vessel, he put her in the hands of Robert, just then turned twenty-one.

On half a dozen sheets, of note-paper size, Robert has left us the laconic story of that voyage. The *Journal of the Steam boat Phœnix's passage* begins:

Sat'y, June 10th, 1809. Cast off from the wharf at 11 o'clock A.M., the wind at S.S.E. a pleasant breeze but foggy. Got up our steam by noon.

So, in brief sentences, it continues, mentioning the schooner, oddly enough sent as escort but soon lost sight of in a gathering gale.

Monday, 12th. Steering for Sandy Hook, blowing very hard, while crossing the bay one of the revolution wheels on the Starboard side gave way at 2 P.M. Anchored in Spermacetti Cove. Shifted the buckets to Starboard.

Day after day there are short comments on the weather, always bad, and an added note of speculation as to the whereabouts of the schooner. For her part, she was carrying on her own struggle with the winds, her crew pretty well convinced that they had already seen the last of "that little tea kettle." But the *Journal* goes steadily, if briefly, on. "Wednesday, 21st, 45 mins. past 7 came abreast of Cape May," and headed up the Delaware in order that Robert might add, under Friday, the 23rd, "Anchored at 9 o'clock abreast Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia." There are scarcely a thousand words in the whole *Journal*, but it was characteristic of Robert Stevens, who inherited his father's brilliant mind without his agile pen, that he should so casually toss off this first hand account of what was destined for a place in history as the first ocean voyage ever made by a steam vessel.

She was stout hearted, that little *Phœnix*. Colonel Stevens had good reason to be proud of her, as the first of a steady succession of Delaware "liners," each faster and more "elegantly furnished" than the last. Later, when the monopoly had been broken, these boats and their younger sisters came back to queen it, in size and speed, upon the Hudson.

As has been suggested, the monopoly fight is an interesting story, though one too long to tell here. Yet it should be noted that correspondence now available indicates an error in the conclusions of those authorities who have held that Fulton, had he been sole owner of the Hudson grant, would have compromised with Stevens. It was Livingston, rather, who had this disposition—quite possibly because he had signed an agreement with Roosevelt and Stevens, as far back as 1800, by which the

three bound themselves to share in steamboat enterprises on the river for the succeeding twenty years. But it was scarcely to be expected that the Colonel himself would compromise, when it is remembered that the condition offered him was his payment of one-third the experimental expenses incurred by the other two, in France. They had, after all, together spent no more there than he, alone, had spent here. For the rest, it appears that Fulton could not brook the thought that any but he, and he alone, could design anything in the way of a steamboat. Upon that rock, all hope of real compromise was split.

Robert, James, Edwin and John; to these four sons and a number of Stockton nephews and cousins, Colonel Stevens could soon afford to turn over the care and management of steamboats, while he bent his own energies to other things. As early as 1807, he accepted the prophecy of a new war with England; to meet it, he designed, with Robert, an "elongated shell" of more accurate flight and greater penetration than the common round cannon ball. Some thousands of these shells were made for the Navy, and their lineal descendants now fill the racks of battleship magazines on all the Seven Seas. With such ammunition, argued the Colonel, the United States should have a whole fleet equipped with engines.

"Thus," said he, "when it comes to the next engagement, our ships will be able to choose their own time to fight and so destroy any possible enemy."

This, of course, is one of the great primary objects of all naval strategy, toward which all study and doctrine, all drill and practice, should always be directed. Yet the opportunity to achieve it, at a bound, escaped the nation for many years because, before the war of 1812, John Stevens occupied this position almost alone.

At this same period, he was experimenting with armor as a protection for ships, in an elementary effort to be carried much farther forward by his sons. But his most important activity, in the light of its bearing upon the future prosperity of his country, was along a line which he hewed out entirely with his own hands.

Among his classmates at King's College, forty years earlier, had been Gouverneur Morris, at this time head of the New

York Canal Commission. To him, the Colonel spoke his mind openly. He asked:

> Had we not far better save some of this money appropriated for canals, and invest it in something which, in the long run, will prove more useful? I am aware that today (1812) there are no Steam Rail Roads anywhere in the world, but that is not to say that they will not surely come. Railways will permit a man at one extreme of our country to visit a man at the other end and seek his real opinion upon any national question; railways will bring the products of our farmers' efforts to a speedy market; and, best of all, railways will lay unbreakable bonds of union across our States. We must, sooner or later, have railways—why not expend a small amount, now, for experiment?

From Maine to Florida, they laughed at him. His petitions to the New Jersey Legislature caused the veteran Solons therein to advise their incoming colleagues: "Look out for a rather short, grey-haired man, with a crazy idea he calls railroads—a damned fool named John Stevens." Public men of every rank and grade replied to his almost endless letters, only to say that they "did not know enough about steam to understand the plan," or that "Congress is shortly rising and would hesitate to consider new business this session." Among such doubters were Jefferson, Rufus King, John Jay, De Witt Clinton, and a score of others. While the Colonel explained, cajoled, and pleaded, even his own family were sceptics. Mrs. Stevens, writing to her son Richard, a surgeon in the navy, had this to tell him:

> Your Papa is now at Harrisburg. He wants the legislature of Pennsylvania to let him build a Rail Road from Pittsburg to Harrisburg, but I tell him even if he gets the Act he will never get a subscriber.

And Richard's sister says, in a letter of her own:

> Papa is busy with a new scheme he calls a Rail Road, which is to make us all heiresses!

New Jersey and Pennsylvania did, in fact, finally grant the charters. But it was years more before any companies could be incorporated with officers and directors of more than the most tepid interest, of any but the most curiously limited vision. George Stephenson's British *Rocket* of 1829 was a tested and proved affair before John Stevens's countrymen adopted an altered opinion of the picture he had given them of an America

covered with miles of steel; of trainloads of produce always on the move; of an army hurried to any frontier to meet an emergency; and of travellers passing, as he put it, "readily from New York to Philadelphia in two to three hours." Still, he has a railroad monument, for a good part of today's great Pennsylvania system was finally built under the very charters which he wrung from unwilling lawmakers. Happily, too, for himself, he did live until 1838, by which time men were fast becoming as railroad-mad as they had been steamboat-mad twenty-five years earlier. The "damned fool" and his teachings were finally accepted.

Such, in brief outline, was Colonel John Stevens of Hoboken. While he planted pomegranate trees and Chinese chrysanthemums in his garden, he planned a new steam engine; while he entertained his friends at a *fête champêtre*, he made them examine his newest experiment. The greater part of his life was given to three objects—the creation of these United States, the founding of their commercial prosperity, and their defense against all possible enemies. To his sons and grandsons he left it to complete works which cannot here be included. Chapter by chapter, or in its entirety, his was no mean record.

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL.

MY KINGDOM FOR A CAYUSE

BY BURGES JOHNSON

If a horse and a dog commend me I may retain my self-respect in the face of human rebuffs. It is true that a dog may be something of a sycophant, as Mrs. Mary Austin asserts; ever since he deserted the wild pack and chose man's company. But a horse! The trouble is to find one. I do not mean a livery horse, for he must have lost in some degree his sense of discrimination. The compliment must come from a horse that has time enough on his hoofs to look me over and measure my qualities.

As a boy I was granted several opportunities to get to know horses whose sensibilities had not been dulled. That was a good many years ago, in old Mexico, and some of those horses were merely passing acquaintances; yet it seems to me that I remember their personalities quite as well as I recall many humans of the same period whose companionship may have lasted a bit longer. Two or three of them, moreover, belong in that miscellaneous company of God's creatures which have been willing to become my friends. Recollections of boyhood rides through sagebrush and mesquite are fragmentary; a mosaic of tiny pieces that can be of small interest to others, though the whole picture has rare charm for me. I mention it to make you understand, if I may, how greatly I desired my children to learn what it means to have the companionship of horses. So together we have sought them, my family and I, in different parts of the country, as finances and conflicting duties permitted.

There are plenty of horses in the East. But the day's control of a rented horse that was ridden by someone else yesterday and will have still another rider tomorrow does not make for mutual understanding, or a good mount. If you and a horse would get to know each other, you must have the care of him; that means a stable, and a programme that is difficult for a college professor, for reasons I need not discuss. But a ride of several days' duration

through upper New England, even on a hired horse, was an idea that suggested delightful possibilities; points of interest are so near together in that part of the country, and there are so many back roads. People must occasionally do it, yet I suspect that if they do, they start out from their own stables on their own horses.

But my daughter and I lately made a small attempt of the sort. We rode for a week across New Hampshire into Vermont and back, trying to avoid the motor highways which are spoiled for such riding. At our first nightfall we entered a county seat in New Hampshire, and spent wearisome hours trying to find a boarding stable. One clue that we confidently followed led to a barn that had become a garage only a day or two before. There were still stalls in it, but they stored the family trunks, and there was no feed to be had. Finally, when we were thoroughly tired and very hungry, we found the stable of a building contractor who used horses, and he made space for us.

That little city was typical. On one other evening we left the matter of a night's lodging until too late, and were forced to inquire at the hotel in a very small town indeed. There was a barn attached, so we were hopeful. They could bed and feed us, of course, and find stalls for our horses; but they had no horse feed. The manager was apologetic, but he had run out of hay and oats some time before, and there had been no occasion to get a fresh supply. In fact, we were the first actual equestrians that had stopped there in a decade. The local feed store was closed, but I routed out the proprietor and wearily lugged our feed the length of the village street.

Such experiences led us to avoid villages at nightfall and seek outlying farms. With our horses' needs as our excuse, we always managed to get beds for ourselves as well; and we came to bless the necessity. No one ever overcharged us; the balance was usually on the other side. With our horses in the barn we felt somehow more immediately at home, and our pleasantest recollections of that trip are of the evenings spent in New Hampshire farmyards or on the back porch, after supper dishes were redded up, talking of horses and crops and cabbages and kings. On one farm there was a Morgan horse which had politely given up his stall for us. He was a powerful, pure blooded youngster, recently presented to

our farmer host by a lady who had owned and trained him. She was moving to a large city and would not take him along; so she had given him to the neighbor whose own horses seemed best cared for, on condition that he should never be sold. That horse played around the place like a kitten; a rather embarrassing pet until you realized that he had every desire not to hurt you. Twice he pushed his whole self through the porch door into the kitchen begging sugar. He would rush at one the full length of the farmyard like a whirlwind, stop dead in his tracks two feet away, pick up the handkerchief you dropped, and muzzle it into your hand with a grand manner. There are beautiful horses in New England of Vermont's own breed, but I fear they are not for me until my ship comes in.

We got our two mounts from a man who supplies many of the boys' and girls' summer camps in his neighborhood; and perhaps those camps may bring riding horses back into more general favor. One day on our ride, not far from Squam Lake, we met a farmer driving a team. He stopped us: "How'll you trade that roan?" he asked. "She'd match up well with one I've got, and I'd like to talk trade."

I told him she wasn't mine, and gave the owner's name. "Tell him my name when you get back," said the farmer, "and that I'm right here any time, ready to dicker." When our week's ride was over I remembered that commission. The owner of our horses made a note of the matter.

"Are you going to do anything about it?" I asked.

"You betcha! The first time I can get up that way. I'd go anywhere on the chance of a hoss trade." There are also Yankees still left in New England.

But horses in open country were what I wanted my children to know before it was too late. Considering what motor cars have done, and what family airplanes and children's gliders and unforetold winged contraptions may still do, I have felt the need of haste. So the search has gone on, and some of the results have been surprising. Where horses have in the recent past been the commonest means of locomotion, the social attitude against them has become most marked. Once upon a time it was *au fait* to ride a bicycle. Now they are no longer a fashionable toy, but a

convenience for the "lower classes". Laborers ride to work on them. "The students ride bicycles at Vassar," I chance to say in the course of conversation. "Bicycles! At Vassar!!" Overalls at an afternoon tea?

In a Western town which ten years ago was in the midst of widespread cattle country, where in fact they still stage an annual *rodeo* advertised by the Chamber of Commerce, I asked for a riding horse. My host was mildly amused. "There isn't any livery in town," he said. "But you ought to be able to get one somewhere hereabouts, by the hour. You might get one in from some ranch, but you'd have difficulty arranging for his keep. You can always rent a Ford if you want to ride around by yourself."

So it goes in the cities and towns of Oklahoma and Wyoming and Colorado. Riding horses are still common enough; they are still needed in the workaday business of that country. But in more than one sense they are common. They cost too little in money and too much in inconvenience. If you were old fashioned enough to wish to ride a bicycle through the parks and along the boulevards of Boston or Buffalo during a fortnight's visit, would you know where to go to get a wheel, and convenient places for quick repairs? There are no longer any bicycle racks in front of Eastern tea rooms. There are no more hitching posts in Denver. But the Chamber of Commerce will be able to tell you how many motor cars are owned by Denver citizens.

Of course the horse has value as a symbol. The delegates to a Rotary convention will go from some of these Western cities attired in riding regalia with "chapps" and spurs, though no one of them may ever have straddled a horse. And though many annual *rodeos* and cowboy festivals are staged, with contests "open to all comers", it is the professional rider, doing the circuit from one to another, who carries off the prizes.

But here in New Mexico at last we found our horses. This is a backward State, so they tell me, and in terms of Anglo-Saxon America that may be true. The dominant blood here is not Anglo-Saxon but Spanish, with claims upon the soil nearly a century older than those the English blood has upon New England. Some of the phases of this backwardness are such as I would gladly walk backward to enjoy. Horses came into the country with

the Spanish in 1541, and the conservative descendants of the first Europeans still use them for business and pleasure. The native house building and communal living Indians adopted and bred them. They belong!

On a ranch high up on the slopes of the Sangre de Cristo range we hired our first New Mexican horses. They would seem unlovely little creatures in the eyes of an Eastern livery-man; but we rode them many miles in the wide spreading shadows of stately Douglas firs to points above timber line, or over the plain toward unbelievable sunsets, or let them pick their own sure steps down the sides of cañons into cool depths pillared with rocks carved into grotesque and colorful shapes. Three riding on such horses make a party of six people! Leave one of the animals comfortably at home, and he will mourn like a disappointed child; and when the travelers come back, he will hear and recognize the hoof beats while they are still far down the road and call to them with joyful whinnies, to be answered at once by the returning ones. After a long ride, that is as cheery a greeting as a light in the window.

We paid for those first horses ten dollars apiece for the summer. We fed them by renting alfalfa pasturage at twenty dollars, and turned the horses loose in it to get their food from the growing stalk. They throve so well on this without dry grain that Spanish neighbors offered us other horses in return for their keep. But three we found to be a satisfactory number. Whenever the five of us wished to ride together we could easily get two more from our kindly landlord, or from neighbors.

Part of the day's exercise was catching them. Not one had the slightest objection to the saddle, but being caught was part of the game. A few low cedars grew in the far corner of the pasture, and again and again have I seen the horses make for that shelter at first sight of us and hide there. Undoubtedly they hid, because as we crossed the field they would move so as to keep the trees between us. They were full of whims, coming up to the bridle on one day, and on the next leading us a half hour's chase. The surest way to catch them was to send our seven-year-old daughter through the alfalfa with a short rope in one hand and a bridle held behind her back in the other. Her small head did not show above the grass tops, and one could follow her course only by the swaying

of the stalks as she pushed her way through. Her approach never failed to interest even the whimsiest pony. He would peer down at her with his ears cocked forward, until she had tossed the loose end of the rope over his neck. Then the game was over; she had won, and he was technically tied.

On the day when those first three horses were ours to command, I felt as though I had regained long lost friends of my boyhood. I became at once jealously concerned about small details of their care. Tie ropes must be knotted exactly as I had once knotted them. There was but one way to fasten a cinch. I brought one of the horses near the cabin for exhibition purposes and was busy staking him as I talked. "However friendly they are," I said to the assembled young, "never forget that you must saddle and mount from the proper side, and always be considerate of their hind hoofs." I was squatting over the iron stake, and the horse as he bent down his head to consider me slobbered my neck. I looked up and slapped his cheek admonishingly. At the slap he swung instantly around, and one of his hind hoofs smashed the watch in my belt pocket. Then he began nibbling grass as though nothing had happened. No classroom lecture was ever more aptly illustrated. But I had treasured that watch.

As I write this we are living in a five-room adobe house in old Santa Fé. During two former summers we found our horses among the forested mountains of northern New Mexico, and now we are tasting city life. Here ancient and modern civilization rub elbows at every street corner and a motorist may be forced every few moments to slow down to a horse's pace because some rider occupies the middle of the city street. In this very mansion of ours mud walls and mud floors enclose electric lights and modern plumbing. There is grass growing on our roof. The wire fence of our corral is twenty feet away from our bedroom door, and the three horses standing with their necks stretched over the top wire see when I get up in the morning, and nicker for their oats.

These three are no lovelier than any others we have temporarily owned, except perhaps the little pinto which is the baby of the household. He it is who pretends he does not want to be bridled, but who cries if he is left alone; who steals the feed of the others; and often lies down to sleep at night like a kitten. Two of these

horses we hired for ten dollars a month each, though I suspect that is under the market rate for tourists. The other we get for his keep, which averages eight dollars a month. We have renamed them War, Famine and Pestilence, but we usually forget and call each one of them anything. Famine, our bony black steed, is as old and wise as Pestilence, the pinto, is young and foolish. They tell us that once upon a time the black was locoed, and that although he has recovered from the drug-like influence of the poisonous weed, it has left some undesirable traits of nervous irritability. But we have decided that this is the malicious gossip of a small neighborhood, probably started by some other horse with a jealous disposition. At any rate he responds to kindness, and is the favored mount with us all, though usually we leave him trailing a short rope over night, for easier catching in the morning.

War, the sorrel, goes calmly about his own business, biting the other horses without discrimination if either reaches for his oats. Animosities disappear between meals, and during the heat of the day they have a pleasing social custom. Two of them stand closely side by side, the head of one by the flank of the other, so that each switching tail serves a double purpose; for it keeps the flies off the side of its owner and off the face of a friend. I note that this is generally done by twos. The third horse, whichever he happens to be, stands a little apart, attending to his own flies as best he can. But if some new interest draws one of the pair away, the third strolls up and establishes his own reciprocal arrangement.

Close acquaintance with these little horses reveals a surprising variety of facial expression, though at first sight a herd of them may seem facially as much alike to us as Chinese. I am forever discovering resemblances between their faces and those of certain human friends of mine; or else wondering just who is it they do look like. They are all nervously active, and that is their misfortune. Eastern tourists who can sit on a horse come out here and ride them to pieces, thinking that as long as a horse consents to go he is able to go. Every renter of horses in Santa Fé has incredible stories to tell of such tourist callousness or sheer brutality. The Spanish native of New Mexico, unlike the Mexican, treats

his horses pretty well; and the native Indians treat them even better.

I suppose that we must be classed as tourists here, but Heaven knows I am made ashamed of my tribe every now and then. The other day a motor car stopped before our house; a man and a woman got out and came to our corral fence to look at the pinto, while a little girl waited in the car. I joined them to pass the time of day, or chat about horses; but they cared for no amenities. They wanted to buy or hire the pinto for the little girl. I said I did not own him, but named the man who did, and suggested that he might have other horses. They left at once, and I learned later that they offered the owner many times the rental I was paying if he would break the arrangement with me. I often pass the house in New York where that man lives, and some day I am going to throw a horseshoe through a window of it.

I would rather talk about the manners of horses than the manners of tourists; yet I must admit that the manners of our three are bad at feeding time. Pestilence impatiently tips his box over at the start, and after trampling some of his oats into the ground, makes a grab for War's share. But War is quite able to take care of his own. We have at last humiliated them by roping them to separate posts. The old black eats slowly and cleanly; when his container is nearly empty he tips it over upon its side and then back again, without spilling any on the ground, thus collecting the remainder along one side of the box for easier eating. I had never noticed before how a horse's upper lip resembles the tip of an elephant's trunk in its motions. I have been told that an elephant can pick up a pin. A horse can pick up a single oat from the ground by a sweep of his upper lip, and bring up no dirt with it. In the same way he selects the blades of grass that he prefers, when grazing, separating with his long upper lip some sweet grainy stalk from other less desirable blades that grow close about it.

It is hard to believe that motor cars will ever crowd horses out of Santa Fé, but the very thought is depressing. Horses are forever straying into the streets; if the owner does not quickly follow them up they are impounded by the police, and it costs the owner two dollars or so to redeem them. One cheerful roan, with a long rangey stride, which lives a block or two up the street, has

found out where we keep our alfalfa. Four times he has escaped from his corral and come to us on the run, managing to snatch one or two mouthfuls from a bale before his small boy owner, scolding volubly in Spanish, has roped him away. He departs cheerfully enough, evidently saying to himself, "Well, so much to the good!" Two little broncos strolled into our yard yesterday and looked over the corral fence at our own three which were feeding. Then they strolled about, curiously smelling of the hammock and the trees and the weeds which pass for a lawn. They seemed to have every intention of staying for the afternoon, until they saw our youngest approaching with a rope; then they left side by side at full speed.

The city is small enough for one to get away from paved streets after a ten minute canter in any direction. Then, though we are already seven thousand feet above sea level, roads and trails in any direction carry one higher still to enjoy outlooks that defy description. Yet we love to ride though the streets of Santa Fé, watching the varied population strolling about its business. Almost alone among our American cities, here the native seems to have assimilated the newcomer. The numerically dominant Spanish do not surrender their musical native speech, nor the many Indians their picturesque dress when they come in to market from their pueblos. Anglo-Saxons, especially the children, quite unaffectedly adopt sombreros and brilliant scarves; and here at last even a man may express his soul's longing for colorful and varied attire, and go about unremarked.

I like to jog along between these rows of one-story adobe houses that crowd up against the street line. It pleases me to fancy that any such habitation, long abandoned, melts away and in time flows back into the earth whence it grew, instead of tumbling into an unsightly clapboard and shingle ruin. Nor have I any quarrel with the new "Santa Fé type" of architecture, that borrows from Hopi and Mexican adobe; a hybrid that is soft and picturesque of outline, and full of comfort within. English country house and New England colonial are equally hybrids, if you like, combining certain older forms and adapting them to current needs and surroundings.

In these Western searches after horses we have had to forego the

thought of a European trip or a motor tour, or some more usual method of spending the savings laid by for a summer. But we have been more successful here than among New England hills; and the trail which eventually brought us to Santa Fé led over the Colorado line, past ancient Taos, along between the deep cañon of the Rio Grande and the thirteen thousand foot summits of the Sangre de Cristo, and we feel that we found a kingdom and our horses too.

Even royalty has its trials. This morning I was wakened at five-thirty by a great clangor that seemed to arise at the very threshold of our outside bedroom door. It was a bright morning, cool and clear, that promised once again the opalesque wonder of a New Mexican day. The pinto, our spoiled child, evidently felt that such a day should begin promptly. So he was rolling an empty water bucket around, kicking and nosing it here and there, and with every effort making a louder noise. There was no choice about it. I had to go out in my pajamas and feed the three of them.

BURGES JOHNSON.

OUR GARDEN

BY MRS. WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

If anyone picking up this essay hopes to glean from it information of value about gardening he will find himself in the position of the young and enthusiastic collector of moths who sought in the library for a book which would be helpful to him in his specialty. His mother found him some time later curled up in a chair with knitted brows, poring over the book he had selected. On peeping over his shoulder, she found it was entitled *Advice to Young Moth-ers;* but, strange to say, in spite of the title his expression indicated that he had not found the information he sought!

Our garden is what it is from necessity. That it should exist at all is because of our need of the charm of flowers. That it exists in the form it takes is due to other necessities—some intrinsic and some in part extrinsic to us.

Our place is one where it was necessary to follow the teachings of the Scriptures and found our house upon a rock, partly because we should otherwise have lost our view, and partly because it would have been well nigh impossible to find a place large enough to build a house which was without rock throughout a large part of its area. This persistence of rock is what I mean by the extrinsic reason for the garden being what it is. With the exception of the flower border, which has found a place for itself between the rock and the grassy field, and the seedling garden and nursery, in the low land near the cold frames, almost every bit of garden has been won from the rock by terracing—or occasionally by blasting it away.

In rare spots a few flowers have found a foothold by boring among tree roots, for there are grand old trees on the place where the rocks are not. Oaks, black and red and white, the latter our favorites, have grown here since long before white men settled on the land, and they are flourishing today, and are

carefully guarded from harm. Under them in early spring crocuses and golden daffodils have blossomed yearly since we put them there, some twenty years and more ago. They live happily, and multiply. I never feel that flowers or other things are quite happy unless they do that, and these bulbs do, but the white *Narcissus poeticus* with us dies out, and so the pleasure it gives is not so great to me, for it does not fulfill my criterion of satisfaction. Another joy-giving harbinger of spring is the blue squill. Like crocuses, these spread till they make patches of the sky wherever a bulb was set—no exposure is too cold for them and a glimpse of their bouquets of sapphire blue fill the heart with the buoyancy of spring.

As there is so little place for a proper garden, odd things are to be found anywhere, peeping out at unexpected places because they have nowhere else to grow. A clump of English bluebells, like a delicate wood hyacinth, grows beside the beach path through the woods, and they surprise me just as much every year as if we had not put them there ourselves, for they always seem as if in their own birthplace. The almost lilac color of the pink kind is if possible even more lovely than the blue. Both bloom when all other bulbs are only memories and are doubly precious on that account. The native red lilies thrive all through the woods, but we have not succeeded in making other kinds happy. The Japanese lilies will bloom one year but after that their place knows them no more. With the Canada lily and the more common kinds I cannot be so sure, for people walking through one's woods have a strange feeling that wild flowers are everyone's to pick, no matter where found. Of course in planting in wild places one tries to do it as nearly as possible as nature does, so that many most carefully planted things seem to the casual stroller to be wild. If they but knew it, we had so much rather have them pick the flowers from the cultivated flower garden than from the wild one. I wonder what the effect of a sign would be reading thus—"If you feel that you must pick flowers, please pick them from the flower garden near the house!"

We have done good team work with our garden, for one had ideas and the other generally carried them out. For instance, he wanted some rosebeds which could only be had by extensive

terracing, so it fell to my lot to supervise the building of these terraces, as he had not just then the time to do it. It meant a four-foot wall at the bottom of the bed to get depth enough at the top, and the bottom of this wall in the upper terrace was on a level with the top of the lower bed. A sort of homemade pergola with climbing roses in the lower bed and Penzance sweet briars hanging over from the upper brings the two beds into one whole. By building the wall on a slight slant, with loam between the stones, and sowing it with seed, we have in one place a wonderfully fragrant snowdrift of arabis, which though not very long lived is self-perpetuating, which is almost as good. Another of the high walls is a glory of golden alyssum whose stems are as big as your finger with age. This is a joyous plant, for its color is equalled by nothing but the sunshine and it thrives on our hardest winters. Another lively occupant for terrace walls is the aubretia, which is of many lovely shades, from violet and lavender to a deep red purple. We have made English wallflowers winter in sheltered walls, and they are far lovelier grown in this way than in a garden bed, for they look and are at home. But they are shy of our winters, and so usually, though I hate to do it, for I do not like to practise deception on plants or people, we start them early in the frames and then set them out as soon as the weather grows mild. If they are started early enough they can be tricked into blooming the same spring, although they are by nature biennials, and even though made to blossom the same year they are not bumptious like precocious children, but very lovely.

The one real flower garden was blasted out in building part of the house, and is the joy of my life, for it is directly under the windows of the living room and dining room, and of our bedrooms as well. There is nothing regular about it, it could not be both regular and mine, and it is unquestionably the latter. Somewhere near what might be the middle—if it had one—is the bird bath, which is almost as much a joy to us as to the birds. It is low and flat, for we find that birds like to hop in on a level; I suppose it is better hopping that way. The bath is in the shade of a Japanese cherry tree given me by one of our boys when he and it were small. This tree is the glory of the garden in the

spring, when it is filled with pink and white loveliness. The birds love it, too, and its shade, and, oddly enough, they seem especially to enjoy spattering the water about when it is raining. They seem to feel a desire to help on the shower. The robins nest each year in a fly honeysuckle bush on the edge of the garden, and others raise their broods in the wistaria which grows up the house wall. Another wall is lovely with a yellow climbing Chinese rose, hardy and an early bloomer and what the catalogues call very floriferous, which is much better than it sounds. I have found a place in this garden where the tree peonies thrive, which were brought to me from Japan by one of our children. I had tried them nearby first without success. It is odd how particular some plants are! They seem as unreasonable about their habitat as do asthmatics to those who haven't the malady. I have had the same experience with Japanese anemones, but it is not peculiar to plants from the other side of the world, for the blue salvia does likewise. Now I come to think of it, I do not know where the blue salvia comes from; perhaps it has an Oriental ancestry as well. There is a good deal of sentiment in this flower garden, for beside the cherry tree there are two laburnums, the gift of another son, growing on either side of the rough steps leading to the greenhouse, and there is a syringa, a special cross made by the great-great-grandfather of us both. It is a cross between the large flowering and the fragrant kind, a lucky cross with the good qualities of both parents.

Primroses have made themselves at home in nooks round the wild garden, where there is enough soil and shelter; pink ones thrive and do not lose their color as do the sky blue ones, alas! after the first year! And clumps of the lovely clustered Mumstead strain are very happy, and gay with their yellows and crimsons.

There is a little brook through the swamp, which his judicious deepening of the brook has turned into a lovely wood. This brook is crossed by three stone bridges, which he amused himself by building in a way to carry out different kinds of construction. One is an arch, another built on the principle of a cantilever, and at the third the stream is narrow enough to be spanned by one stone supported on the sides. Down between the second and

third bridges are dogtooth violets in such profusion that in the springtime one cannot walk along the path without being constantly reminded of Wordsworth's "Daffodils"—they nod so gaily, but they have one only fault; they refuse to be gay except when the sun shines, and it must be the morning sun! Anemones, the small cornel, so bright in autumn with its bunches of red berries, and the little Solomon's seals and gold thread carpet the woods by nature, and we have brought in the Clintonia and made it happy, though the birds will not let us be happy in the enjoyment of its beautiful blue berries. Ladies' slippers die out, and I sometimes suspect that this is because of the marauding visits of one's friends, but mayflowers, which we have tried more than once, and Linnæa, are, alas! not quite happy enough to stay. They are two of the loveliest things in the world, but we have had to do without them.

It has been a never ending problem of great charm to keep all the beauties with which nature has blessed this lovely place, and to add others which may not injure but only enhance its delight. It deserves to have said of it what a great aunt of mine once said of a country place where she was making a visit as a child. She wept at leaving because, she said, "It was so regiony". This place is regiony. There is the dry woodland with the great oaks, the lowland with swamp maples and white pines, the rocky upland, with cedars and other loveliness, the fields and meadowland filled with fringed gentians, ladies' tresses and pyrola, the brook and the pond, so lovely in summer, and where the gold fish live and swim so gaily and gaudily all the winter long. There is not one inch without its peculiar charm. Is it any wonder that we love it?

Mrs. William Lowell Putnam.

WILLIAM SHORT, JEFFERSON'S ONLY "SON"

BY MARIE GOEBEL KIMBALL

A COACH bearing the crest of one of the famous dukes of France lurched along the muddy roads of Normandy one November night in the year 1791. It finally reached the entrance to the estate of La Roche-Guyon and drew up before the door of the château. A slim young man in fashionable dress stepped from the carriage. It was William Short, a gentleman from Virginia, to whom Jefferson frequently referred as his adopted son, and to whom the great American statesman was "my second father". He had lately, as Chargé d'Affaires, succeeded Jefferson at the Court of Louis XVI, and had at once engaged the interest of fashionable Paris.

At the time of this visit to the country seat of the Duke and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, Short was the hero of the most romantic love affair in which an American had ever been engaged, and one which has remained unknown to this day. Conspicuous in that time of gallantry for his sincerity and ingenuous charm, he had by these very qualities won the love of one of the greatest peeresses of France. She was none other than his hostess of the moment, Alexandrine Charlotte de Rohan-Chabot, familiarly known as Rosalie, the young Duchess de la Rochefoucauld.

Not long ago there came to light a packet of several hundred letters which had been treasured unread for nearly a century by Short's collateral descendants. Written in French of rare elegance and distinction, they tell a story more extravagantly unreal than that of Peter Ibbetson and the Duchess of Towers, yet strangely similar to it. Unlike those of Du Maurier's romance, however, the walls that separate the lovers through forty years of varying fortunes are not of stone and mortar, but the intangible barriers of duty and devotion.

Interest in the letters is not exhausted by their romantic appeal, however. Among poignant avowals of love and intimate

glimpses into the life of a great lady in fashionable Paris of the eighteenth century, are interwoven documents of rare historical worth. Events of the French Revolution, in many of which the Duchess or her family participated, are portrayed to us with a frankness possible only from an eye-witness. The storming of the Tuileries, the arrest and conviction of her brother, the young Count de Chabot, the stoning to death of her husband before her eyes, her own imprisonment, and her final acquiescence to an ideal duty, are pictured with a dispassionate surrender to powers beyond her control.

William Short had come to Paris in 1785 as Secretary of Legation, and on Jefferson's return to the United States had succeeded him, as Chargé d'Affaires. Until recently little more had been generally known about Short than that in 1792 he was appointed Minister Resident to the Netherlands, and that subsequently he met with notable success as Commissioner Plenipotentiary to Spain, where he was sent to negotiate a treaty concerning the Florida and Mississippi boundaries. He was made Minister to Spain in 1794, and remained there until October, 1795. Thereupon he returned to the United States and retired to Philadelphia to live the life of a gentleman of leisure and means.

The Duchess Rosalie was, at his arrival, a dashing young matron of twenty-seven. Some years previous she had been married to an uncle twenty years her senior, the ill-fated Duke Alexandre de la Rochefoucauld, peer of France, and friend of Jefferson, Franklin, and Lafayette. A portrait preserved in the Short family, very likely the one by Mme. le Brun for which Short begged her in later years, shows a diminutive *grande dame*, with an arch, half-wistful expression, in the simple costume favored at the Court of Marie Antoinette.

No record exists of Short's first meeting with Rosalie, but he was doubtless presented by his sponsor, Jefferson, who was an intimate of the household. Whether willingly or not, the little duchess soon charmed the young American. For a while their friendship progressed in the most conventional manner, witnessed by, numerous formal little notes addressed, "*à Monsieur Short, Hotel d'Orléans, Rue des Petits Augustins, Faubourg St. Germain,*"

inviting him to dine, or sup after the play. As the year advanced, however, their attachment to each other grew until formality was abandoned for such an intimate and naïve confession as:

> It was very painful for me the other day to have to go to my grandmother's immediately after having left you. I had to collect myself and regain my composure. Fortunately the lack of light, which I took care to avoid by standing with my back to it, served to protect me from the glances of the curious and the indifferent.

It was in May, 1791, that Rosalie persuaded the venerable Duchess d'Anville, who was at once her grandmother and her mother-in-law, the virtual head of the family, and who was to play the determining rôle in Rosalie's romance, to invite Short to La Roche-Guyon, the estate of the Rochefoucaulds, not far from Paris. The young Duchess spent the greater part of the year here and it was this country to which she was passionately devoted. "We are happy here," she writes at this time, with uncanny foreboding, "quiet and peaceful, sheltered from all the storms at Paris, gathering strength to withstand those that will surely assail us there during the summer." Mme. d'Anville, who at all times expressed a great affection for Short, was eager to have him join them in the country, and Rosalie hastily dispatched the invitation:

> You will be very well received here, Monsieur. The masters of the house have asked me whether you were coming. I assured them that you were planning to do so and that they might expect to see you arrive Thursday. I could see by the praise they heaped upon you that they would be charmed to see you and this made me very happy.

Short had just returned from Amsterdam where he had been on public business of the United States, and where he had received his first long letter from the Duchess. "I cannot tell you, Monsieur," she had written, "how I am amazed at the skill with which you write French. I truly marvel that a foreigner can so idiomatically and precisely use expressions which must be strange to him in his own tongue, and in a manner that many Frenchmen would envy who pride themselves on writing well." Encouraged by her praise, and by a shy "I like to think that you are coming to see us and I hope nothing will change the date you have set," Short lost no time in hastening to La Roche-Guyon. He rode

up to the château, "the most visible object in the neighborhood," one evening in the middle of May. Neither guessed that this visit was to be the happiest of their lives. As they strolled together in the old gardens, hayed in the meadows, or sat in the seclusion of a rustic pavilion, each gradually fell a victim to the other's youth and charm.

It is small wonder that this visit proved too much for such resolutions as Short may have made. Despite heroic efforts never to utter a word, he must have declared his love, for immediately on his departure we find the young Duchess replying to his avowal in a letter full of that rare renunciation and unselfish devotion to an ideal of duty which was to characterize their relations for nearly half a century, and which raised them above any possible imputation of sordidness:

May 27, 1791.

This morning I received your letter. I read it immediately on waking and now I am spending part of the evening replying to it. Thus you can see that almost my whole day has been devoted to you. Your remembrance makes me happy, you know that I like to have evidence of it, but what shall I answer to all the amiable and flattering things you have said? A thousand reasons come to me to prevent my heart from responding to yours and you must not blame me for trying to stifle feelings that would be dangerous for both of us. Consult your reason, which was intended to have some influence over us; how much you would risk in making yourself unhappy, if your attachment is truly deep, in giving yourself up to it so whole-heartedly. Think what must be your future and how little the natural order of things would permit you to form an attachment in this country without wholly risking your happiness. I myself am too vitally concerned over your happiness to ignore the means of assuring it. If your interest alone does not suffice to give weight to my remarks, think of me a little and see to what we would be exposing each other if I were to permit myself to be swept away by my feelings. These it might be necessary to shatter and destroy at a time when such a thing would cause us great anguish. You know my way of thinking, you know how far removed from constraint and deception my life has been, thus you must believe that I should never find peace were I to turn aside from the duties which are marked out for me.

I know that I am not speaking to you in the same language that you used to me, but I had to say what I did. I believe I owe it to you in view of the interest which you have inspired in me. Forgive me, then, if I have hurt you and believe that my motive must be my excuse. I have thought of you often since you left. The last days of your stay here have occupied my mind con-

stantly and have made me feel more than ever that I must tell you the result of my reflections. I hope that you will not be angry with me. If you should be I should have to feel that you were not quite just.

Within a few days of writing this, Rosalie, together with her grandmother and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, returned for the season to Paris, where they remained until late September. Except for a friendly note or two no letters passed between Short and Rosalie during this time. Nevertheless it is not surprising to find that by the end of the summer no obligations or ties had been able to keep them apart. The Duchess, who had held herself aloof from gallantry as understood at the Court of Marie Antoinette, found herself completely under the spell of the young Virginian. Both yielded to a love that was never to falter and never to change its object. Nearly fifty years later Rosalie was writing Short with the same devotion and same tenderness of spirit she had shown in the early days of their courtship.

In the spring of 1792, Short was transferred to The Hague. Their romance was further interrupted by the approaching Revolution which now took a more ominous turn. The storm broke with the attack on the Tuileries, of which the following letter gives a new account from a source hitherto unknown and very close to the King. The Charles mentioned as being with the throne, and whom Rosalie quotes in describing the scene, was her younger brother, the Count de Chabot. From a letter written in December, 1791, we learn that at that time, after having been aide-de-camp to Lafayette, he had begged the King's permission to enter his new guard as a common soldier. It was not long before he was made a captain of the guard and as such he was with the King on that eventful morning in June:

PARIS, Thursday, June 21, 1792.

You never can imagine what a horrible day we spent yesterday. But before telling you about it I want to reassure you that we are all well, that everything is over and that while writing you I am seated on Mme. d'A.'s sofa, telling you about all our adventures, while she is reading.

Yesterday morning great deputations from the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau gathered for the purpose of presenting petitions to the National Assembly and the King. The preparations began to cause alarm and fear among good people and friends of order. The National Guard was called together in prodigious numbers and posted all about the château, the gardens

of the Tuileries, and on all the streets and squares in the vicinity. The Assembly, in spite of the representations of the Department (of Paris), received the deputations, armed, although this was entirely opposed to anything the Constitution permitted, and listened to their demands which, among other things, required that the King sanction the two decrees which he had vetoed the day before.

The Assembly received them with all consideration, and, after they had filed through the hall for an hour and a half, continued its session. They crossed the Tuileries on the terrace of the Château before which, from one end to the other, was drawn up a line of the National Guard, four men deep. All the gates and doors of the Château were hermetically sealed. The armed force was so great that it was thought, and with reason, that no one would dare to make trouble, and anxiety began to diminish when, at three o'clock, that enormous crowd of people began to act as though at a carousal, uttering frightful cries and demanding to see the King in order to hand him a petition. Two municipal officers ordered the door opened on a side where there was very little resistance. It was opened in the name of the law and that horde of barbarians hurled themselves into the Château with all their pikes and their scythes. They broke in the doors, brought up a cannon, battered down partitions when the doors were too narrow, and a great number of them entered the Œuil-de-Bœuf where the King was seated with Mme. Elizabeth, his Ministers, and at most ten or twelve people.

Charles, who was one of the number, described this scene to me and said that at this moment they threw themselves in front of the King, sword in hand, to defend him. But when this huge mob rushed into the room, they knew at once that their number was too small to undertake anything and they returned their swords to the scabbards.

In a calm and courageous manner the King approached them and asked them what they wished. They talked of the veto, that they wished he would give his assent, and they made the most horrible, the most insolent and frightful threats. Without showing the least excitement the King replied to them with all the gentleness and firmness possible, that this was neither the time nor the place to demand or receive such a proposition and he constantly opposed what they wished. His firmness and his resignation in enduring all the infamous words he heard, were enough to rend one's heart. Finally one of these men had the audacity to wish to place the red cap upon his head. The King, however, constrained by the clamors which resounded about him, himself took the red cap from the hands of the man who offered it and put it on just as a bottle was brought him and he was obliged to drink to the health of the nation.

These details are horrible to relate. I cannot picture to you the humiliation I experience in describing them; it requires all my eagerness to please you for me to resolve to do it, but I blush when I think of it.

The King submitted to these horrible ordeals with calmness and never

exhibited his firmness except to oppose what might compromise his authority, that is to say the sanction which was proposed to him. During this time the Château was filled with all these people, who walked about everywhere and who crowded all the windows of both façades. There was not a cornice, not a gutter which was not crammed with these wretched creatures. The sight filled with horror those who had the courage to gaze upon it. Finally, at the end of three or four hours, means were found to disperse this infernal mob. Every half hour the Assembly sent deputations to the King for news. He replied to them with a patience that was truly admirable, and to one of them he even said that as his conscience was clear and he did not blame himself for anything, he was quite unmoved and not afraid to find himself among the French people, surrounded by the National Guard. At last, about eight o'clock, this humiliating and disgraceful scene came to an end. They all went home. But the National Guard, which lamented that it was not needed, was in despair. They were conscious of their humiliation and reproached themselves for their enforced quiet and this morning wished to revenge themselves on the mayor and municipality.

When M. Petion went to the King today they overwhelmed him with insults, reproaches and threats, and they unmercifully beat a municipal officer who was with M. Petion. I do not know how this came out but I doubt whether the National Guard would suffer a second time such a disgrace. They have groaned under the yoke too much to find themselves reassembled merely to be the witnesses of such a spectacle.

The Department has done its duty perfectly, it has decided to follow up this dreadful affair and began this morning by rebuking the municipality as it deserved. But despair is in everyone's heart and the desire for vengeance reigns. I shall inform you of whatever takes place. But do not worry. Anger and shame are too deeply imbedded in people's hearts for vengeance not to break out and the strength of the National Guard is too obviously superior to the opposition for them not to quell this easily, provided they are not forced into repose.

Here you have the humiliating recital of this dreadful day. I would not write it over again for any one in the world. I want to turn my attention from this shameful memory and it is only for you that I can bring myself to make this sacrifice.

No post was allowed to depart without a letter to Short informing him of the latest developments. "Do not for a moment fancy, my dear and very good friend," she writes, "that I shall forget you during these stormy times. I know too well the effect our peace of mind has upon yours to leave you for an instant in ignorance of anything which concerns us." The period of the fourteenth of July filled her with great dread. It was partly to

avoid any demonstrations at this time, partly because of her grandmother's health that she and the Duchess d'Anville retired to La Roche-Guyon, where they sought to drown their uneasiness at the turbulence of Paris.

This visit, which was to have been but a few days, was unexpectedly lengthened. Harassed by all factions, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who, as President of the Department of Paris, had signed the decree which suspended Petion and Manuel from office for their participation in the assault of the twentieth of June, was obliged to resign his post and retire to La Roche. "I think our stay will be prolonged for some time," Rosalie writes. "The freedom which Monsieur de la R. has just obtained will give him the opportunity of being here more often and I fancy we shall remain here until such a time as he shall feel more secure in Paris."

For a brief season the terrors of Paris are forgotten. "Today there is a village festival," Rosalie writes, "and nothing recalls the Revolution. They dance, they play, they laugh just as though no one were suffering. I share this joy very little, for this same tranquillity elsewhere causes our sorrow, or at least in part."

The respite from anxiety was brief. Rosalie had scarcely posted this letter with its account of the rural occupations in which she delighted, when she received bad news from Paris. For some weeks she had been alarmed for the safety of her beloved brother, yet proud of his achievements. "My poor Charles does not leave Paris," she had written Short. "He is still inspired by a zeal which, I confess, causes me great anxiety inasmuch as it leads him not to wish to leave that detestable place which now seems to me the most dangerous spot in the world. I am tormented more than words can tell but I do not allow myself to mention it to him for I know that in his place I should act exactly as he is doing."

Rosalie's fears were not ungrounded. On the sixteenth of August she writes Short:

> The very evening of the day I last wrote you I learned that my poor Charles had been arrested, questioned by the Assembly and from there taken to the Abbaye. Think of my grief and the horrible worry to which I have been a

prey. It is abating somewhat for although he is not yet free I am convinced of his innocence and so certain that they will find nothing in the charges against him that I confidently believe he will be returned to us within a few days.

The seriousness of Charles' situation was scarcely realized by his family for Rosalie concludes her letter:

In a few days we are planning to make a trip in this vicinity, we shall be gone but a short time and shall then return here. Do not write me but once a week during this absence, the termination of which I shall let you know. Address everything to Paris. Mme. d'A. wrote you today.

Adieu. Rest assured that I feel very hopeful in regard to Charles. Write me discreetly and do not worry about us.

Accordingly, on the morning of the eighteenth of August the Duke and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, with the Duchess d'Anville and Mme. d'Astorg, Rosalie's closest friend, set forth on their trip to Eaux Forges, a nearby watering place on the Seine.

It was scarcely a fortnight later that Rosalie was writing, "We have more hopeful news of Charles for we learned today that they had inspected his papers and found nothing to confirm the charge against him." Yet she could not know that on the very day she was reporting this her brother was being called before the Tribunal and sentenced to die. He was executed in the Abbaye the following morning, on the second of September, with his family still in ignorance of his fate.

Before this tragic news had reached Forges, another calamity overwhelmed the unfortunate family. On this same September Sunday the Duke and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld were at dinner with friends when word was brought that the house was surrounded. The Duke was arrested, placed in a carriage with his wife, his mother and Mme. d'Astorg, and hastened toward Paris. His fate is told in a note to Short from his cousin Alexandre, Duke de Liancourt:

I beg to inform you, M. Short, that M. de la Rochefoucauld was killed at Gisors. He was in the carriage, with his mother, his wife, and Mme. d'Astorg. The three ladies are well, thus do not be alarmed. You can picture their grief. Mme. d'Astorg or I will send you news of them. Do not be worried, for she is in no danger. Rest assured of my continued friendship. Farewell. I hope this note reaches you promptly.

ALEXANDRE DE LIANCOURT.

Paris, September 8, 1792.

It was in late December that Short paid a hasty visit to his friends at La Roche-Guyon. The Congress of the United States had just appointed him Commissioner Plenipotentiary to Spain, and on his way to Madrid he hastened from Paris to the country estate of the Duchess. His stay, however, was of but a week's duration. Then he and Rosalie were once more obliged to fall back upon the uncertainty of letters. The difficulties of their situation promised to be increased by this new separation and it is not surprising that Short viewed his appointment with little equanimity. "If there had been room in my heart for ambition," he wrote, "I should have been flattered, but on the contrary I felt real chagrin. The only thing that has determined me to accept for the moment is the necessity of my country to have a representative there, which they would not have were I to leave. . . . How miserable our duty has made both of us!"

In December of the following year, 1793, a new misfortune overtook the unhappy young Duchess. She and Mme. d'Anville were arrested and after a period of surveillance in Paris, were imprisoned for nearly a year. Short was meanwhile unaware of his friends' predicament. In a letter written to the Duchess in March, 1794, the first and one of the few of his preserved in the correspondence, he mentions having heard of their arrest but he was as yet ignorant of the actual imprisonment, and was to remain so for a long time:

Yesterday was such a happy day for me that it will never be effaced from my memory. After a very long interval I received from Mr. Morris, our Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris, his two letters of the 16th October and the first of January. They brought me at the same time your dear letters of the 10th of October and the 30th of December. It was the first intimation I had had that you were no longer at La Roche. Some time ago there was a rumor that they had decided to arrest a large number of persons and that you and your grandmother were among them, but after having gathered all the information that I could, the source did not seem to me reliable, and even the person who was said to be the author of the rumor assured me that it was not true. I have lived in this hope while waiting for news which would put me entirely out of suspense. Yesterday I received your letters. When I think of your convictions and of the testimony which all your neighbors gave, I persuade myself, and it is a sweet persuasion, that you and your good grand-

mother have long since returned home and are in the midst of your friends at La Roche—and I am living in this hope until I shall hear again.

Months passed, yet Short received no word of his friends. In despair he writes on the twenty-third of July:

It is a long time, my dearly beloved friend, since I have received news of you . . . but I am so accustomed to misfortune and the future looms so dark that I hardly dare hope for anything. . . . Many a time I have been ready to abandon the affairs of my country here although I should have been blamed by everyone as they might have suffered from my negligence, but I was held back by the sense of duty of a citizen charged with guarding the interests of his native land. This seemed to me so sacred that I did not have the right to abandon it, however greatly I was tormented by my position and yours, as well as by the distance that separates us. How I decry the cruel fate that took me so far from you! What a difference there would have been in our lot had I remained in France working for my country in the capacity in which I was. Today would have found us united, we should never have had to be parted. I would have been content to remain the humble secretary of the Minister of the United States in Paris rather than be the Minister himself to any other country. Never, no never, would I have accepted the post in Holland or have agreed to being sent there, had I known I should have been separated from you for so long a time. I understand that your filial duty will not permit you to leave so aged a relative. Otherwise I would have flown to join you in coming here to take up my duties. The government of France is too just to have put any obstacles in the way of our union. . . . Perhaps Mr. Jefferson will consent to return to Paris for the good of his country and because of his friendship for France. Since he is your friend and since I look upon him as my father, he will be very indulgent to me. He will immediately interpose in our behalf—I say *our* because you know that I regard your lot as mine.

If you insist on remaining with your grandmother—and I admit that her age and your devotion to her would demand it—I shall never again leave you but shall ask permission of my government to remain in Paris. I shall even give up my post at The Hague without the least hesitation rather than leave you. Paris is the only place outside of my own country that I care to live. How happy I shall be to find you there, and my father, Mr. Jefferson! I should be even happier had I never left and had I remained constantly with him. How different our lot would then have been! . . . Farewell, my dearest and most cherished friend, let us cling to the hope that heaven, which has united us, will put an end to our long and cruel separation. That is the only hope I have. I am confident, as I have always been, that our vows were not made in vain.

Now that the Duchess was free to marry, Short was constantly

occupied with plans for the future. Every letter is an expression of great devotion and hope that their union may not long be delayed. Before this their attachment had been vague and romantic. With the change in Rosalie's situation, however, a definite outcome was possible. The main obstacle to their marriage was Rosalie's attachment and sense of duty toward her grandmother. Mme. d'Anville was now nearly seventy-eight years old. In the assassination of her eldest son and the execution of her favorite grandson she had suffered misfortunes from which she was never to recover. "Mamma is gathering all her strength to sustain herself in her grief. *Je suis l'object de son courage*," Rosalie had written Short, and it is not surprising that she found it difficult to make a decision that would introduce a new element into their relations. "I see great obstacles to our union as long as your grandmother lives," Short wrote. "I wish I knew in how far they were insurmountable. My dear and beloved Rosalie, must we always remain far from one another and unhappy?"

Rosalie's reply to Short's plea stands out from all the other letters as a revelation of her personality and as a reminiscence of their romance. It is from this letter that, to a large degree, we gather the details of their story:

> I am desolated, my dear and treasured friend, by the length of our separation and yet I see no end to it. Since you have been reappointed to your present post there is nothing definite upon which I can fasten my slender hopes. Up to the present I had hoped that you would make a trip here on your way back to your first post, and this slight respite from suffering was necessary to a heart so oppressed as mine. But hope itself has been taken away from me since your new appointment. . . .
>
> What is to be done? What are we coming to? Misfortune seems to overwhelm my unhappy days in every possible way. After having lost almost all my relatives, the greater number through assassination, after having lived through ten and a half months of imprisonment, after having seen my unfortunate companions in misery taken away and after having awaited the same fate a hundred times myself, my courage has been sustained only by the feeling which unites me to you, by the certainty of your devotion and by the hope that heaven would perhaps bring together two hearts made to love each other. The thought, the memory of you lent me strength, your image and the hope of seeing you consoled me, you alone have comforted me. You alone have sustained me during the two years and more that misfortune has weighed down

my head. Without you, without the reassuring thought of your love for me, I should not have clung to life, which offered nothing but suffering.

Since I have been given my liberty I have felt the joy inevitable at returning to life, as it were, but since this first sensation of pleasure at seeing again those persons and places which I had believed I should never see again, I am once more conscious of the great void which your absence leaves, and a great sadness seizes my heart. In my sad thoughts I again live through the great variety of bitter experiences which have poisoned these years of my life, and the sweet hope of which I have so many times known the benefit, refuses today to come to my succor, and leaves me to unalloyed misery.

I have written you this letter because I had to think of you and talk to you, although I do not know whether it will ever reach you. I try to deceive myself in this for dreams are my only consolation now that reality has no more happiness to offer me. Oh God, why have you cast me from such a brilliant position into one so unfortunate and miserable? My friend, I do not mean by brilliant the rank and the riches I enjoyed. These never had a real worth in my eyes; happily, their value made no impression on me. What I mean is the large family in which I found my happiness, my father, my mother, my older brother, his wife and children, and my younger brother, who alone disputed my heart with you. The loss of him has caused a wound so deep that no length of time and no solace can ever heal, for each day this sorrow poisons my life anew. Then I had my husband whose friendship, regard and kindness added to my happiness and for whom I felt the greatest esteem and gratitude. I have lost every one of this family. Some have perished, massacred, others have fled a country whose terrors they foresaw and are now banished forever. I remained the only support of my aged grandmother, sharing her fate in prison for almost a year. The turn of political events finally gave us our liberty, but only to live in a most isolated spot, a prey to the memory of our misfortunes, almost without hope of ever seeing our dear friends again, weeping over our losses without being able to dry our tears, and without the sympathy of those remaining ones who love us.

Thus you may picture your friend's state of heart, the heart which can never know any joy but you, the heart which you sought to gain, the heart which was given you because of the high regard and love which you inspired, but which is filled with its own woes when away from you. I reproach myself with painting this sad picture for you, should this letter ever reach you, but no, it occupies me for a while without troubling you; you are addressed without the letter really being intended for you, and my weary heart is comforted in thinking of you.

I treasured all your precious letters but they were burned at a time when it seemed wise to do so. I did not know this until some time later and you can imagine how grieved I was. Now I have nothing left but the last one you wrote me, which I received in prison, and two others which reached me before my arrest. I am carefully treasuring several English books which you gave

me: Pope's Works, in very small type, and the History of England, by Littleton. For more than two years and a half I have constantly been wearing a little gold ring in the form of links, on one of which you had our two initials engraved. It is very dear to me, for it is always recalling our love and those happier days when you gave it to me. I also have a lock of your hair which I clipped off myself when I gave you mine shortly before you left for Holland. These precious trifles are priceless in my eyes for they bring me closer to you, my beloved, filling my heart with tender and delightful thoughts and keeping you constantly in my mind, which would otherwise be filled with hideous and shocking pictures.

Yes, my dear friend, it is the thought of you and of your love that sustains me in moments of depression. Should I lose you there would be no ties on this earth that would give me the strength to go on living. . . . Every nook and corner of the country hereabouts, where you told me of your feelings, is more dear to me than any other place. I seek out the spots again and often walk to them. I love them more than I can tell you. That particular meadow where I received the first overtures of that heart which is now so dear to me, that hill where you renewed them the following day, the perplexity, the agitation which this avowal caused me, although they may not yet have been love, all this comes to my mind again today because of the great pleasure I feel in recalling it. The various excursions we made together on the water, in the carriage, when I saw you, my dear friend, at once so timid and so eager! How I cherish these memories. What charming times they bring back! Do you think I shall ever forget the day when, seated together by the pool in the garden at Paris, you suddenly rose to go and carve our initials on the bark of a nearby tree, without telling me what you were going to do and begging me not to come near until you had finished? And when I was allowed to look at your work I did not dare express what I felt—except to press my lips upon the letters you had traced, whereupon you rendered them the same homage. . . . For almost two years a heartless fate, opposed to our happiness, has separated us. During this time the events in which I have been concerned have threatened a hundred times to tear me away from him whom I love. But fear, terror, even the certainty of death approaching have never made me forget you, my friend. On the contrary, the aspect of death inspired me with a desire to die worthy of you; and your image, constantly before my eyes, while it increased my regret, nevertheless gave strength to my courage. When I thought of the sorrow you would suffer it tore my heart. Why is it, I said to myself, that my dear friend had to go to a country so far from his own to fall in love, to experience nothing but sorrow, and finally to be robbed of the one he loves so dearly in the most heartless possible way. Heaven has finally ordered things differently, but in snatching me from death it merely left me to lead a miserable existence far from him I love. No, I will not believe that life was restored to me in vain. This is the second time the blow of the assassin was halted. It is the will of Providence that I shall recover my be-

loved, and that his affection will comfort me for all my woes. I like to believe it, I like to hope it, and to give myself up to such sweet and deceptive sentiments, yet, perhaps not deceptive for always. . . .

In October, 1795, directly after the signing of the treaty he had been sent to negotiate, Short returned to the United States. What passed between him and Rosalie before he left, we cannot know. Without doubt he used all his influence to persuade her to accompany him, but her sense of duty triumphed over her love, and Short sailed for the United States alone. Notwithstanding his success in the career he had chosen, Short now definitely retired from public life. The outcome of his personal affairs and the tragic fate of his friends seem to have left their mark on him. "I mean to end my days as tranquilly as I can and avoid the pelting of storms that I cannot direct," he wrote his trusted counselor, Jefferson, with a certain sad resignation.

Short kept his resolutions, at whatever cost to himself. Despite a great affection for France, and the more personal ties that bound him, it was not until 1810 that he returned. Any letters that he and the Duchess may have written during the interval have disappeared, and it is only after this visit that the correspondence is resumed. Fifteen years had elapsed since his residence in France, and he writes Jefferson, "Many of the charms of that country are now lost, for its ancient inhabitants are more changed than can be imagined by the present state of things."

During this visit marriage was once more discussed by Rosalie and Short. The Duchess d'Anville had meanwhile died, and Rosalie was no longer bound by any ties of loyalty or duty. Eighteen years had passed, however, since the beginning of their romance, and both were now of sober middle age. On his return to America, Short again took Jefferson into his confidence:

I have returned to fix myself permanently in America, and with that view have transferred hither the property I had in France, where I once purposed residing. The circumstance which would have made that residence indispensable, I wished many years ago to abandon from a full conviction that it would not have produced the happiness contemplated. I was not at liberty, however, to follow my own ideas until the same conviction could be wrought in the mind of each party concerned. This happily has been done by time and reflection so as to leave unimpaired the ties of perfect and long established

friendship. It is acknowledged that the sacrifice of country is too great to be asked under present circumstances.

In spite of the somewhat casual manner in which Short disposes of the matter, the decision must have cost Rosalie a great deal. The letter she wrote Short on his hasty and unexpected departure for America, is proof that her devotion had in no wise changed:

I wrote you Monday to Dieppe, my dear friend, and I do not know whether you received this letter which I enclosed in an envelope to the mayor, as you told me to do. I told you of the sad feelings that filled my heart at this departure without a farewell, and sooner than I had expected. It would be impossible to tell you how I felt on receiving your note at five o'clock. For two whole days I was unable to restrain my tears. Oh, my friend, how unjust you are if you doubt for a moment my everlasting affection for you! Do not leave me without the hope of your returning to a country where you have friends and above all one who will be that to her dying day, and who, whatever the circumstances of her life, will ever be the same.

For another quarter of a century Rosalie was true to her promise, and the letters "*à Monsieur Short*", in the delicate French hand, regularly found their way to Philadelphia. It was in 1838, two years before her death, that this romance, which had been at once so stormy and, in a sense, so uneventful, came to an end. In that year the Duchess wrote Short for the last time, a final expression of her faithful affection, a benediction, as it were, to a tragic lifetime: "We are now both twenty-five years older than when we last saw each other," she writes, "and many changes of every sort have taken place within this time. I have experienced great disappointments, suffered great losses. I know the unhappiness of those who live long as well as of seeing those one knows and loves vanish one after the other. . . . Oh, my dear friend, old age is a very sad thing. One sees gradually disappear all those whom one has loved and known. One sees also vanish one's own faculties, and all that remains is a few memories and many regrets. You, too, complain, my dear friend, of an increasing frailty of health. You have happily taken precautions which I trust will prolong your life; you have always been so sane and sober in your habits that I am sure you are still the same. Take care of yourself for your friends, for even though they are far from you you are very dear to them."

MARIE GOEBEL KIMBALL.

THE CASE OF HUNGARY'S WAR GUILT

BY ERNEST LUDWIG

Former Consul-General of Austria-Hungary and Hungary

WHEN I say war guilt I have not in mind the orthodox, so-called official war guilt of the former Central Powers which has found its way into the parchment of the peace treaties. In Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Hungary, no doubt also in the United States, all facts surrounding the origin of the World War are more or less systematically gathered and coördinated to permit of a scientific and objective review of the war guilt of the former belligerent nations. If this work is carried on, in a dispassionate way, it will be found that under the former existing system of secret diplomacy every Government is to some extent at least a sharer of the burden of the war guilt. The recognition of this fact will greatly contribute to a *détente* of the still strained relations between the European nations.

An important item bearing on the war guilt question of the former Dual Monarchy and consequently also of Hungary is the report of the Austro-Hungarian Envoy, Baron Wiesner, of July 13, 1914, telegraphed from Sarajevo to Vienna, which has given rise to misinterpretation. Baron Wiesner was at that time connected with the Legal Department of the Vienna Foreign Office. This report has been mutilated and certain parts which were arbitrarily separated from other parts came somehow into the possession of the American Peace Delegation, which consequently construed this report as a primary admission of Austria-Hungary's war guilt. For all we know it may have influenced the minds of President Wilson and others against the former monarchy and Hungary, because it may have suggested that we deliberately started the war with Serbia in order to bring about a general war which might have favored the alleged militaristic ambitions of the Central Powers. Even if Hungary would have

been guilty of willing the war with Serbia,—which it was not, as it is proved that through its then Prime Minister, the late Count Stephan Tisza, it steadily opposed it in the Ministers' Councils,—there can be no doubt that the Dual Monarchy and Germany displayed their best diplomatic efforts to localize the war between Serbia and Austria-Hungary, emphasizing at the same time that the Monarchy had no idea of either annexing Serbian territory, or of crushing Serbia's sovereignty. The extension of the war area to other European countries was contrary to our wishes and efforts, and this is particularly true of Hungary, which from the outset opposed war in general and particularly a war of annexation. It is reported that Germany after her admission to the membership of the League of Nations will at once try to introduce the subject of war responsibility. I do not know whether this is really the official intention of Germany, but assuming for the sake of argument that it is, why should such a move be opposed by the Entente Powers? It is their interest, just as much as ours, that this issue should be cleared once for all. Here is the text of the report:

The Greater Serbian Propaganda in Bosnia and Herzegovina is carried on from Serbia both by the press and by Clubs and other organizations. It is the conviction of all competent circles that this is being done under the patronage and with the knowledge and approval of the Serbian Government.

The material which was submitted to me by the civil and military authorities can be qualified as follows: The material antedating the time of the murder gives no clue as to whether the propaganda was promoted by the Serbian Government. There is sufficient, although sparse, evidence on hand in substantiation of the assumption that this movement is nourished from Serbia by Clubs and tolerated by the Serbian Government.

Now comes the extract which was separated from the balance of the text:

Re the murder itself: The knowledge of the Serbian Government of the plotting of the murder and its preparations and of the supply with arms is not supported by anything and cannot even be assumed. There are on the contrary certain reasons to assume that this was out of the question.

Here the extract ends:

Through the depositions of the inculpated parties it is uncontestably shown that the murder was decided upon in Belgrade and was prepared with the help

of the Serbian Officer of the State Railways, Ciganovic, and Major Tankosic, who likewise supplied the bombs, brownings, ammunition and the Cyankali. The co-operation of the Secretary of the *Narodna Odbrana*, Pribicevic, is not established. The origin of the bombs from the Serbian Army Depot in Kragujevac is uncontestably and objectively established, but there are no proofs to show that they were now taken *ad hoc* from the said Depot, as the bombs may also have originated from the supplies of the Komitatschis in the war.

Based on the depositions of the inculpated parties it is hardly doubtful that Prinzip, Ciganovic and Grabez supplied with bombs, and arms on the instigation of Ciganovic were smuggled over the Serbian frontier in Shabatz and Losnica by the Serbian authorities in a mysterious way. These organized transports were led by the captains of the frontier in Shabatz and Losnica and were carried through by the guards of the frontier tax and customs service. Even if it is not established whether or not these latter knew about the purposes of this expedition, they should have nevertheless been able to assume that a mysterious mission was to be carried out.

The balance of the report contains data concerning the organization of the *Narodna Odbrana* and Baron Wiesner's propositions:

1) The Government should insist that no Serbian authorities should be allowed to smuggle persons and material over the boundary line; 2) The Captains of the Frontier stations in Shabatz and Losnica as well as all other tax and customs officers involved should be dismissed from service; 3) Proceedings should be started at once against Ciganovic and Tankosic.

The New York Times some time past published a communiqué of Baron Wiesner dated from Berlin, but I thought that the complete publication of the above report would serve a useful purpose, as the author of it used all possible efforts to bring it to the general attention of the public.

From the minutes of the two Ministers' Councils of July 7 and 19, 1914, and the three memoranda of Count Tisza, it can be proved beyond any shadow of doubt that the Hungarian Premier had done all in his power to prevent the outbreak of the hostilities with Serbia and consequently of the World War, and having been Hungary's official Representative at that time this evidence should absolve Hungary as far as the war guilt is concerned. However, the latter country has repeatedly been charged abroad with having endeavored in the past to ruin Serbia both politically and economically. These endeavors are said to have been known by Serbia and that was the reason of the Serbian propaganda for the disruption of the Monarchy. This is contrary to facts. In

1870 Count Andrássy made the official offer to Serbia that he would secure for her Bosnia, Herzegovina and Old Serbia, all of which belonged at that time to Turkey, provided Serbia would pledge her neutrality in case Austria-Hungary should become involved in a war. The then Premier of Serbia, Ristitch, rejected this offer, although he later in his memoirs admitted that this offer had been made in good faith.

In 1878 at the Congress of Berlin the same Count Andrássy managed to get Serbia a considerable extension of its territory, including Nisch and the district of Pirot which Russia had originally intended for Bulgaria. Austria-Hungary was assigned a mandate by the Great Powers to take possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which assignment was vehemently opposed by the Hungarian House of Parliament. Mr. von Széll, the then Minister of Finance, resigned in sign of protest. Mr. von Szilágyi, Minister of Justice, and Count Apponyi made very strong speeches against this mandate. As the assignment had been made to both Austria and Hungary, the latter's opposition was of no avail.

In his book *The Cataclysm of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy*, 1920, Dr. Frederic Kleinwächter made the charge against Hungary "that there is certainly a grain of truth in the statement oft made that the war against Serbia has been a war for the Serbian pigs". "Hungary"—so it was claimed—"did not permit Serbian competition in the matter of pigs, and through its partly open and partly concealed tariff policy practically rendered the importation of Serbian pigs impossible." This charge—which by the way was not a Serbian, but an Austrian charge—was wrong. The Monarchy had concluded a treaty of commerce with Serbia in 1882, which was later on renewed until 1893 and continued in force until 1906. In this treaty the entire customs area of the Monarchy was free for the importation of Serbian raw materials and cattle, pigs, etc., practically without any limitation. No other state enjoyed a lower rate of tariffs from the Monarchy than Serbia. To compensate these tariff reductions, Serbia granted some preferential tariffs for the importation of Austrian industrial articles. This treaty had been therefore made at the expense of Hungary, which is an agricultural country, while

Serbia and Austria had the best of it. After 1905 Hungary did not wish to maintain this one-sided tariff situation. This was her natural right, as no State can be forced to have altruism prevail in its tariff policy. That would be suicidal. In 1906 a customs war broke out between Serbia and the Monarchy. This was after the murder of King Alexander, when King Peter was the ruler of Serbia. The customs war was declared by Serbia, and a boycott was declared by Serbia against the entire imports from the Monarchy. Nevertheless the Monarchy and particularly Hungary tolerated the smuggling of Serbian cattle and pigs by way of Croatia to Vienna. This was done to ease the strained relations between the two countries. In the course of 1906 Count Goluchowsky, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, suggested to Mr. Vujic, the Serbian Envoy in Vienna, that he could secure good terms for a treaty, if the negotiations be inaugurated at once. Serbia declined and contracted a Customs Union with Bulgaria instead. When the Monarchy later on requested Serbia to make slight alterations in the text of this Union in order to enable the conclusion of a treaty of commerce with us, Serbia again refused. Thereupon Hungary and Austria made their ten-year *Ausgleich* agreement, providing for a maximum contingent of 120,000 pigs, 100,000 sheep and 50,000 cattle from the Balkan countries. This was a concession that Hungary had to make to Austria. Later on the treaty of commerce with Roumania was concluded, which reduced the available Balkan contingent. The result of Serbia's dilatory tactics was naturally that we could now not grant Serbia any longer a larger contingent than the one specified above, as we had exhausted it in our treaty with Roumania. In 1908 a provisional tariff arrangement was adopted between the Monarchy and Serbia. After the annexation of Bosnia Herzegovina[1] this provisional arrangement was again discontinued. Finally in 1910 a new treaty of commerce was concluded. In this treaty some of the old tariff schedules were

[1] This, by the way, had been instigated by a Minister of Foreign Affairs of Czechish origin, Count Lexa, known as Count Lexa-Aehrenthal, and was again violently opposed by the Hungarian statesmen, although the measure of annexation itself was adopted in conformity with international law and the Monarchy even paid Turkey, the rightful owner, a fair ransom, after having invested untold millions of gold crowns in building roads, railroads, schools, etc., on Bosnian territory.

increased. Wheat had to pay a tariff of 6.38 crowns instead of the former old tariff of 1.78 crowns, rye a tariff of 5.80 crowns instead of the older tariff of 1.78 crowns, etc. These tariffs corresponded to the new autonomous tariff of Hungary of 1905. Hungary wished to protect the better quality of its corn. Concerning the importation of cattle, the leading idea was to prevent the importation of contaminated stock; and Hungary on the other hand could naturally not renew the old preferential tariffs, because that would have ruined her own farmers. At the conclusion of the treaty the schedules of the autonomous Hungarian tariff were applied to all Serbian imports of cattle, sheep, etc. Regarding pigs, the tariff was even better than that allowed by the autonomous tariff. The total number of cattle and pigs had to be limited, of course (50,000 pigs, 15,000 cows). These pigs and cattle went to Austria. Hungary had no need to import any as it was well provided with its own stock. These allowances therefore represented again a sacrifice for Hungary. It must also not be overlooked that Serbia could and did export to other countries. It was certainly not dependent on imports to Hungary alone. There were also certain possibilities foreseen whereby Serbia was enabled to increase this contingent. It is therefore unjust to charge Hungary with any ill will regarding the handling of the tariff question. On the other hand the Union of Austrian Agrarians headed by Ritter von Hohenblum and Count Kolowrat had carried on a propaganda of long standing in order that no further reductions of the agrarian tariffs should be allowed to Serbia. The majority of the 516 members of the Austrian Reichsrat joined this Union, and voted against a reduction. Hungary was at no time particularly excited over this whole issue, and it is moreover a fact that the greatest difficulties in our negotiations with Serbia were due not to the pig question, but to the guns of the Skoda factory of Pilsen (Bohemia), as these had to compete with the French Creuzots and the German Krupps. The greatest battles that the late Foreign Office on the Ballhausplatz fought with the Serbian Government were in their behalf. The pig question played only a subordinate part in the pending discussions. The Serbian Blue Book of November, 1914, does not mention the Hungarian agrarian tariffs as a cause of bad

blood, but states explicitly that the occupation of Bosnia had been a principal reason for the war.

For the sake of truth and justice I must add here, what I have amply proved in my war book (*Austria-Hungary and the War, 1915*), that Serbia never owned either Bosnia or Herzegovina, never ruled over either of them—before the Peace of Trianon—even for a day. Czar Dushan, who evolved the idea of a Greater Serbian Empire, never ruled over Bosnia and Herzegovina. He invaded these provinces twice and was both times defeated, once in 1353 by Stephan Kotromanovics (Stephan II), Chief Zsupán of Bosnia, and the second time most decisively by King Louis the Great of Hungary. On the other hand, Serbia was for many centuries a vassal of the Kingdom of Hungary. Nevertheless, as was seen above, Hungary did not object in the last century to Serbia securing a title to the possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and through Count Andrássy even made a voluntary offer to promote Serbia's wishes in the premises. These are historical facts which in connection with the war guilt question deserve to be emphasized.[1]

The former Serbian Envoy in Paris, Spalajkovic, has made the statement in his book, *La Bosnie et l'Hercégovine*, published in 1899, that "Serbia and Montenegro could fulfill their real *raison d'être* only if they would occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina," and demanded the dismemberment and disruption of the Monarchy to this end. This statement was not backed up by any historical evidence to support the Serbian claims.

It is a historical fact that on May 6, 1913, the Russian State Secretary, Sassonow, instructed the Russian Envoy in Belgrade, de Hartwig, "that Serbia had only covered the first lap on its historical road. In order to attain its ends it would have to fight a terrible struggle which would threaten its entire existence. Serbia's promised land is situated on the territory of Austria-Hungary. Therefore it should prepare patiently to acquire the degree of preparedness necessary for this unavoidable war of the

[1] For reference see John Asbóth: *Bosnia and Herzegovina;* Gelcsics-Thallóczy: *Archives from Ragusa;* Louis de Thallóczy: *History of Bosnia;* Henry Marczali: *The Árpáds and Dalmatia;* Ignace Acsády: *History of Hungary;* Mathias Florian: *Chronological Facts from Hungarian History of the XIth and XIIth Century;* Leopold Ovary: *Origin of the Hungarian Anjous.*

future." The same suggestions were likewise made to Serbia by the French Envoys in Belgrade. (See Delbrück: *Serbia, Austria and Russia, Germany and the War Guilt Problem*, 1923–26.)

On February 2, 1914, Premier Paschitch was received by Czar Nicholas in a private audience. It was on this occasion that the Serbian Premier asserted to the Czar that over six millions of Serbians lived within the Monarchy (in Hungary), which was a manifest exaggeration. (At the last Hungarian census, of 1910, there were 461,516 Serbians in Hungary proper and 644,955 in Croatia incorporated in the Kingdom of Hungary; altogether 1,106,471.) Thereupon the Czar uttered the memorable words: "We will do everything for Serbia. Greet the King in my name and tell him so."

On March 3, 1914, the famous Ministers' Council of St. Petersburg took place, when Sassonow acted as Chairman and presented the Memorandum which he had submitted to the Czar in November, 1913. In this Memorandum an urgent solution of the Dardanelles question was demanded. According to the minutes of the Council meeting, Sassonow declared to the Council that "our action in behalf of the Dardanelles cannot be inaugurated without starting a European war. It can be assumed that under these circumstances Serbia must be compelled to use her entire army against the Dual Monarchy." Thereupon the Chief of the General Staff remarked that this offensive of Serbia against the Monarchy would be of very great importance to Russia, for he had knowledge that Austria-Hungary would have to oppose four or five Army Corps in a war against Serbia. (See documents of Russian Secret Archives, *Berlin Reichs Druckerei*, p. 308.)

On March 16, 1914, the *Romanul*, a Roumanian daily paper, published in Arad, announced that a great war was impending which would end with the dismemberment of the Monarchy. On May 15, 1914, the Czar paid a visit to the King of Roumania in Konstantza, on which occasion the Roumanian Prime Minister advised M. Sassonow that in case of a war Roumania would certainly fight on the side of Russia. On May 20, 1914, a murderous attempt was made on the life of the Banus of Croatia, Baron Skerlecz, by a Yugoslav. On June 1, 1914, the Military Convention of the Monarchy with Roumania was dissolved.

Then followed the murder of the Crown Prince and war in quick succession.

Of the various diplomatic events which occurred just before the outbreak of hostilities, two are not very well known and deserve special attention: One is the visit which M. Dumaine, the French Ambassador in Vienna, paid to Count Berchtold, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on July 22, 1914, calling attention to the danger of a war of the Monarchy with Serbia, but declaring that he had won the conviction that Russia was not willing to support Serbia very strongly and would merely grant her a moral aid. Russia would not offer military assistance and would endeavor to localize the war between Serbia and the Monarchy. This information was misleading because it influenced the Monarchy in its final decision. (See for reference the Red Book of Dr. Roderick Gooss, p. 129.)

Another important visit was paid by Count Szapáry, the Austro-Hungarian Chargé in St. Petersburg, to M. Sassonow on July 31, 1914, at which Sassonow first asserted that the Monarchy had started with its mobilization, which was flatly denied by Count Szapáry. M. Sassonow replied: "Don't let us bandy words about the chronology of things! You should not be afraid that the Russian rifles will go off automatically. The Russian Army is too well disciplined for that!" (See Gooss, p. 233.) This is also important because M. Sassonow here indirectly admitted that the Russian mobilization had taken place before the Austro-Hungarian mobilization.

On August 12, 1915, M. Paschitch delivered a speech in the Skuptchina in which he made the remarkable statement: "Never in the history of Serbia have there been better prospects for our country than when we began the war." It is also well known that after the successful Balkan wars he had made the remark to M. Politis: "*La première manche est gagnée, maintenant il faut préparer la seconde manche contre l'Autriche-Hongrie*" ("The first set is won, now we must prepare for the second set against Austria-Hungary").

Has Hungary oppressed her nationalities? Books have been written on this subject, but it will not be amiss to keep in mind a few salient facts. First, that the charge of an alleged oppression

of the minorities in Hungary was started by people living not on Hungarian territory but abroad, and that the assiduous propaganda kept up by the combined Czechish, Illyrian (previous name for the Yugoslavs) and Roumanian groups for almost a hundred years before the outbreak of the war was in the main responsible for a measure of discontent of the Hungarian minorities. It was never general, and these minorities have never desired the dismemberment of Hungary. This fact cannot be disproved, as there has never been a plebiscite to determine this issue. Second, all of the Hungarian minorities immigrated into Hungary long after the original Hungarian conquerors had acquired the land, more than a thousand years ago. They have therefore enjoyed the hospitality of Hungary. The immigrations occurred after Hungarians had bled to death during the Tartar and Turkish invasions, which lasted altogether several centuries and which really meant a blood sacrifice for the good of Europe. No other nation in Europe has brought a greater sacrifice to civilization than Hungary, which lost millions of her sons in these struggles to save Western civilization. Europe's thanks for past services rendered were handed to Hungary in Paris in 1920!

Third, although Hungary also in other ways often had to fight for her existence and language, schools, etc., it never has adopted the theory proclaimed first by Barrère during the French Revolution in 1794: "Let us cancel the means of damage and aberration, let us suppress the language of the foreign minorities!" Hungarians have always endeavored to use liberal methods of assimilation, as the great Hungarian statesman Francis Deák so aptly said: "If we want to win our minorities, we must not try to Magyarize them at all costs, but must seek to make them love the Hungarian conditions".

To charge that Hungary had oppressed her national minorities during a thousand years is grievously unjust, if for no other reason than that none of her minorities have lived on Hungarian territory for such a length of time. The earliest settlers after the Hungarians had taken possession of Hungary in A. D. 896 were the Saxons and Slovaks, who arrived in the course of the eleventh century. Hungarians and Slovaks were always friends and brothers in arms during the revolution of Prince Rákóczy in the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In 1848 and in the World War they valiantly fought side by side. The Saxons were at once endowed with special privileges by the Kings of Hungary (*Decretum Andreanum*, etc.) which they retained for over 800 years Serbians immigrated to Hungary in the course of the fifteenth century (George Brankovics) and later in the seventeenth century (Archbishop Csarnojevic of Ipek). Roumanians first settled in the thirteenth century, when a handful of them arrived who were endowed with certain properties by the King in Székács, Transylvania. If a plebiscite had been granted to Hungary and her minorities by the winners of the war,—who allege that they fought this war for the liberation of the smaller nations,—Hungary would never have been dismembered, because the great majority of the "foreign oppressed" nationals, in spite of all propaganda, would have voted in favor of Hungary, as against alien rule.

The present New Europe represents in no way an alignment on racial lines, as millions of people have been bartered away merely to please the whim of a few doctrinaires. The liberation of fifty or sixty millions is a myth. Nobody with any sense of humor who knew Europe before the war and has known it since the "peace of slavery and attrition" would venture to make such an assertion. The present day New Europe is neither politically nor economically an improvement on former conditions. It plays favorites with a comparatively few people at the expense of a large majority of miserable human beings who rebel in spirit because the tyranny of the peacemakers has enslaved them. Economic and other conditions in the basin of the Danube are abnormal and will continue so until the interested people themselves see the light and readjust matters among themselves in a fair spirit of reconciliation. This does not mean a breaking up of the new countries, but a careful revision of that arch-enemy of peace, the Treaty of Trianon, and some of the other treaties. America was never greater than when she refused to ratify these treaties. She showed common sense when the Paris peace makers showed revenge and ignorance.

ERNEST LUDWIG.

THE NEW LEISURE

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

I

We are a nation of passionate industry. In theory, and largely in practice, work is in the saddle and rides our citizens. We have our loafers and slackers, as every generation since Adam has had, but they excite no general admiration and are not held high in public estimation. Such prophets of leisure as Thoreau and Walt Whitman, who were satisfied with the simple life and an incidental pursuit of literature, have found few imitators in our midst.

Occasionally a rich man's son has abandoned the making of money and spent his time in ways personally satisfying but commercially profitless. Such apostasy is anathema to our conscientious Babbitts. Early to arrive at the haunts of business and late to depart are the accepted habits of the God fearing and the self respecting American.

It is undeniable that strict attention to business gives results. Our steel tonnage production has become enormous, the cotton manufactured in this country could doubtless encircle the world, and travelers tell us that our automobiles rattle on every continent.

But what of it?

Suppose we are the biggest and busiest nation on earth, does it bring us any incentive save to become still bigger and busier, or offer us other reward than that of our surpassing size and activity? No one denies the essential importance of labor or its multiple values to the individual, but it is not without reason that the generations have reiterated that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy". Though we are a feverish nation and make a good deal of noise, must we not admit that we are somewhat like Jack at his worst?

Circumstances are, however, conspiring against our remaining dull as a consequence of a continuing preoccupation with work. Almost unnoted, leisure is bearing down upon us from every side. The eight hour working day is rapidly spreading from industry to industry. The entire working world is fighting for a short day, and the politicians are lending helping hands. No one, laborer or idler, who is at all familiar with the type of daily job upon which the great majority of workers are engaged, could wish for anything else.

The new sources of physical energy, which are being increasingly developed, are certain to reduce still further the hours of work necessary to supply the actual needs of the community. The shortened hours and the substitution of mechanical power for that of the muscles of man will, in addition, more and more remove physical fatigue as an accompaniment of work. Men and women are beginning to return from the performance of their daily tasks, no longer so jaded as to require complete inactivity or abnormal stimulus as a counter to the exhaustion of toil, but fit to fill their leisure hours with activities of a different kind.

One other factor is certain to play an important rôle in the future. Prohibition is doubtless here to stay, and will be more effectively enforced as the will of the majority makes itself increasingly felt. That means that the chief anodyne of idle hours is being eliminated. We shall no longer be able to delude ourselves into thinking we are having a pleasant and profitable time when we are merely a little befuddled by alcohol. We shall know unmistakably when we are bored.

These large social changes are bringing about a condition of affairs for which we find ourselves unprepared. In our national recognition of the worth and dignity of labor, and in our devotion to its pursuit, we have neglected the uses and significance of leisure. Our educational system, which is a barometer registering the pressure of our enthusiasms, has for years stressed vocational training. Not only have we taught vocations in the classroom, but of late we have sent our teachers into the factories and shops to teach the worker on the job. Our commercial courses and our trade schools have been designed to feed the young people, trained to the last detail, directly into industry.

Those schoolmen who have protested against such rank utilitarianism have been denounced as old fogies, or have been mere voices crying in the wilderness. Efficiency has demanded results, and we have allowed the pay envelope of the graduate to become the criterion of a school's success.

This might be all very well if men were mechanized, or if work occupied the whole of life. But human beings have so far resisted all attempts to make them into machines, and the forty-eight hour working week, even after hours for sleep have been deducted, leaves, to be disposed of at the individual's will, sixty-four hours of freedom. The modern workingman, in the most advanced industries, has now many more hours for leisure than for work. Every effort of the community has heretofore been devoted to preparing him for efficient performance during the forty-eight hours. The use of the sixty-four hours has been largely left to exploitation by the commercial forces which profit by the idleness of resourceless humanity.

There is a challenge to our whole educational system in this development of a new leisure class. Ours has been a vocational educational system in a vocation-minded civilization. We have never been whole-heartedly in sympathy with the educational frills forced upon us by educators who would not admit that earning a living was the be-all and end-all of life. We have ignored germinating enthusiasms, we have not cultivated a love of life's diversities, and we have subordinated training in appreciation of the beauties and mysteries of the world about us to mastery of the mathematician's table, the surveyor's transit, the typewriter, the forge, and the turning lathe.

We have seen our national duty as that of developing our country and opening up its resources. Felling the trees for the clearing, organizing the mine for rapid production, rolling the steel into sheathing for ships, has kept us busy. We have tumbled into our beds, exhausted but triumphant, to sleep off the day's weariness and be fresh for the next day's strain.

Such hurried plowing and harrowing of the capacities of youth has not mellowed the soil for the seeds of leisure. We find ourselves unprepared to display the graces of an advanced civilization, which, so far in history, have not been the product of a

twelve-hour day in a foundry. Nevertheless here is leisure knocking at our door. The alarmist sees no alternative save exchanging stupidity for sin. He is confident that, when Satan finds men freed from the plow, the tool, and the ledger, he will impress their idle hands into working for his nefarious ends. We cannot quite share such pessimism, but there is a responsibility upon us to see that the new leisure means enrichment of life and not impoverishment.

II

We should like to use the word "avocation" to describe the activities which add, not to the financial gain of the individual, but to his joy and to his intellectual and spiritual betterment. But the dictionary stands like a rock in the way. Ponderously, inviting no rebuttal, it stresses the beauty of a life of vocational dedication, and gives moral sanction to the barren pursuit of the dollar by defining avocation as "that which calls one away from one's proper business". The only mollification lies in the illustrative quotation: "Heaven is his vocation, and therefore he counts earthly employments avocation." No matter how set his heart might be upon eternal salvation, he would be a rare enthusiast who could get a thrill out of regarding the selling of hardware as an avocation. We shall be forced to seek for some other word to describe what avocation is not allowed to mean.

Fortunately the dictionary compensates for its glacial definition of avocation by the genial spirit in which it expounds the meaning of hobby. A hobby is "any favorite object, pursuit, or topic, that which a person persistently pursues or dwells upon with zeal and delight".

Many persons dig ditches, or sell silk, or pour molten steel into molds, or load freight cars, or clean office buildings, or run elevators, but seldom with "zeal and delight". Few individuals lack the capacity to be stirred and refreshed by the use and exercise of such emotions, and many are the hours of leisure to be illuminated by their cultivation, and the hours of boredom to be held at bay by their help.

What better way is there for us to meet our changing social and working conditions than by cultivating hobbies, not to

escape our "proper business", but to fill our lives with new interests, and to give richer service by the aid of a refreshed and invigorated personality?

The British have much to teach us in the wise use of our leisure hours. With them the hobby is a mark of distinction. To be without a hobby is to be a sodden creature, the victim of commercialism, or an Esau who has sold his birthright for a daily job. That compendium of distinction, the British *Who's Who*, makes open recognition of the place of hobbies in British life. Unlike our American *Who's Who*, the British has a special division in which are entered the recreations of the men whose names and achievements are listed in the book. Every Englishman is interested to know how every other Englishman spends his free time. Our American roster of notables soberly omits any mention of such details, matters of negligible importance to a serious nation bent on production and efficiency. British achievements do not, however, seem to suffer by comparison with ours in spite of our single-minded devotion to accomplishment.

An Earl Grey guides the foreign policy of the British empire in the most critical months of its history, and yet he confesses to a love of birds, which leads him into the woods hours in a day and many days in the year, wandering in the haunts of the little wild creatures and listening to their songs. A commissioner on industrial poisons is an authority on stained glass windows; the passion of a professor of medicine, stationed in Cairo, is sketching; an eminent jurist combines travel and geology as his forms of recreation; the Governor of Fiji fills his free time with art photography and the amateur pursuit of architecture; Younghusband has a penchant for mastering little-known Oriental tongues, and when the expedition to Thibet is organized his hobby marks him for leadership; Sir Robert Hart softens the rigors of official life in the Orient by enthusiastic acquisition of a knowledge of Chinese embroideries and lacquers; Tyndall becomes a mountain climber, and carries his scientific point of view to the top of the highest Alps; a great financier finds music the solace of his idle hours.

Such enthusiasms suggest a very high stage of civilization. The one characteristic clearly distinguishing man from the beasts is his pursuit of the unessential, his love for the extraneous, his

passion for the genetically unimportant. Who can imagine a polar bear trying to go farthest north, or a marmot climbing to get the view from the mountain top, or a bird distinguishing trees by their annual shedding of leaves, or a monkey attempting to understand the language of the parrots, or the seals playing ball on the Pribiloff Islands? Yet every one of these creatures feverishly hunts his food, works to protect himself from the weather and from his enemies, and, like the American industrialist, dies promptly when he retires from his regular business in life.

A man may follow his faithful, plodding way through the arduous duties of the working day, but he shows that he has the divine spark of the poet and the adventurer when he spends his free time plunging through the wilderness and up the rugged mountain side to add the sight of another raven's nest to his list of happy memories. The teacher of reluctant youth will freshen his own life, and by indirection that of his students, by his search, in hushed expectancy, for new species of mushroom on remote hillsides or in wooded hollows. A ghostly coral mushroom may bring him the same enlarging thrill that came to Balboa on a peak in Darien. He can pursue the cryptogams with a "zeal and delight" seldom vouchsafed to the correction of daily exercises in algebra.

Educators have occasionally tried to illuminate daily drudgery by bringing out its social implications, or by relating it to picturesque aspects of industrial growth. Young cotton spinners have been instructed in the ways of raising cotton, its transportation, its commercial metamorphoses, its dyeing, the art of design, the romance of the cotton gin, and the dependence of the cotton industry on the law of supply and demand. But ninety-eight in every hundred spinners, though they may work contentedly and with an interest in the job during their hours in the factory, will leave at night little the richer, save in wages, for the long day's doings. Fortunate indeed is he whose daily task can be carried on with "zeal and delight". Some activity outside the dull walls of the office and the mill is needed to bring that inspiration to most of us.

How can our people be helped to sweeten their days and better their lives by the acquisition of hobbies? The schools would

find it difficult to accomplish the task unaided, for a hobby is like a disease, most readily acquired by contact with one already infected. Fortunately some teachers ride hobbies of their own, and others pursue their specialties with such "zeal and delight" that they can qualify as inspirers to hobby riding as they follow their vocations. The community has its amateur enthusiasts, sufficiently unprofessional to give courage to the timid, who must be impressed into the service, invited to speak in the schools, urged to form clubs of young people to exchange stamps, or collect rocks, or practice decorative book binding, or press weeds, or study the constellations, or make marionettes, or design book plates, or hunt for Indian remains, or draw contour maps, or learn the spider webs, or study rug patterns, or make paintings of the eggs of birds.

These potential teachers of our ill-equipped heirs of leisure are all about us. The private secretary who cultivates dahlias; the stenographer who makes fairy gardens in a flower pot; the banker who keeps bees in his attic; the minister who corrects his social theories by observations on his little glass-covered hill of ants; the salesman who raises goldfish in the back parlor and dreams of developing a new type of fantail to display at the annual fish show; the tanner who uses his daily walk to the tannery as his opportunity to learn the songs of the birds in every season of the year; the lumberman who hunts with a camera; the lawyer who collects carvings of elephants in every material and from every quarter of the globe: these are the men and women who have priceless gifts to give the children in our schools.

No one in the world is so generous with his enthusiasm as the amateur. You have to pay men to talk about their vocations, but it is hard to prevent them from talking about their hobbies. Our schools have not begun to realize the gold mine for the best kind of teaching which lies under their very doorstep. Every lover of a hobby is a potential teacher of the young. He can accomplish much with but meager pedagogical equipment. His enthusiasm surmounts the stumbling word and the material of his hobby counteracts any defect of presentation. Children can, under the inspiration of these rash adventurers upon sacred ground, develop hobbies of their own. Too long have the

specialists been allowed to preëmpt the happy hunting grounds and to frown the amateur away.

Think of our allowing the artists sole suzerainty in the field of art, when each one of us should be a joyous sketcher of the changing face of nature. Why should only the musically trained be expected to sing when every man's child of us can get pleasure out of near-harmonies and a sense of rhythm? Why should wood carving be confined to the specialists, when any hand can use a tool, and every human being feels joy in seeing a purposed shape emerge from a block of wood? The enthusiast, who spent the free hours of a busy life carving models of ancient ships, gained not only the enrichment that comes with any craftsmanship, but the additional joy of studying the sailing of the Seven Seas with "zeal and delight".

The physical directors in some of our colleges, alive to the justice of the criticism aimed at an over-preoccupation with the major sports, are training students in different types of physical recreation which are not dependent upon large numbers of fellow sportsmen for their performance, and which are designed not to end with the college days. The hope is to train young men who will no longer get their exercise and their fun sitting on the bleachers, but will find rowing, cross country runs, quoits, squash and volley ball, horseback riding, tennis, swimming, skating, skiing, adapted to undergraduate needs and suitable to carry on into middle age as some of the accessory joys of life.

Golf used to be regarded as the special possession of the adult and the safe amusement of the aged, but youth has seized it for itself, occupied the links, captured the prizes, and left age but a modest part to play. They have not yet robbed their elders, however, of the privilege of gardening. Mark Twain has called the garden the perfect enthusiasm for old age, since the most frail may hope to live to see the harvest gathered or the flowers come to bloom. The grower of orchids, the transplanter of cherry trees, the lover of the primula, the specialist in salad greens, the bulb fancier, the grafter of apple trees, will not find his idle hours hang heavy on his hands, for, winter and summer, with the hoe or the catalogue, he can share his joy in growing things with all the other enthusiasts from the Azores to Australia.

Our amateur astronomers have not only found pleasure for themselves, but have made genuine contributions to the subject, particularly in the study of variable stars. They have much to give the children of their communities. The majority of young people never see the stars. Every night the great stage is set, with the gorgeous pageant of the declining sun and the quiet beauty of the emerging stars; yet one rocket on the Fourth of July will receive more attention and rouse more enthusiasm than the wide panorama of the heavens the year through. Even the poets and romancers allow the full moon to rise at midnight and the new moon to set at dawn. Our schools, mindful of vocations, teach their students the use of tools, helpful knowledge in gaining a livelihood, but if they could also teach the habit of a nightly look of recognition at the sparkling sky they might be making a richer contribution to the individual.

Nothing is more trite, or more true, than to say that man cannot live by bread alone. We must work in order to live at all, but once that minimum is ours we want to live as greatly as we can. Our work will not suffer thereby. It will probably profit by our othersidedness. The scientist who used the egg-beater on an outing found himself able to do an important piece of research because he understood the workings of that simple mechanism. The mill boss was better able to deal with a threatened strike after a Sunday spent in rambling in the bobolink's favorite marshes, and the importer scanned his foreign mail more eagerly because of his hours of rearranging his stamp collection.

We can judge whether we are a truly civilized nation, recognizing fundamental values in life and satisfying other needs than the purely material, when we are as eager as the British to know not only how our distinguished men work but how they play; when our schools place training for hobbies at least on a par with training for vocations; and when the achievement of the amateur becomes of moment to each of us, since we all desire a standing in that unexacting but joy-inducing fellowship of free explorers in a world of wonders and delights.

CORNELIA JAMES CANNON.

SONNET

BY H. PHELPS PUTNAM

You flew the time when you were swift and clear,
A subtle innocent, a blazing truth,
Whose words shone bright when mine were sharp and sere,
Great classic angel of my mazy youth.

But now you walk, your ravished wings are furled;
We both are mortal now, and each to each,
Sharing the silly lessons of the world,
Bear candid solace out of open speech.

Or we discourse; and then the world grows pale
And drifts away and leaves us free once more,
The sun, the wind, the moon stoop for our tale,
And the old waves cry hush along the shore.

The truth is dead—we killed it solemnly,
And then the planets roared, and so did we.

TWO POEMS

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

FLOODED LAND

What is this voice that cries through the door,
Wild as the rain: "Child, come with me!
Mine is the breast that leaps to the sea!"

Drenched to the knee I take your hand,
Dark is our flight through this flooded land,
Phantom the splash of our unseen oar.

What is this voice that cries through the door,
Wild as the rain: "Child come with me!
Mine is the breast that leaps to the sea!"

RESEMBLANCES

Brooding resemblances of marsh and sky,
Can the wild heart build a nest?
Woven with grey, harsh and dry
It knows the reeds' cradle to the bird's breast.

Memory become a frosted glow,
What dreams for the wild heart shine?
Night with the hills stark, and the first snow
Blurring a wilderness of pine.

CRETAN TEAR JAR

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

This little thing blown out of fluent glass,
Burned by the earth's corrosive chemistry
White gold, ghost blue, green chalcedony—
This is a tear jar . . . The pale women pass;
Nothing can touch them now; not even, alas,
Words, tears! This radiant sterility
Of art remembers them. So let it be:
They need no epitaph by Phidias.

Grief is all of loveliness: grief remains;
The weeping girls go delicately down to dust;
And there is only unearthly lustre that stains
The resolute propinquity of rust;
There is only the acrid smell of must
And the wet darkness after a thousand rains.

PITY THE GREAT

BY MARY SINTON LEITCH

Pity the great;—it is their doom to be
The champions of lost causes. Though they seem
To reach the heights that we may hold supreme,
There loom above them peaks we do not see.
Sadder the eyes of Lincoln than of Lee:
Although around him flags of triumph stream,
Still, still he hears the voices of his dream
Whisper amid the shouts of victory.

Christ, Galileo, Socrates, Descartes—
And all to whom the truth is law of laws;—
Seekers of truth, unmindful of the cost;—
Servants of truth, all other gods apart;—
They would not be "the great" were not the cause
They love so great that it must needs be lost!

FRANCESCO DE SANCTIS

BY WILLIAM A. DRAKE

CRITICAL enthusiasm for a great writer of another nation is always gratifying; but when it persistently fastens upon the most debatable phases of his achievement, and leaves completely out of account the excellent services of the masters who made ready the way for him, it begins to smack of the cocksure superficiality of the newspaper reviewers. The recent vogue of Benedetto Croce is exemplary of this. I am not certain that the translated works of the Italian critic are popular successes in the bookseller's understanding of the term, but it is enough that they have excited among our literary critics an exceptional enthusiasm for the theories which they promulgate. The author of a score of the most illuminating works in literary criticism produced in our young century, Senator Croce is hardly known in this country at all except for his *Breviario di estetica*, which has become the textbook of an energetic and apparently deeply consequential fad.

Croce, who is beyond a doubt the most significant critic in Italy today and the most learned savant since Carducci, I cannot say has so greatly impressed me by his singular philosophy of æsthetic. To me, he has done more to mystify Hegel than any writer since Hegel himself; and I fail most abjectly to follow his pretentious ratios and his paradoxical generalizations beyond the points of commonplace repetition and deliberate verbal impressiveness. It is easy to understand how the Italian mind, which is not analytical and is by its nature peculiarly accessible to metaphysical subtleties, should be engaged by this new doctrine of æsthetic, which is really not a doctrine at all; but it is difficult to understand how the Anglo-Saxon mind, which is historically positive and exacting, and which requires a definite basis for each theory it entertains, should for a moment be taken in by any such diffuse and illogical code of rhetorical abstractions. Croce's most legitimate and surest claim to present fame and future

remembrance must finally rest upon his less celebrated labors in literary criticism; and it is a matter for chagrin that the few of these which have thus far appeared in English translations should have been so completely outmoded by his philosophical writings.

The second and particular specification of my remonstrance is the undisturbed obscurity in which Croce's master, and a much more interesting critic than he, Francesco de Sanctis, has been permitted to remain through this recent enthusiasm for Italian criticism. Despite Croce's enormous vogue and his very substantial achievement, the future will probably justify the opinion that De Sanctis remains the greatest literary critic that Italy has thus far produced. Already we are beginning to perceive the discreet radiance of Carducci's poetry through the diminishing battle-dust of D'Annunzio's lush splendors, and the perfect sublimity of the meagre handful of lyrics which Leopardi bequeathed to us as compared with the sedate and voluminous deftness of Carducci's poetical works. So, presently, we shall return to the essays of De Sanctis.

Italian literature is unique in that it has produced so few considerable critics, yet has thrived so admirably without them. There were written in Italy before the time of De Sanctis, of course, a great many isolated critical monographs and essays of excellent merit; but there was no writer among those who made literary criticism their especial purpose, who succeeded so admirably as he and upon so substantial a scale. Great critics are as few in Italian literature as they are in American; great philosophers are fewer.

Admitting the obvious faults of De Sanctis's critical method and the errors into which his sympathies, his lack of diligent preparation, and his ignorance often betrayed him, Italy has still to produce a more intimately suggestive critic than this simple Neapolitan schoolmaster. Carducci, and more presently Croce, have extended the glory of Italian letters by some of the most exemplary essays in literary criticism written in modern Europe, —essays, any one of which puts the totality of De Sanctis's work to shame, when judged by modern standards,—but these more recent critics must be observed from different perspectives; and when this historical difference is allowed, the pioneer achievement

of De Sanctis in its entirety and its original spirit remains undiminished by the most fastidious comparisons.

The genius of De Sanctis resides in the spirit of quick humanity with which he approached literature as a living thing; in the hospitality and sincerity of his enthusiasms, and in the ingenuous and uncontaminated quality of his sympathies. His literary studies are more than books; they are a man. De Sanctis wrote before strait historical accuracy had come to be regarded an indispensable adjunct to criticism; and if he errs sometimes absurdly in matters of dates and places, it is not important: one can always consult the literary encyclopædias compiled by more reliable historians, whose aptitude is for dates and places. De Sanctis knew little of these particular details of literature, and it is certainly not for these that we go to him. All he was interested in was the man, and the works of the man as an interpretation of his life and heart, and as a reflection of his epoch. His alertness of sympathy and the profundity of his spiritual insight rendered him eloquent within these limitations, and I take it that this is enough.

Francesco de Sanctis was a Neapolitan. He was born at Morra Ispina in 1818, and died in 1883, full of honors and remembered in his native city as the veritable genius of patriotism and erudition. The facts of his life, recorded by his pupils in a score of volumes, are not important here; they are, in truth, simple and unpretentious. Determined from his earliest youth upon a literary career, he drifted by the merest chance into the school of the eccentric Marquis Basilio Puoti, whom he has celebrated in his *Saggi critici* and *Nuovi saggi critici*. There were at that time almost no reputable schools in Southern Italy. The Universities, maintained by the State, were quite inconsiderable and their methods of teaching hopelessly obsolete. To rectify this deficiency, a large number of private academies of every description had been established, among them the famous school of the Marquis Puoti; but these, on the whole, shared the defects of the State institutions. The situation was painful for an Italian scholar of moderate means and earnest purposes. Italy, subjected to a foreign despot, had abased her national pride and ceased to cherish her ancient glories. Her scholars, absorbed in the study of French, German, and English literature, no longer

considered the Italian language and its literature as subjects worthy of their contemplations. There was current a ruinous prejudice for all things foreign; an absurd condition, which finally resulted in the popularization of a degenerated dialect largely mixed with French words, and the decline in use of the pure, hardy Tuscan of the Trecento.

The school of the Marquis Puoti was certainly not an exception to the prevailing inadequacy; but it was better than most and produced, among other eminent scholars, the critic and patriot, Luigi Settembrini. The Marquis was an eccentric nobleman who established his school to serve his hobby, and governed it like a petty martinet. He, however, reversed with a vengeance the common prejudice for foreign works, leaving them almost entirely out of account in his instructions. His decisions were not less arbitrary in Italian literature, from the body of which he chose for consideration, without regard for their intrinsic excellence, only such works as might serve his immediate purposes. He affected a florid, quasi-rhetorical style in writing, which he required his pupils to imitate without regard for the natural gesture of their expression. Pasquale Villari has left an interesting account of the Marquis's pedagogical method:

> The pupils began with the easiest of the Trecento writers, but had only to study their wording and phraseology; then they passed on to writers who were stylists, and first of all to books of a simple style, such as Villani's *Chronicles*, the *Fioretti* of Saint Francis, and the *Deeds of Æneas*. Afterwards they had to study subtler and more artificial authors, such as Dino Compagni, Passavanti, and last of all, Boccaccio. The same method was applied to the writers of the Cinquecento. The Marquis admired Machiavelli, but of all his works preferred the most artificial, and especially his account of the Plague after the manner of Boccaccio (a highly artificial production, erroneously attributed—at that time—to Machiavelli), and certain orations he had placed in the mouths of the historical persons he described. We pupils carefully filled our note books with fine tricks of speech, endeavored to round off our periods, and zealously studied our grammars and manuals of rhetoric. . . . To the Marquis, words seemed to have the glitter of gold. He was always talking of words of fine or of bad alloy, words of the best alloy, or words of pure gold. So every one became accustomed to writing with a dictionary in front of him and a notebook of phrases from which all the words of bad alloy had been weeded out.
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> The Marquis had far less difficulty in forgiving bad grammar and even bad spelling than defective phraseology. On this head he was inexorable, and he

had a special hatred of all Frenchified expressions. In his opinion, elegant writing consisted in avoiding every word and turn of phrase which was in common use, and substituting others unknown to everyday speech, such as *saper grado e grazia* for "to offer thanks"; *essere di credere* for "believe"; *tener per fermo* for "to be sure"; *essere tenero e sollecito per una cosa* for "to greatly desire a thing". The words "society" and "social" were forbidden, and the word *socio* was to be *sozio*, instead. Being ordered one day to compose an address to young men, I happened to write, "Some of you study theology, medicine, or jurisprudence". The Marquis immediately corrected the sentence thus: "There are some who study divinity, some who give their labor to medical science, many to civil and canonical law". Importance was given to the word itself and to the mechanical part of composition, and in the quest for purity of expression nothing was clearly expressed. Every one ended by writing in the same way, for even the slowest pupils attained to this superexcellent style, a fact in which the Marquis, who had no nose for real talent, took the greatest pride. Nevertheless, the foundation of this school seemed a grand event to us at that period. The desire to write good Italian and discard foreign modes of speech was a sign of the times, and almost a patriotic demonstration.

De Sanctis's career at the academy of the Marquis Puoti was brief; but it was sufficient to give him the best that the school had to offer, and to make him keenly aware of the errors of the systems of education then prevailing in Southern Italy. Soon thereafter, unostentatiously and all but unnoted, he opened his own school, in one of the dilapidated old palaces of which there are so many in Naples. It was here that his life work was really begun. His pupils adored him, and his lecture hall was always crowded to overflowing. A new and hitherto unknown spirit in the contemplation of literature had its birth in these lectures. Learning was no longer formal and fatigued; it was living and vital. The subjects discussed were no longer prescribed and hackneyed; they were fluid and volatile, spontaneous and universal, comprehending the whole range of the world's intellectual progress. The Professor no longer disputed phrases and admonished speculative excursions; he was himself the most flagrant offender. The eloquence of De Sanctis has been much remarked, and the immediate enthusiasm that his lectures on the *Divina Commedia* aroused, when he had fled to Turin after his exile, completely unknown and penniless (for he had at that time published nothing), to take an instance, is suggestive of this. It has been said of De Sanctis that he "had a mysterious gift of gleaning inspiration from the

sight of a work of art and of discerning, as if by instinct, its fundamental idea; and of tracing back this idea to its primary elements, of divining how these had germinated and developed in the mind of the poet whose secret he revealed, and then recomposing the whole and bringing it before us in a plainer and more intelligible fashion." His spirit of comradeship with his students, whom he invariably addressed as his "friends and fellow-workers", must have been charming.

It should, however, be pointed out that the most immediate impulse in the De Sanctis school was not literary, but patriotic. The whole function of the school was in the nature of a patriotic demonstration. The nationalistic spirit, which was elsewhere little more than a wistful and impotent aspiration, found a renewed vigor in the Master's lectures. The subject was seldom directly mentioned and never emphasized, but love of the Italian soil and appreciation of the neglected Italian culture formed the most profound and insistent undercurrent among the group. When the disastrous demonstrations which culminated in the outbreak of 1848 began, De Sanctis closed his lecture hall and thereafter addressed his students in the streets, where they might be closer to their countrymen and share their righteous anger. Reticence was forgotten. One of the students, Luigi La Vista, a youth of twenty-two, was shot by the Swiss Guard in the sanguinary riot of May 15; his death, as Ernesto Masi said, "the finest work of poetry produced by the school."

De Sanctis's school was broken up that day at the barricades, and the Master himself taken prisoner by the Swiss mercenaries. A few days later he was released, and sought a temporary refuge in the country; but soon afterward he was again taken into custody, tried in Naples for rioting, convicted, and for two years was confined in the dungeons beneath the Castel dell' Uovo, in a cell at sea level. This confinement he employed in learning the German language, in prodigious study, in writing poetry, and in composing his first dramas. Eventually, by the vicissitudes of political events, he was deposited, without means of support, in Malta, as a political exile. Two months later, in the most painful poverty, he reached Turin, where he delivered his famous lectures on Dante. De Sanctis was completely unknown in Turin at this

time, but his success there was immediate and prodigious; and he spent the interval between 1871 and 1877 lecturing and teaching in that city and in Zurich. Afterwards, he became Professor of Comparative Literature in the Military Academy in Naples, served for several terms as Minister of Education, was Governor of Avellino, and Vice President of the House of Deputies. Honors were multiplied upon him at the last of his life, and his death was the occasion of a great patriotic demonstration. Few literary men have been so universally loved by their contemporaries as he, and few statesmen have been so completely—and so deservedly—trusted by the people at large. Conte Cavour, his political patron, said that De Sanctis was "the only Neapolitan in whose praise the Deputies of the South were unanimous".

De Sanctis's contribution to Italian literature must be considered in connection with the system of criticism which was prevalent in his age. In no country is the national spirit so closely interfused with specific literary ideals as in Italy, in whose literature the sentiment of patriotism finds an expression more fertile, and probably more sincere, than in that of any other nation. It follows almost necessarily that the scale of literary evaluation in such a nation and at such a crisis—when the foreign yoke had become intolerably oppressive and the ferments of rebellion had been exacerbated by a growing consciousness of national greatness—should be submitted almost entirely to patriotic considerations. De Sanctis, who taught that the national literature was primarily the idealistic expression of the spirit and life of Italy, and that the greatness and progress of the nation was deeply concerned with the nobility and advancement of her literature, was an active participant in this theory. But other critics did not have De Sanctis's candid perceptions, his subtler insight, or his prophetic appreciations. They judged narrowly and shortsightedly, where he judged largely with a kindlier wisdom. Villari points out the oblivion which has fallen upon the once famous name of Vincenzo Gioberti, in whose stupendous work, *Il primato*, the author "with perfect good faith and great eloquence, demonstrated that in the past, present, and future, Italy had always been and should always remain the first nation in the world, with which no other could ever dare compete", and devoted "his whole

life to the construction of a politico-philosophical system which should interpret the universe and its history for the special use and benefit of Italy".

The method and sensibility of De Sanctis were too fine to betray him into so vainglorious an error. His system developed with logic and tact out of a protestant mind, an original curiosity, and an inherent disgust at meretricious pretences; which was perhaps first agitated by those artifices so esteemed in the Puoti academy, and which rendered the whole of contemporary literature lush and mawkish. His instinctive persuasions were given definite form and enlarged by the excellent influence of Hegel's *Æsthetics*, which he surreptitiously read in a French translation while still a student at the Puoti school. From Hegel—and afterwards from Schlegel's *History of Literature*—De Sanctis gained the fundamental principles of his method; but these slight stimuli carried him so far, and he added so much to what he had learned, that we cannot justly assert any definite indebtedness. The most important feature of the critical system developed by De Sanctis is that, unlike the criticism current at his time, it did not attempt to assert merit or deficiency by arbitrary considerations of style, morality, or politics; but, searching more profoundly, endeavored to discover in the work the man who had produced it and his opinions, and to interpret them sympathetically to his readers or auditors. I cannot define the method of De Sanctis more felicitously than Villari has done:

> The question he asked himself was, What should be the standard of an art critic? So far he had tried to explain works of art, point out their defects, and compare them with some pre-established type. But some works, though having few defects, may be of very trifling value; while others, in spite of numerous faults, may be distinctly valuable. Other critics gave their attention to the phraseology, the symbolism, the moral and political ideas, or the historic truth to be found in literary works of art. But this sort of criticism merely attempts to force works of art to conform to their own ideas and laws, instead of trying to discover the author's own ideas and the laws he obeys. A poet, being dominated by the visions of his own brain, does not write down all he has seen, felt, or thought, but merely gives the particulars required to make his conceptions visible and tangible to his readers. The critic, if endowed with a sense of art, is stirred by what he reads or has before his eyes; he enters into the artist's frame of mind, sees all that the latter saw, reconstructs the poem in his own

imagination, traces it back to its original source—that is, to the poet's inner-consciousness, of which he divines the leading idea. Accordingly, the true critic goes step by step with the author through the patient labor of preparation, watches him in the throes of artistic creation, and in following him, consciously reconstructs all that the author had unconsciously built up by divine inspiration, and, possibly, brings him to a clearer knowledge of his own powers by helping the reader to a full understanding of his work. Also, if the critic have any originality of mind, he can determine the value of the artist and of his work by not only studying them apart, but likewise by investigating their relation to their special period and to history in general. (*Vide Saggi critici*, pp. 358–59, 362; *Storia della letteratura italiana*, I, p. 179.)

But the true merit of De Sanctis depends less on the precepts he enounced than on his power of putting them into practice. He had an unrivalled gift of discovering at first sight the animating principle and absolute value of any work of art; the faculty of reducing it to its primary elements and then reconstructing it in eloquent words and with much force of imagination. He would do this, not only when examining some great masterpiece as an organic whole, but also in discussing some episode, sonnet, or personage. Even in discussing some work of slighter value, the comparisons he drew and his original remarks as to why it missed being a masterpiece gave special distinction to all that he said. And, thanks to his true feeling for art, his words generally hit the mark. He was the first to teach the youth of Naples to appreciate Leopardi's poetry at its true worth, so that it was enormously popular at Naples while as yet hardly known to the rest of Italy. Under De Sanctis, therefore, the study of literature became a study of mankind and human thought, that taught us to understand ourselves and helped to emancipate our minds. Is it surprising that we should have so dearly loved and worshipped the man to whom we owed these blessings? He had freed us from bondage, as it were; he had struck off our fetters; he had made us yearn for future days of virtue and freedom!

De Sanctis has left us few considerable works to argue his just place in Italian literary criticism, but these few are in the best sense exemplary. His collected lectures on the *Divina Commedia* bring to us something of the spirit that must have breathed fire into his lectures; and his monograph on Leopardi (1885) is as sympathetic a consideration as any poet might hope to receive at the hand of a critic of the succeeding generation. Few monographs on Petrarch which have inquired with diligent vigor into the influence of the great humanist upon the learning of the Fifteenth Century have so clearly and intimately revealed the poet himself as does De Sanctis in his book (1869), which disregards all his antecedents and all his works save only the *Can-*

zoniere. His *Nuovi saggi critici* (1873), *Saggi critici* (1889), and *Storia della letteratura italiana nel secolo XIX* (1898) are hardly to be considered works of erudition, and sometimes disclose almost painfully the limits of the Master's knowledge; but they are great books nevertheless, if for no better reason than because they are the expression of a vast and fertile human spirit.

"As the artist reproduces nature, but with other means and for another end, so the critic reproduces art with its processes and for its own ends; and, which is more important, with that full consciousness of art which the artist lacks." Thus De Sanctis (*Saggi critici*, p. 310) once summarized his method of æsthetic criticism. It is unfortunate for De Sanctis's fame that he did not know enough to be enabled to carry this ideal of criticism to its perfect expression. The point is harsh, but it is explicit. By 1860 the scientific-historical school of criticism, headed by Carducci, Alessandro d'Ancona, and Adolfo Bartoli, had been firmly established in Italy; and already the works of the De Sanctis school were being discarded. The works of the Master were still, and will always be, read; but from the first rise of scientific criticism, the inadequacy of his method was immediately apparent. Perhaps the reason of this swift forgetfulness is, as has been elsewhere explained, that the æsthetic criticism of De Sanctis is possible only in the hands of one as sensitive and perceiving as he; and that it was the spiritual deficiencies of his immediate followers which brought the whole method into disrepute, even more than the demonstration of a better method. But it is not just to say that the ideals of De Sanctis have passed from us, and that his teachings have become only a chapter in Italian literary history. Without De Sanctis, there would have been no Carducci, no D'Ancona, no Bacci, no Croce, no noteworthy Italian literary criticism. In the *Saggi critici* are the beginnings of all Italian criticism; and those who have come after the Master have only applied to his processes of spiritual inquiry the knowledge and curiosity of the modern world.

William A. Drake.

SUNDAY RACES

BY STARK YOUNG

In the midst of the flowers and graces of Heaven Trees, my uncle's house, its scented garden walks and affable ways, there stood an element of character nevertheless, certain obligations, certain codes, certain points of conscience and honor. In the same way exactly among the figures of us stood Parson Bates, our county preacher and my Uncle George's friend. In the midst of the Sunday pleasures, the reunion of friends and families and the merriment of cousins and neighbors, with bright mornings and smiles and news of the week, in the midst of such a Sunday, he stood firm and hot. He had character, thunder, conscience, and every form of fiery strength.

Parson Bates was a sight you could look at a long time without guessing who he was or what he did. He had a red face, big red hands, tousled hair, and a more tousled stock about his neck. He dressed in black, with a greenish gloss about the knees and elbows. He looked violent, looked to be made up of very human flesh that had been battered into sanctity; the air of him was strong and aggressive, full of tamed lions and flapping wings. In sum, he might have been a sort of apostolic prizefighter or a champion wrestler of the church militant, boxing about like a divine Castor and Pollux in a new religion. On week days he preached in Senatobia or Longtown, on Saturdays nearly always in Sardis. At Cistern Hill, the church my uncle had built for the colored people three miles away, Parson Bates preached twice a year; at which times he gave them hell fire, heavenly harmony and brimstone enough to last them the rest of the season. They could rise to heaven and wash their feet in milk before the Saviour and eat honey, if they behaved themselves, or could roast in torment everlasting; they could take their choice.

On Sundays he preached at our own Fredonia Church. He had preached all over North Mississippi and was known in every

town, but of late years had settled more and more into Panola; and to Fredonia every Sunday we went, the ladies and little girls in their brightest gowns, the gentlemen at their best, the little boys very stiff and cautioned to be careful. And there we sat and heard him, like a flowering meadow at the foot of an oak.

Part of the time Parson Bates served as conductor. The first three days of the week, in fact, he was on the railroad from Memphis in Tennessee to Grenada in Mississippi, a railroad of which my grandfather was chief owner and his brother-in-law, Colonel White, of the South Carolina Whites, was President. All this was long ago, far back in the early 'fifties in Mississippi—1854, to be exact. There was only one engine on this line; it was called after my grandfather; on it was printed in great gilt letters the name *Hugh McGehee.*

I am afraid Parson Bates in this enterprise combined the railroad with the evangelists, drove Elijah's chariot with steam. I know that once or twice he ferreted out runaway couples among his passengers, reproved them and sent them back to their parents, and then talked and bullied their parents into consenting to a wedding. One of these couples once, as soon as they boarded the train, had given what seemed to be good reasons for running away, and for them Parson Bates stopped the train and bought a license, and married them on the spot; and when the President of the road, Colonel White, who happened to be aboard, inquired about the delay, Bates said nothing, but collected the fare and the preacher's wedding fee from the couple and turned to Colonel White: "Here's my money," he said, "and here's yours."

This same President he came near putting off the train once for refusing to throw away his cigar; smoking was prohibited on the Bates trains. I never heard what the other conductors did about it.

The real reason, I suppose, for Parson Bates's restriction of his labors to the region around Heaven Trees was his devotion to my Uncle George. It was an odd but strong friendship that held between these two and had begun with one of my uncle's practical jokes. On the lawns of Heaven Trees there was one of those

buildings that went with most Southern houses, known as the office. From it the business of the estate was supposed to be transacted; but since there was rarely any business beyond conversation of diverse kinds, the office became a guest room to be used for special visitors or in case of overcrowding. When Parson Bates came first to preach at Fredonia, he was Uncle George's guest and was established, as visiting preachers always were, in the office. On that first night my uncle, to try the man that had come to better us and to give himself a laugh as well, had a skeleton from his student days, a hideous contraption of bones and wires, so placed above the office door that when the knob was turned and the door opened, the thing fell forward upon the opener. The long, jointed arms were to fall in a close embrace about the preacher and we were to see what happened. What happened was a yell and some honest cries of fright and strong Biblical oaths, and afterward some laughter and fellowship; and thus began the friendship of these two.

My Uncle George delighted in Parson Bates. He liked his strong mind and his strong outlines of character. He liked the way Parson Bates brought his wits and the deviltries of his fancy to the uses of his holy mission, brought to the service of religion actions, figures of speech, inventions and demonstrations, that made him a legend and a county myth long before his end. He enjoyed in Bates that quality, so dear to the provinces,—where it takes the place of art and great affairs,—of illustrating life, of serving as a walking personification of human ideas, presentments and instincts.

As for my Aunt Martha, my Uncle George's wife, she, perhaps, saw sometimes a little too much of Parson Bates. What she thought of him precisely I never knew. Sometimes, I fancy, she could have gone without the extra roaring in the house, for she already had Miss Mary Cherry, spinster and friend of the family, as another visitor, not only arguing with Bates and Uncle George but sitting up in her room and roaring out hymns by the hour. But my aunt knew that Parson Bates was not only a friend to my Uncle George but good for him as well. He could keep my uncle from drinking as much as he might have drunk otherwise, and this my aunt knew to be a wise thing. She had certainly known

Parson Bates as long, except for a few months, as she had known her husband himself, as we shall see.

"If Georgia ever marries," my Uncle George said, talking of his daughter and young Charles Boardman, who were as sure to marry as dawn is to follow night, "if she should marry Charles,—and everything is possible," he added slyly,—"if Georgia marries, Bates shall marry them." And when Georgia asked why that was, my aunt explained:

"As soon as I consented to have your father, he began to talk about Bates. It was Bates this and Bates that. Bates must marry us. There was nobody like Bates. Bates had promised him long ago if he ever got married, Bates would perform the ceremony. Well, I thought, since Doctor Clay had set his heart on it so—"

"You'd let Bates do it."

"Exactly, my dear. So I agreed and explained to the Bishop how it was. But the day before the wedding, Bates sent word that he was detained on railroad service and couldn't come. So we had the Bishop after all. But the next day we started on our wedding journey, and almost as soon as the train started I saw going down the aisle a lean man with red hair and a long black coat faded almost green. He was taking up the tickets and calling people by their names, Sam, Tom, Abner, Hugh, everything. Everyone seemed to know him. Then he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose like a trombone—you know how—"

"Still does," my uncle chuckled.

"Some one had stuck a whiskey flask in his hip pocket. 'Who on earth's that?' I asked Dr. Clay. 'Bates, that's Bates,' he said. 'Well,' I said, 'is it? It's a good thing he couldn't come last night, Dr. Clay!' I said, 'or you'd never've married me.'"

"Which is all moonshine," said my Uncle George.

The church at Fredonia, where Parson Bates preached on Sundays, was of brick with plaster columns across the porch and two huge doors leading inside. Here the light fell through high leaded windows over the plaster of the walls, the black beams and wainscoting, and the black pews, so high that you could see only the heads and bonnets of the congregation. In the gallery at the back a number of darkies sat, and from that place joined sometimes in

the singing, not too loud, and moaned a little in the prayers, the older ones among them saying "Amen!" now and then and "Praise be the Lord!" There was a cool quietness and pride dwelling everywhere; it did not seem the house of a very jealous God.

A wide gate led into the grounds of the church, set between heavy arbor vitæ trees, dark and pointed. The walk ran between box hedges which left a lane of sunshine down the midst of it. The pleasant vagueness of the scent from the box was in the air and mingled indistinguishably with the fragrance of the crêpe myrtles and syringas that were planted here and there.

How different it must have seemed to my Cousin Ellen, our little governess who had just come to Heaven Trees, how different it must have seemed to her that first Sunday she went, how different from the church at home in Pittsford, Vermont! She told me afterward of her Vermont Sunday and how she sat there in the Fredonia church, her ears far away from her heart,—though that was not her way of saying it,—thinking of Sunday at home, until Parson Bates startled her out of it. In Pittsford there had been no change going from outside the church to the inside. The soft light, the lifeless shadows, the hushed tone of things, of people and traffic, had made the whole world seem to be going or coming from church. In Pittsford, even the little Sunday dogs seem to go by with steady earnestness of purpose. This place where she had come now from Heaven Trees to worship in was different. Fredonia was more apart to itself in a bright world, and what went on outside seemed to matter less.

My Cousin Ellen kept seeing the little town of Pittsford, the rows of elm trees with their grey, quiet shade, the gentle mountain, the slender voices of the birds, the noiseless houses, not a piano going, nor a man, woman or child singing out a song. She thought of her uncle and aunt on their way to church, her uncle a little in advance, not very gallantly perhaps, and not giving her aunt his arm as Dr. Clay would have done to her Aunt Martha. Her uncle in his long black coat and polished gaiters; the family walking along with nothing to say to each other but now and then stopping to speak to one of the neighbors. Past the trout stream they had gone, on Sunday to be regarded as troutless, past the post office, now postless, to the white church beyond. Afterward

home again quietly, a little walk in the afternoon, a short service at night with more hymns. In Pittsford there had been no Sunday display of fineries. And she sat here now in her dress of purple silk with its slight, ungodly tightness in the waist. She thought of Henry.

Into this warm light my Cousin Ellen came again when the service was over. And I smile now to think of how that little face must have looked and what trouble or dismay or vague remoteness must have been in those gentle eyes, for she could not have been used to such power and volume in religion. If she had feared lest she fall into the sin of strayed thoughts, thinking of Pittsford and home when she should have heard the sermon at hand, she was mistaken; she had reckoned without her host if she had counted on any absent wandering among these reveries. Little she knew Parson Bates. She did not know that though he always smiled when he approached the dinner-table, where she had already seen him, he always frowned when he went into the pulpit, where now he was to confront her among the other sinners. He gave out the hymn in a voice like thunder, so that the congregation when they began to sing, however loud they hit it off, always sounded like mere cowed mortals lifting up their wail to an angry God. Then Parson Bates took his text and preached. He was one of those old-timers who lived a heavenly example and threatened hell.

Parson Bates had his moments of poetry, too, and what, I suppose, for his spirit, was a very serene and tranquil loveliness. He spoke of the golden censer in Heaven and the golden altar before the throne with golden horns upon it. And once, he said, when the Seventh Seal was opened, "There was silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour"; which seemed to us quite a time in the midst of such violent offices as Parson Bates's.

He had some locusts, too, that he got from the Book of Revelations somewhere, which came out in smoke from the bottomless pit and were commanded not to hurt the grasses of the earth nor any green thing, nor any tree; but only those men who have not the Seal of God in their foreheads. The shape of these locusts was like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were, as it were, crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men.

And they had hair as the hair of women, and teeth as the teeth of lions, and they had breastplates as it were, breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of the chariots of many horses running to battle. And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails, and their power was to hurt men five months.

These locusts with the men's faces, and women's hair, and lions' teeth, and stings that hurt you for five months, had a king over them with a pretty Greek name, I used to think, of Apollyon; meaning, Parson Bates said, Destroyer; the Hebrew of it was Abaddon, he said.

There were also four angels loosed out of the River Euphrates and prepared for an hour and a day and a month and a year, to assail the third part of man, and horses in a vision with breastplates of fire, jacinth and brimstone, with lion heads and fire and smoke and brimstone coming out of their mouths, and power in their mouths and in their tails. They should make our bellies bitter, Parson Bates said.

My Cousin Ellen had heard him that first day pound and roar and exalt. "What is Behemoth!" she thought. "What is Leviathan to this man?" She felt thumped and thwacked all over. What vitality! What a voice among the beams and rafters! One almost expected heaven to open.

The children's eyes used to be as big as saucers during these tremendous accounts of Parson Bates's. I am excited when I think of these monstrous marvels, even now. But I never was quite overcome, because I kept my eye on Uncle George and how he was taking it. When I was very small I used to slip my hand in his at the most terrifying climaxes, but later on I merely glanced at Uncle George to see how matters stood. He sat back in his pew with a pleased and hearty look on his face, with his gaze on Bates, as if he were peering down into a divine arena where a plucky little boy was raising the dust. He was not afraid of either Bates or God, but I thought he liked both of them better than any of us did.

When church had ended, everyone had risen and begun pouring into the aisles, carrying my Cousin Ellen with them. What had been heads over the tops of the pews were now bodies. Ranks of

hoopskirts bubbled out over the carpets, and little boys who had been hidden away up to now came along with their elders or went wriggling through the worshippers' legs.

The congregation did not seem to Cousin Ellen so very much damped by the threats of hell and prophecies of fire, though some of the ladies had tears in their eyes as they greeted each other and withdrew into various groups for refreshments. My Aunt Martha was opening a hamper basket out of which she took cakes and bottles of wine. And now that church was over and there was still a ride home, everyone was taking some of the refreshments and talking at the same time. There were compliments to the sermon, and in the midst of the banter the old regular joke had come, someone passing the cherry bounce to Miss Mary Cherry and saying that it belonged to her family; and the regular burst of laughter.

They asked my Cousin Ellen what she thought of the sermon, and when she expressed, very gently, the astonishment that the service had given her, though she took pains not to say that she had never till then heard so much noise before God, they told her of another minister before whom Parson Bates dwindled into a shadow. This was Brother Mun, who used to preach in these parts, one of the first evangelists to come through North Mississippi. Cousin Ellen heard how Brother Mun, when his preaching got under way, used to rouse himself to such a pitch that he began to pull his hair out. Any of the older people there had seen him do it. Hadn't Colonel Wallace or Miss Jennie or Cousin Hester seen Parson Mun snatch his hair out? They had, many a day. He began on his head, they said, from which he jerked out handfuls. After he got through preaching they would have to roll him up in a blanket, he was so exhausted. Finally, when he had torn all his hair out during these sermons he began to snatch out his eyebrows, and after he had pulled out his eyebrows, he snatched out his eyelashes. And died at last from nervous fits.

Everyone was there at Fredonia that day, so sweet was the season and clear the air. And all of them were moving about refreshing themselves with the cake and wine and cherry bounce among the hedges and by the gravestones. The place was full of cousins, living or dead, no one very far away it seemed.

They told Cousin Ellen of Ellington Pegues, when she observed a tall shaft with palm branches wreathed upon it and asked whose monument that was. Ellington Pegues, of the Carolina Pegues, had been a young preacher in Sardis, a very handsome and romantic young man, killed in a duel for some rivalry over a lady's hand; Rosa Hunt was her name. But the duel, of course, had been fought on some other pretext to spare a lady's honor. Duels of pastors, cake and wine, so much pleasantry and conversation, angels and ministers of grace!—how far the devout of Heaven Trees and Panola County must have seemed to my Cousin Ellen from her own people in Vermont; how far indeed! Like different kinds of human beings almost, they were; two races.

What must she have thought of that other sort of race not long afterward? For every Sunday, when roads were good and the weather permitted, it was the custom of my cousins, any of them who lived in the same neighborhood, to race one another home when the time came for them to go. And on this Sunday, as she sat in my Uncle George's rockaway and everyone got settled into his place, my Cousin Ellen had suddenly seen Oscar the coachman, with Solomon grinning beside him, give the horses a sharp flip with his whip and had felt the carriage leap forward. Uncle George called out, "The wing'd steeds are pawing the courts. Eros and Mars, let us go." She felt Miss Mary Cherry, who sat beside her fanning herself, suddenly sit bolt upright, snapping her fan to with disapproval. Behind them came Mr. Bobo, his face beaming, in a kind of trap or yellow chaise, as some called it, driving his sorrels and pressing close, in the hope of passing the rockaway and so to win the race.

But what is this? Cousin Ellen had asked, and they explained that they were racing to see who could draw up first at the gate; and she had settled herself back with what thoughts may have been her own to await the end of the contest; her eyes were shining.

Horse racing on the Sabbath!

Miss Mary Cherry looked down at her, "I don't wonder you inquire! It's sinful, I regard it."

Solomon had given the horses another crack and they went faster yet. The wine bottles in the hamper rattled together. Behind them in a cloud of yellow dust the smooth rhythm of Mr.

Bobo's perfect trotters came louder and louder. He was driving himself. It was not for nothing that his heart dwelt with his horses. Cousin Ellen could hear him talking to them, "Come on, boys! Steady, steady! What'll you bet," he called, "what'll you bet, ladies, that we win?"

Miss Mary Cherry, sitting back with her dignified contemplation and godly remoteness, suddenly leaned forward and boxed our driver over the ear with her fan.

"Get up, you fool!" she cried; "don't you see he's going to pass us?"

But all that was half an hour later. The race had come when the gathering and refreshment had ended. For some time yet the sociabilities in the churchyard went on, and more and more cake was cut, more glasses filled. Plans were being made for parties during the week, and friends were promising each other visits.

My Cousin Ellen presently slipped away and was walking a little apart from the others, looking at the gravestones and reading the lines on them. On one stone she saw her own name, Ellen, and it read:

Ellen Wallace
Implora Pace

She guessed the meaning of the Italian without difficulty. "*Implora pace:* She asks for peace," my Cousin Ellen translated slowly, saying the words over slowly to herself. The name and the phrase struck her imagination.

Around her on many of the graves flowers were blooming. The cream white blossoms flecked with purple and yellow dropped now and then from the catalpa trees down on the noiseless carpet of young grass. Birds were chirping and singing and darting here and there against the blue sky, and little yellow butterflies flitted in and out of the sunlight and shade. And seeming to be always in distant fields somewhere and to go so well with the marbles of the dead and with the dark, pointed trees, the doves were calling at intervals with their long, mournful, plaintive, cooing note. Out beyond the brick wall where the horses were waiting, the drivers began to sing, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot!"

STARK YOUNG.

WORDS

BY MARY SARGENT POTTER

SILENCE in some parts of the world, and among certain peoples, is the natural expression of vocation and temperament. Where this silence has become a habit of life, it has developed through concentration on wide horizons, both material and spiritual. Thus silence itself has come to be regarded as desirable, and cause and effect are often confused. We emulate a result, thinking to acquire a quality.

The Arab gazes out across the desert, his thought focussed on the vast spaces of nature. The immediate and correct interpretation of the signs and sounds of the wilderness is so vital to the preservation of life itself that silence impregnates his entire being. His very eyes remain mute as they look, tragic and remote, into the animated eyes of his western brother come to greet him from other civilizations. He is dumb in the ordinary intercourse between human beings, his senses attuned to other expressions. The men who live their lives amid Nature's august spaces—from glacial North to desert South—are silent men. Vastness imposes silence.

The Mystic of India develops his existence in wordless contemplation of unseen Perfection. The exquisite beauty of his thought, his faith and patience, frequently through lifelong misery, bear witness to the development of spiritual power through meditation. Listening is vastly more important than talking, when men commune with God. Men of the East have learned that the depths of the human soul are silent depths.

In the Western World the New England character is a less poetic expression of this habit of silence. Yet its course is no less deeply rooted, nor is it less instinctive. The desire for an uncompromising sincerity emphasizes action while it undervalues the loveliness of friendly human intercourse. Courage means endurance under the least comfortable conditions, for others as well as

for self, while self-control, that highest attainable New England virtue, consists in controlling beautiful as well as vicious impulses. Above all it excludes any appearance of love, or any expression of the joy of loving.

In New England men do their duty silently.

These two forms of silence—the silence of communion and the silence of repression—spring from beautiful and sterling foundations. But in themselves they are incomplete, and individual lives, though enriched, are never fulfilled through them, Mysticism and martyrdom must be related to living issues through expression, or they degenerate, the one into introspective solitude, the other into narrowness of judgment. Lives become sterile which might have been rich, had experience been translated into utterance.

The ministration of words is indeed a blessed ministry. Because there are so many idle words, so many harmful words, so many insincere and bitter and malicious ones, we must not stumble into the mistake of believing that silence of itself has golden merit. There is the silence of indifference or self consciousness, of carelessness or weariness; there is the lazy silence, the silence which grows from a sense of futility, or from contempt and pride. Silence, no less than inaction, may be a form of selfishness. As the laws of harmony exist without music, so may all that is fundamentally beautiful in human life exist without words.

Carlyle in his wisdom says, "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge full formed and majestic into the daylight of life." Expression to be of value must necessarily be preceded by silence, by thought, by vision and by dreams. The great things which are given to the world are neither carelessly nor thoughtlessly conceived. The inevitability of the babbling brook soon ceases to fix our attention, as the mere flow of words often wearies by the trivial mind which it betokens. The stillness which lies fallow in the very depths of human experience gathers to itself wisdom and tolerance and clearness of insight, daring and imagination. These qualities, rising to the surface of human expression, enable men to accomplish those material tasks which are the legitimate work of all. Let us make certain that we do

not confuse the lack of will and capacity for expression with the true value and beauty of silence. The silence which Carlyle extols "finally emerges into the great things of life."

We should be generous—I do not say wasteful—with the words which are born from the reality of sensibility and experience. Nothing in all the range of human capacity—save sacrifice—is more beautiful than the gift of fitting words. Sorrow can be lightened through the word of faith, sacrifice infinitely rewarded by an understanding word; hope can best be set aflame by words of hope. To the sick we instinctively speak the tender word of cheer. Can its value be measured by its brief content, or rather by the courage which radiantly responds from countless stricken lives? It is not possible to estimate the healing power which comes with the trust in a happier tomorrow. Youth, diffident and groping, longs unutterably for the comfort and the enlightenment of speech. Disturbed by the aspirations and mysteries of its nature, it cries out for the elucidations of maturity. Doubting the wisdom of the interpretation, it yet craves the relief of words.

Words are thus seen to be no mean gift, yet they are within the reach of the poorest and the humblest of mankind. What is required is the wisdom of an understanding heart. For words are of the very essence of love, and they are the offering we instinctively make one to the other in the supreme moments of experience.

It does not come of itself, this gift of fitting words. We must seek for it in humbleness of spirit, seeing before our own needs the need in other hearts. This insight will cause us to cast aside self consciousness, diffidence and pride, in a tumultuous eagerness to give a form to our desire.

And beyond man's pattern, haltingly traced from instinct and desire, God, who operates eternally and infallibly toward ultimate ends, understanding the need of human hearts, gave the spoken word as the final expression of His love.

To be beautiful we must at times be profligate. And the will to overcome those varying constraints which hold back our speech denotes that spirit of recklessness in love which once poured forth a precious offering from a broken alabaster jar.

MARY SARGENT POTTER.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

ABSTRACTIONS OF PHILOSOPHY

HUMAN EXPERIENCE. By Viscount Haldane. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

To us of the echoing pavement whose pretense to philosophy, did we attempt it, would be betrayed as a fraud by our every phrase, there is none the less a fascination in this small but subtle volume, because of the one clear circumstance that it was Lord Haldane who wrote it. Whether ontology is or is not to be included within the content of epistemology, is an issue which, be it ideal, actual, real or neoreal, absolute, pragmatic or behaviorist, we must leave to be determined by Lord Haldane himself and Professor Dewey, talking with Kant and Hegel on a mountain of speculation where the cloud of ultimate truth is at least as dense as any theology into which Moses and Elijah led Saints Peter and John. The point for us is that here is what the directory of public opinion calls a politician, one who has lived his life at Westminster, and a full life, who is yet able on his seventieth birthday to jot down in clear and terse language his conclusions on the fathomless mysteries of being and doing and knowing. Lord Haldane is philosophy, as itself, a phenomenon.

When Joseph Chamberlain suffered from indifferent health, the doctors were consulted and furnished advice. He was to take exercise. He was to adopt a diet. He was to give up smoking. The victim listened and did the opposite. Never was he seen on the streets except in cab or carriage. He ate precisely what and as much as he liked. And he indulged in the strongest of respectable cigars. His life was thus saved. And even when he was seventy, his health gave way only because of the enthusiasm with which his fellow citizens of Birmingham insisted that he celebrate his own birthday. It is a similar philosophy that has preserved Lord Haldane, though a Scot, from golf suicide. He reserves exercise for his intellect. And he

chops logic as skilfully as Gladstone used to chop trees. We do not suggest that Lord Haldane would ever have been a model for Rodin, but he is, none the less, the incarnate thinker.

The comparison with Gladstone is indeed unjust to Lord Haldane's achievements. When Gladstone annotated Homer, the pundits politely praised an erudition which did credit to the amateur. But Lord Haldane, as a philosopher, has been for many years moving among other philosophers as a peer of their realm. He has brought to bear on those ultimate problems which baffle the acutest dialectic, a massive brain that, with broad gesture, modernized the British Army, and since then has twice depressed the Woolsack. Though he is not in office, this statesman, being a law lord, occupies a position as authoritative and as arduous as a justiceship of the Supreme Court. He is also the most venerable and eminent ex-Minister in what Lord Oxford would call the shadow cabinet of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. And it is thus, in very truth, a "human experience" that he focusses on the abstractions of philosophy.

For a worker so eager as Lord Haldane, it is a victory over environment thus to be master of his spare time. Whatever problems of the absolute he may have failed to solve, at least he has solved the problem of leisure. As a hobby, philosophy, for those who select it, has much to recommend it. Philosophy is inexpensive. Philosophy is unostentatious. Give the philosopher an easy chair, a light at his shoulder and, if it be four o'clock of the afternoon, a cup of tea; and a book is all he needs for happiness. If it be a delight to breed horses and dogs to perfection, why may not man also evolve ideas? As Luther Burbank handled fruits and flowers, modifying their color and contour, so do philosophers engraft theories, producing other theories, infinitely delighted with differences and distinctions, the very terminology of which is in itself a language that has to be learned. It is the botany that, instead of defining species merely, evolves them. It is the horticulture of theory. And as the enthusiast can differentiate thousands of roses, so does Lord Haldane, in his garden of the abstract, point out hypotheses.

To communicate their own pleasure to others has usually been an instinct among devotees of a hobby. And Lord Haldane,

prodigal of his gifts, has ever sought to share them with mankind. He issues his book, therefore, as "an introduction to the study of philosophy for those interested but not trained in philosophical enquiry." And it is claimed that these pages are "written in clear and simple language." We do not doubt for a moment that Lord Haldane himself holds this view of his work in entire sincerity. He understands precisely what he means and he says it. In that sense, his exposition is as clear as Euclid. But a message, in itself lucid enough, may yet be expressed in code. A door is undoubtedly "an introduction" to a house. But if the door be locked, you can only enter the house if you have the key. So with this book. If you know what is meant by Pragmatism—and not every philosopher can define the word in terms with which other philosophers would agree—you are among the initiated. Otherwise, you are listening to a discourse, delightful in manner yet in an unknown tongue.

It was Job who put the question, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" And in this volume, we have an illustration of the zeal with which philosophy, seeking the ultimate significance, turns words themselves inside out. In his summary of Professor Dewey's latest contributions to this thought, Lord Haldane tells us that "meaning is a mode of social action with which we realize the ends of association." In grammar, no sentence could be simpler. Every word is familiar. Yet what is the meaning of this definition of meaning? Why should we not write with equal clarity and sense that meaning is a mode of individual action with which we realize the ends of individuality? To such speculations, there is obviously no finality. Words are after all no more than a vehicle. And to refer to meaning as a kind of action or to action as a kind of meaning is merely to get out of the omnibus and into the motor car. The passenger, whatever he be, remains the same, travelling *incognito*.

It is now two hundred years since the birth of Kant. And there has grown up a tradition that religion alone of man's higher activities must be, as it were, on trial. But Philosophy, also, as a solvent of religion, must now expect to face the music of results. How has Philosophy stood the test of time? Beyond all controversy, the philosopher has forced faith itself to examine

realities. We see the mind of man as a part of what it observes. The idea that perception resembles the impact of a picture on a photographic plate, is found to be incomplete. The photographic plate is in the picture and cannot be itself affected without affecting the picture. Distinctions do not divide. For instance, as Lord Haldane suggests, the means and the end are one and the same. That is, the means continuously merge, moment by moment, into the end; the cause changes, moment by moment, into the effect. You cannot say that mind and matter are separably two. Between them, whatever they be, there are associations and it may be a measure of identity. The bread and the body, the wine and the blood, the soul and the flesh, are closer than we had thought. Things which had seemed certain are again open questions. And negatives, once so obvious to Bradlaughs and Besants, are now unconvincing.

Such discussion has been, therefore, all to the good. The two infallibilities of 1870, namely, Pope Pius IX and Charles Darwin, are both subjected to a respectful but a searching scrutiny. And certainly the last people to complain should be those who profess the truths embodied conveniently in creeds. So far from philosophy dispossessing the creeds, it increases by its very uncertainties our wonder at the masterly courage which dared by these brief formulas to guess and guess so forcefully at truth. So far from creeds arising out of ignorance and depending on ignorance for their continued influence, it appears today that the full content of the creeds can only be measured by the mind of man in its utmost development; that it is imperfect, not perfect, thinking which complains of what is called dogma or the utterance of the divine. To put the case in crudest terms, Lord Haldane, while attempting no apology for Christianity as a system of thought (if it be that), has so treated "experience" as to prevent the dismissal of Christianity and, indeed, of any faith as a thing exploded or out of date. He recognizes the universal, yesterday, today and forever, the intelligence that pervades all intellects, a sovereign independence of time and space, an all pervading relativity of mind and soul, "according well," and therefore, we suggest, "making one music as before." Philosophy has thus assuredly plunged faith into the acid test, but not faith alone.

Reason also is thus tested. Nor can the acid be withheld from science itself. Indeed, the astonishing phenomenon today is the manner in which scepticism or criticism, or whatever it be called, has reversed its attack. What worried Huxley was the miracle of the Gadarene swine. And to be frank, he considered that he had disposed of the incident. Today, psychology is profoundly interested in the miracle of the Gadarene swine. And Lord Haldane discusses Lourdes as a substantial phenomenon. The dogma that is now challenged is not miracle but the definition of Euclid, which Huxley accepted, that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. It is mathematics that has to be modernized and its symbols elaborated into a relativity. Einstein treats Euclid precisely as Mr. Scopes of Tennessee treats the Book of Genesis. The processes of research, if it be research, which disposed of the exactitudes of dogma, have, for the moment, at any rate obscured the exactitudes of geometry. And the orthodoxies of the multiplication table itself are once more in the melting pot. No serious thinker today assumes that twice two are four—still less that black is different from white!

The argument which convinces Euclid of error is, if we may so put it, in a sense unanswerable. With this planet (if there be a planet) moving about its axis (if there be an axis) while it also revolves around the sun (if there be a sun) which moves through space (if there be space) in terms of time (if there be time), it is obvious that objects discerned by light (if there be light) move in respect to one another in all manner of curves, compared with which a corkscrew is elementary. But that obvious truth (if there be obvious truth) was not discovered by Einstein. In essence, it was as much known to Newton as to him. But Newton was able to eliminate from the complicated and, even today, the scarcely comprehensible relative motions of bodies in the universe, certain rules which guide us through the maze to the objective called life. His *Principia* were an alphabet of geometrical sanity. And so with Euclid. His defense is that he never said that all lines were straight. He never said that any line was straight. He only said that if a line be straight, it is the shortest distance between two points, fixed in space. And in saying that, he was, despite Einstein, dead right.

In speculating on the ultimate, man is, after all, turning himself into an optical instrument. And however diverse may be a telescope and a microscope, one thing they have in common, namely this, that if they are to be used at all, they must stand on a steady table. Lord Haldane was a Presbyterian before he became a philosopher, and Euclid was Einstein's grandmother. She brought the boy up. Whatever relativity of motion there be in the Pleiades, this at least is certain: It must be carefully excluded from the masonry of the Wilson Observatory.

Philosophy, then, while it has cleared away the undergrowths of religion, has not, despite its search, discovered either God or Man or anything that is ultimate. We talk of time. But we still set our watches and catch or miss our trains. We talk of space. But a foot of timber is still a foot and the sawmill is set accordingly. Man has not only to think but to live. And if Babe Ruth took Einstein's view of a trajectory, he would never hit the ball at all. Lord Haldane appreciates this point of view. He admits that "two courses are open to the man who would live the fullest and highest life", of which one only is "the way of philosophy." He does not disguise from himself or us that "philosophy is a difficult study which requires a lifetime." That verdict, if it be accepted, ends the claim of philosophy to be a substitute for faith. It means that philosophy is today as much of an ultimate failure as it was when the Preacher declared that "of making many books there is no end and much study is a weariness to the flesh." Lord Haldane has traversed the field and, like others, has yet to find the treasure.

He thus commends "a simpler course" than philosophy—"the acceptance of the inherent reality of what is higher, as much as of that which is lower." He proceeds to "an act of belief in the reality of faith akin to, if not much the same as, our faith in the external world." He writes:

> For the "beautiful soul" God is present and by that soul he is practised. There is no theory. There is rather an avoidance of theory. Neither a particular need nor abstract knowledge is required.

A book like this does not stand alone. It is a symptom of what must now be regarded as a renascence of faith. To allude to the brilliant banter of G. K. Chesterton, we see George

Bernard Shaw—also seventy—climbing surely if slowly back into the fifteenth century. H. G. Wells and Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, all dissatisfied with pure reason, are groping after God. Life may be a question, but the question is one to which an answer is imperative.

It is imperative for old men because they cannot escape death. And survival after death is, for them, no longer an academic proposition to be discussed on its abstract merits. They are themselves going over the top into No-Man's-Land and facing the unknown. And approaching this prospect, Lord Haldane may be said to offer a close paraphrase to Saint Paul's famous chapter addressed to the speculative Christians of Corinth. The continuance of identity in a form liberated from the restrictions of the here and now is asserted by him in terms which may be philosophy but are not for that reason other than truly pious in the best sense of that great though ill-used word. "It is not," says he, "by setting up a fresh picture of another bodily life at the end of this one, to be continued in time and space, that we reach or can maintain this level. It is rather by making ours the higher significance of such metaphors as that life eternal consists in doing the will of our Father that is in Heaven. His Heaven is no other world. It is just this world comprehended and accepted as what it finally and really means."

So might Socrates, hemlock in hand, have discoursed on his approaching fate. So did an aged man discourse when he saw the perfect life as a city descending out of heaven from God, still Jerusalem, but everlasting in her illumination. And there is, perhaps, a contrast between this philosopher, turned visionary, and other retired "war lords" whose apologies fill the second-hand book stores. His share of war guilt or war glory, whatever it be, Lord Haldane—as criticized as any man—leaves to a judgment which fails not even to do right. His answer to suspicion and even obloquy is a placid analysis of what is meant by consciousness and a serene meditation on "the hierarchy of categories." It is what he himself would call *sittlichkeit*—a German word for "the good form" which is an ideal virtue wherever the English language is spoken.

PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON.

FACTS AND PROGRESS

RELIGION AND THE RISE OF CAPITALISM. By R. H. Tawney. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THE ROMANCE OF WORLD TRADE. By Alfred Pearce Dennis. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS, 1924. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press, American Branch. Published under the auspices of the British Institute of International Affairs.

Truth, in the sense of reliable ideas that one can use in his own thinking and for the guidance of his own conduct, is and always has been an excessively rare commodity. Purely factual knowledge, unmixed with opinion, is not so hard to come by, though it has, of course, many imitations and substitutes. Although most books continue to be mainly talk—and not all of them "good talk"—there is a steady accumulation of reliable information. Nor is this growing store confined to the physical sciences. History, social study, in common with economics, have acquired, or are in process of acquiring, the precision, the comprehensiveness and the impartiality of science.

So extensive is the mass of detailed information available to earnest seekers after knowledge that its very bulk has tended perhaps to discourage the old-fashioned idea that to be "cultured" or "well-informed" is a grace if not a duty. Who reads this literature of fact? The number of "general readers" of such books, one may hazard the conjecture, is not extremely large. "Some books," said Bacon, "are to be chewed." Yes, indeed! Moreover, some books presuppose a power of assimilation far beyond what was formerly thought requisite even for a high degree of general culture.

The underlying psychological fact is, perhaps, that knowledge is nothing apart from use. The notion that one can accumulate a large body of knowledge to be drawn upon at will, as the needs of thinking arise, appears to belong to a moribund cultural ideal. As Professor Dewey has pointed out, knowledge that is not thought about in the process of its acquisition will never be of much use in thinking. We cannot make ourselves "learned" by the acquisition of facts (even though we truly understand them *as facts*) any more than we can by exercise

increase our native intelligence. We cannot, in short, pull ourselves up by our bootstraps.

Such books as I am discussing no doubt have their principal value as "contributors to learning"—that is, as building material to be used in the erection of statelier edifices of truth. But have they a value for the general reader? Can one who is neither expert nor philosopher find mental sustenance in them?

The first point that strikes one, in an attempt to answer this question, is the fact that the books now under consideration are all exceedingly "well written". Mr. Dennis has written about world trade a book which is not merely interesting but exciting. Mr. Toynbee has composed a treatise on the international doings of 1924 which is far more than a dull compilation or survey; if after reading his book, one is unprepared to pass judgment on questions that have perplexed foreign statesmen, one may at least begin to understand the nature of their perplexities. Like a creditably large number of the historical and political fact-books of recent years, this volume has the literary qualities of clearness and insight. Mr. Tawney, in tracing the development of thought on social and economic questions through its transformation from mediæval to modern thought, makes us understand, as a consequence of his scholarly analysis, the kinship of minds in all ages and the limitations of intelligence in dealing with social problems. Tolerance—that most precious of the purely humanistic virtues—cannot be obtained in any other way so well as by acquaintance with actual facts as elaborated by trained minds; it is essentially the fruit of scholarship. So is a true appreciation of the nature of the difficulties which confront men in all ages. A due appreciation of limitations—not a mere blind choosing of the golden mean—is a humanistic value.

For these and similar reasons, these modern books of history, finance, and statecraft, should be ranked, I think, among the books that teach the new humanities. Despite their technicality, despite their chariness of conclusion, their refusal to prophesy or to tell fortunes, and despite the fact that few if any can interpret their whole content, I believe that they have a cultural value by no means small. I wish many readers for

the book of Mr. Tawney, that of Mr. Toynbee, and that of Mr. Dennis—quite on the old-fashioned ground that such books deserve to be read.

What is more, every well-concatenated body of facts inevitably suggests its own interpretation to every thoughtful reader in proportion to that reader's range of thought and degree of insight. The most obvious bearing that the three books I am discussing seem to have in common, is their bearing upon the idea of human progress. Modestly and without over-interpretation to discuss this idea in the light of some of the facts presented in the books themselves must be my objective for the remainder of this article.

Those are grave and wise words which Mr. Toynbee has written near the close of his work on *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism:*

> A reasonable estimate of economic organization must allow for the fact that, unless industry is to be paralyzed by recurrent revolts on the part of outraged human nature, it must satisfy criteria which are not purely economic. . . . Compromise between the Church of Christ and the idolatry of wealth, which is the practical religion of capitalist societies, as it was between the Church and the State idolatry of the Roman Empire.

This utterance derives its force not from its *a priori* plausibility but from the whole historical discussion which has preceded it—a discussion conducted with the skill of an historian trained to impartiality. Mediæval thought assumed as a matter of course that economic conduct, like every other sort of conduct, fell within the sphere of religion and ethics. This assumption was maintained with comparative ease so long as economic transactions remained simple. Usury, profiteering, monopoly, these were simply sins against one's neighbor. Long after economic conditions had so far changed as to make such ethical teaching seem inadequate or impossible of practical application, the same ideals continued to be preached, and as ideals were regarded with respect—a fact, as Mr. Tawney points out, that is not wholly deprived of significance by the sordidness of actual conduct as compared with the ideals.

Doubtless men's religious and ethical ideas are very largely determined by the economic conditions under which they live.

If the Middle Ages had not been a time of comparatively simple business relations, if life society had been organized on some other basis than that of feudalism and agriculture, ethical teaching might have shown more disposition to compromise with Mammon. Mr. Tawney does not suggest that our mediæval forebears possessed superior virtue or ethical insight. In a later age religion began to tolerate business transactions which before it had condemned. The logic of facts required some allowance to be made for new forms of business activity. The culmination of the change came with the rise of a school of economists who made a virtually complete, though artificial, division between ethics and economics. Mediæval thinkers said that to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market was not pleasing to God; the Manchester economists said that precisely this was pleasing to God.

Have we really made progress since mediæval times in this difficult matter of the application of ethics to economics? Not, perhaps, so much as we think! Historic study should warn us against the fallacy of taking our own standards as absolute and of judging the standards of other ages relatively to it.

The fact that ethical standards may vary with economic conditions finds a rather striking illustration in the fact pointed out by Mr. Dennis, in his book, *The Romance of World Trade*, that in Great Britain and in pre-war Germany combinations of capital which in this country were adjudged to be criminal were brought under no sort of legal or ethical condemnation. The difference is explained by the fact that neither Great Britain nor Germany is a self-supporting country; Great Britain in a very large degree and Germany in only a somewhat less degree depend upon importation and hence upon foreign trade for their sustenance. Consequently both the British and the German subject might reasonably be willing to get a little the worst of it in the home market provided he believed, as he had reason to believe, that the "trust" or cartel was really instrumental in building up foreign trade.

The main preoccupation of Mr. Dennis, however, is rather conspicuously *not* with the ethics of business, but, as his title implies, with the romance of world trade. Certainly his book

is one that opens our eyes and fulfills the requirement laid down by Mr. Henry Holt for a good book; it enables us to live in a larger world. No other volume published in recent years is perhaps quite so successful in making one realize the vast extent and complexity of trade relations.

So closely bound together is the whole world in a network of commercial ties that an apparently trifling change of fashion in one part of the globe may bring the most unexpected results in another. "The bobbed hair craze in America deprived of their jobs 16,000 women hair-net makers in Chefoo, China." Trade is paradoxical. Since the United States is the largest producer of cotton of all the countries in the world it would seem illogical to conceive of this country as an importer of cotton. Nevertheless, the United States imports large quantities of cotton from Egypt. And for what purpose? Why, to make imitation silk. Consequently the term "silk stocking" as a designation of fastidious luxury must soon disappear from the language; everyone wears silk stockings! One cannot help wondering what economic change will befall the expression "kid-glove".

Above all, trade is "metaphysical". By the use of this term Mr. Dennis expresses his conviction that economic causes are not, after all, exactly first causes. Set out to study supply and demand and you find yourself studying human nature. Back of the demand lie, among other things, fancies, prejudices, old customs, the oddest twists of mentality. Kipling in *William the Conqueror* impressed us with the strangeness of the fact that natives of India in famine times preferred starvation to a diet of any other cereal but rice. Yet it requires a somewhat close approach to starvation to make a European eat American corn. And sweet potatoes! Does the reader happen to remember how in Weems's story book about Marion and his men, the British officers expressed surprise that men living on such miserable fare could successfully oppose trained British troops? Well, Marion and his men lived mainly on sweet potatoes—and the prejudice still survives.

By means of judiciously employed statistics, by ingenious metaphors and analogies, by piquant illustrations, Mr. Dennis

builds up in the minds of his readers a realistic conception of world trade and communicates to them much of the interest which he himself feels in this subject with which his experience so well qualifies him to deal. Our life is all one, and it is all compact of dreams and needs, facts and fancies, ideals and prejudices. No tremor of fear, no act of self-denial, no idle desire, but has its effect somewhere else than in the mind of the individual—an economic effect, for economics is a matter not only of figures but of human life and character.

This thought of the intimacy with which so many phases of human conduct are bound together even in so matter-of-fact a sphere as that of business is rather impressive and perhaps liberating. It may help to relieve one of the easy fallacy that different spheres of life may be partitioned off in water-tight compartments, which is akin to the supposition that ethics has nothing to do with economics, or, in plain terms, that "business is business".

But what light does Mr. Dennis's discussion throw on progress? Certainly there has been progress in extent, in variety, and in power. The very impressiveness of this advance leads one to inquire whether, and to what extent, such progress may be regarded as real and satisfying. Without attempting to answer this difficult question one may remark that one cannot wholly share Mr. Dennis's optimism with regard to the future of our natural resources, and that the exploit of the gentleman, who Mr. Dennis tells us, succeeded in selling a piano to a woman who was almost totally deaf seems at once not highly commendable and a little too typical of a certain type of business efficiency in this present age.

When one considers the complexity and the obscurity of many of the questions treated in Mr. Toynbee's volume, his treatment seems quite astonishingly competent. Here, for example, one will find almost the first account of post-war Russia that has any pretensions to accuracy and adequacy. Though much remains obscure, we can with Mr. Toynbee's help begin to envision the Russian situation. The impartiality which he brings to the study of European affairs is not the apparent impartiality which results from indifference

or the desire to strike a balance. It is the justice of view which comes from a finely logical study; for justice and logic are interdependent qualities.

Certainly no one would be led through reading Mr. Toynbee's account into taking an unduly optimistic view of the future of Europe. Nor does the author hesitate to condemn what he feels merits condemnation. Of the French occupation of the Ruhr he writes:

> To all unbiassed and competent observers it was evident by the close of the year 1923 that M. Poincaré's policy had not only impoverished Germany but had gravely retarded the economic recovery of the whole of Western Europe, and had therefore incidentally clouded the economic prospects of France and Belgium, of the other Allied Powers entitled to reparation, and in fact of every country in the West European orbit.

Though something like this was the British view all along, that is no reason for suspecting its truth. With regard to the separatist movements in the occupied territory, the author is even more outspoken:

> In the Rhineland the French people and Government, which were more implacable in their attitude toward Bolshevism than most of their neighbors, were instrumental in placing in power, not the proletariat or peasantry (which suffered with the rest), but the criminal dregs of society.

What impresses one most, however, especially in connection with the negotiations at Geneva relative to the peace protocol, is the fact that there was an honest intellectual effort toward securing peace and order. What stood in the way of improvement was what always stands in the way of reform—the moral inertia of great masses of men. It was a change of popular sentiment that made the application of the Dawes Plan possible.

In fine, we may discern symptoms of progress even in international affairs, but progress along moral or ethical lines can be seen only through the eyes of tolerance, and for the acquisition of tolerance few things are more necessary than systematic and respectful study of facts.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

AMY LOWELL'S *EAST WIND*

A Study in New England Romance

East Wind. By Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Those critics who would say that Amy Lowell was an artist in jewelled glass and no more, must think a little after they have read *East Wind*. It is a collection of poems that strictly speaking contain a study of one side of New England life and character perfectly well known to those who understand the history and meaning of this small section of the United States. But of that, we converse later.

Let one who has not the pleasant gift of numbers say at once that as it figures in parts of *East Wind* free verse does not commend itself over much. Yet the same stories could not have been told in prose with the same effect, the same poignant assurance of fact, as they are in *East Wind*. From first to last this book gives a description of what has gone on in New England and what indeed still goes on, but it is not the whole of what goes on. Much of the New England drama is enacted in hard, bright lights and is shot with tragedy, but much again is soft and tender with a fragile delicacy developed only by two or three hundred years' recognition of the conscience. *East Wind* and its narratives will be much better understood if readers keep this in mind, especially those from other parts of our large country who draw their conceptions of the New England character from the American "Kailyard" school of novelists or the criticisms, sometimes literary, almost always political in motive, of those who resent New England.

The greater part of *East Wind* is free verse; it is not polyphonic prose, and some of the lines come very near staccato hiccoughs, at other times curiously lacking the distinction of *What's O'Clock*. I am sure polyphonic prose would never have helped the matter. *Can Grande's Castle* is of no use here. The fact is that Amy Lowell had certain glimpses to give of a people that has faced the spiritual more courageously than perhaps any other Western race, and her story had to be told just as it has been. It is of no use to say that she could have sought more rhythm or to com-

plain that save for the expert, the strophic quality is none too evident; what concerns us is that she sang as she did and that we can be well content.

Let me illustrate as well as I can. In "The Doll's House" is that elegy whose melancholy echoes in many a New England heart. It is not so much of the snows of the year before as that there will be less and less to come:

> With coffins passing through the door beside it,
> From time to time, while nothing ever came.

You absorb the matter and catch the measure of the verse just as you take the pensive flavor of—

> And these frail ancient ladies are like tea-dust
> Left in the bottom of a painted chest.

There is nothing much that can be added to either couplet. Prose could never have given these effects—poetry has asserted its prescriptive rights. Though the public dotes on rhyme as it does on happy endings, these couplets soothe and appease it. But when the verse becomes much freer and we dull eared can see little difference between it and "chopped up prose", we come to the conclusion that the question of free verse is what in another connection The Doge called a "mangled matter". Sometimes it is very good and sometimes singularly unsatisfactory.

Leaving the foot rules of the Medes and Persians, we turn to the narration in *East Wind*, to the matter that counts and hold our breath at the genius in "A Dracula of the Hills" and "The Rosebud Wall-Paper". The passion, the mystery, the fierce despair of these two poems take hold of us. As in Rumania there are vampires and were-wolves, so there are in New England; here, where the east wind blows on stone walls and schoolhouses, these figures may not be seen in the flesh, but they roam as surely in the dusky world of unconfessed thoughts. "The Rosebud Wall-Paper" is a very good example of what Amy Lowell could do with a not over-loaded brush. With a tragic bitterness far above much American work, it has great distinction and warmth. It is a piece of work so acute as almost to hurt, indeed more than its author reckoned when she seemed to concede that women as a corporate body are the world's moral vigilance committee, far too comfortable a convention for a society knee-deep in the ruins of its

experiments. "The Rosebud Wall-Paper" is a vivid and fine piece of narration; it is all Amy Lowell and shows no traces of Poe or Hawthorne. It is without heroics and it has all the agony of the inescapable, because she has gone straight to the elemental.

"The House on Main Street" has some beautiful touches;

> When the moon dazzled it of a June evenin',
> An' the flowers was noddin' an' jostlin',
> An' whisperin'.

These lines have the sweet unearthly smack of "Fool o' the Moon"; she is in her own domain, but when we follow the legend into the house, we feel that she has needlessly deferred to Hawthorne. I have less notion to like "The Note-Book in the Gate-Legged Table"; it rants too much and puts a greater burden on the reader than one generally meets in Amy Lowell's work. It is very ingenious, but it makes one resolve hereafter to take one's Vittoria Corombona straight; neither that lady nor Tamburlaine has any place on a New England hillside.

Leave this poem out of the reckoning; the residue is a remarkable, often lovely picture of one side of a people which persists spiritually in spite of the movies and the automobile. As I hinted, it is but a part portrayal. "Heartbreak," like the primary colors, is cosmopolitan, but the value to us of *East Wind* is that like Thomas Hardy's novels it dissolves certain myths and reveals the far more wondrous records of the human heart. There are sweet things and good in the "Six States," plenty of them, but side by side with them seem to exist hard things and bad, entangling diabolic puzzles; and above all, there is the comedy. It is this last that must be perceived in *East Wind*, a book by itself to be read most carefully. It is not a book for the fearful nor for the morbid; it is for those who can love the literature of compassion, for its stuff is miles above mere psychology, and it is for those who will not be conquered by sorrow. Though it has some very delicate details, it is not tea-tray work. Amy Lowell had too vigorous an understanding to weep under willows; she saw that in this flesh we do err and suffer, but she also saw the marvel of that renewing strength which outwears martyrdoms and takes on majesty and hope.

For a vignette to this New England drama and as if to show how she could master the easier emotions of her art, we are given "The House with the Marble Steps," whose numbers are like a whiff of lemon verbena after the cold air of cypresses. Let us close the book with the three last lines echoing gently:

> Remember it against the sky
> In shrewd and sweet proportions glowing
> Above a flight of marble steps where grass is growing.

If you can balance these lines with the glowing significations of what has gone before, you perceive how Amy Lowell knew sentiment and was not sentimental, you see how the voluptuous is but the occasional servant of beauty, and you take pride that an American woman out of New England's prim herbary could brew an elixir that needs no outside blending for its magic.

JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK.

LEGOUIS'S ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian. In two volumes. Volume One: THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE RENASCENCE, 650–1660. By Emile Legouis. Translated from the French by Helen Douglas Irvine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The most difficult of all histories to write is a history of literature, and especially of the literature of another country and people than the author's own. This is not alone because of the immense complexity of the theme and the multitude of details which it implicates. It is also and chiefly because it constantly requires the exercise of analytical and expository powers and critical judgment. For a literary history must be a critical history. Others may consist of statements of fact: It must at least equally contain statements of opinion. If you say that Marlborough won the battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet against the French, you tell his military history in outline and designate his place in European annals. But if you say that Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello*, you tell nothing of significance and indicate nothing of his rank in the world of letters. You must tell what those plays are and appraise their merits; with ten lines of judgment to one line of facts.

Especial stress is laid upon the difficulty of writing the history of an alien literature, because of all forms of criticism that is most difficult in which the writer addresses himself to the affairs of another nation. It is difficult to criticise justly its military operations and commercial activities, though they are almost purely exoteric and objective demonstrations. It is more difficult to criticise its government and laws, because they are measurably expressive of the innate genius and ideals of the people. It is most difficult to criticise its literature, because it is altogether esoteric, subjective, expressive of the most intimate individuality, the most essential personality, of the people. To appraise it aright, one must enter into the very minds of the alien people, possess their mental furniture, experience their intellectual processes, and be in brief like Pope's "perfect Judge", who—

> . . . will read each work of wit
> With the same spirit that its author writ.

It is because of the difficulty of doing this that many great works are unappreciated by other nations than those in which they were written. The *Kalevala* cannot be expected to become popular in a society far removed from such a romantic realm of woods and water and mountains as the Land of a Thousand Lakes; nor can the splendors of Firdusi be fully appreciated by readers not endowed with the opulent imagery of the Oriental mind. There are, it is true, some works which seem to be almost equally appreciated by all peoples, of all races and tongues; a circumstance which provokes some controversial speculations which discretion forbids me here to discuss. Why should Shakespeare, neither materialist nor sentimentalist, so greatly appeal to the German mind, with its characteristic materialism and sentimentality? Because of his supreme genius, which transcends all such conditions? Agreed. But then what are you going to say about Longfellow, whose poems are probably more popularly esteemed in all the countries of the world—except, of course, his own!—than those of any other English writer? The phenomenon does not puzzle me; but I should like to hear it explained by some of my friends who deny to Longfellow the attribute of greatness.

This, then, is the supreme excellence of the master work be-

fore us, that M. Legouis not only has written a history of bewildering richness in those facts which could be acquired only through painstaking research and amplitude of scholarship such as are lamentably anachronistic in our day, but also has achieved the impossible by reading and criticising each mentioned work "with the same spirit that its author writ". And this—*mirabile dictu!*—he has done in a work of critical history which has no other *raison d'être* than that of being a critical history. If without incurring the odium with which Burton invests comparisons I may refer to my boyhood's admiration and despair, M. Henri Taine, it must be to say that after all M. Sainte Beuve was right in calling his work not a history of English literature but a history of the English people and their civilization through their literature. Indeed, Taine frankly acknowledged that his work was primarily a study of English psychology as revealed in letters. But M. Legouis had no such motive. His purpose was to write a critical history of English literature, pure and simple; and the result is a work which is likely to stand for a long time unsurpassed if not unapproached.

He has done this, moreover, with a mastery of literary style, not only of singular grace and power but also of absolute identity with the best style of the alien literature which he discusses. And that is a phenomenon. It is rare indeed for a Frenchman to write like an Englishman, or an Englishman like a Frenchman, either originally or in translation. The best translation cannot give a faithful rendering of Hugo or Balzac or Daudet into English without retaining French characteristics; and I should be surprised to see a French translation of Scott or Thackeray or Arnold which was true to the original and did not show unmistakable English earmarks. But the present volume, with the name of the author withheld, would unhesitatingly be accepted as the work of a master of English letters. And this, with all the very high credit to which the translator is unquestionably entitled, must be because M. Legouis himself wrote French words with English spirit.

Of M. Legouis's keen penetration, his sympathetic appreciation of even the most recondite subtleties, of his judicious poise, of his limpid and lucid sanity, of his freedom from undue nationalistic predilections, and of his encyclopædic scholarship, space

will not permit me to write at length, though it would be a far-extended and high-soaring panegyric that surpassed or even attained the measure of his deserts. More grateful and more profitable will be a few citations from what I may call his high lights, but which I thus call objectively rather than subjectively—I mean his treatment of the high light figures in English literature, and not the high lights of his treatment of them, since in fact his luminosity is never dimmed, but irradiates the minor figures as serenely and revealingly as the greater. Thus of *Beowulf:*

> Even in the intoxication of fierce battle and of the hero's victory, sadness is perceptible. There are constant allusions to the nothingness of life, of courage and of glory, and although Beowulf is in every point a hero, the ideal of an active force serving good and triumphing over evil, the poem does not convey that effect of fortifying energy which might be expected of it. This poem, which is a glorification of bold enterprise, leaves a bitter taste, or at least an impression of universal melancholy. It makes life seem sad, effort vain. . . . This is indeed a poem which has come out of a cold cell in a Northumbrian cloister. It breathes the air of the tomb.

This expresses the precise spirit of that tremendous epic, as it has impressed every reader. And so by happy contrast has every Chaucerian felt, perhaps vaguely and beyond his own power of expression, what M. Legouis felicitously declares:

> It happened that he inherited all the literature of France, rich by three centuries of generous effort, free of speech and fertile of thought, already a little weary because it had produced too much. For Chaucer, a literature in its autumn and a language in its spring combined as they have rarely, if ever, done before or since. He is at once very young and very mature; he unites the charm of a beginning to the experience of a long life. . . . To this advantage, Chaucer added natural gifts, the first among them the wide sympathy which is otherwise called indulgence. To this especially his poetry owes the soft, lovable and smiling light which is shed on it. . . . Of all writers of genius, Chaucer is the one with whom it is easiest to have a sense of comradeship.

We should go far before we found *The Faerie Queene* interpreted in a more truly Spenserian spirit than by M. Legouis:

> Spenser's metre, deliberately lengthened and weighted, is so ample and so slow that its majesty, like that of a deep, evenly flowing river, compensates for the qualities it has lost. . . . We hear music that has slowed down, music with a perpetually recurring measure which lulls our intellect and little by little leads us away from the real world into another, a world of order and harmony where this stanza seems to be the natural rhythm. It keeps time in this fairy-

land. It measures the hours in this region of nowhere, this kingdom of illusion. . . . It is here and in his pictures that Spenser is marvellous. . . . It is enough for the renown of this great poem that, to music of unfailing harmony, it unrolls before our eyes innumerable dazzling visions. It is enough for Spenser's name that he was one of the master-musicians, and perhaps the greatest of the picture-makers, of this world.

Shakespeare is always so much a matter of course that we should scarcely look to even M. Legouis for any novel tribute to his genius. Yet it is grateful to find nearly a score of pages leading to this exquisite culmination:

His prodigious vitality remains unimpaired after three centuries. It seems to grow every time he is read. Something of the mystery belongs to him which Enobarbus noticed in Cleopatra's charm:

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety . . .

No other literature, whatever its beauty, does not seem monotonous after reading Shakespeare. Free of every theory, accepting all of life, rejecting nothing, uniting the real and the poetic, appealing to the most various men, Shakespeare's drama is a great river of life and beauty. All who thirst for art or truth, the comic or the tender, ecstasy or satire, light or shade, can stoop to drink from its waters, and at almost every instant of their changing moods find the one drop to slake their thirst.

Finally,—for space shrieks aloud for closure,—this; of Milton's first masterpiece, the *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, which M. Legouis reminds us was written when he was a stripling of twenty-one:

The poem has, above all, that which no one else has possessed in the same degree as Milton—absolute perfection in the choice of words and sonorities. From the line "The oracles are dumb" onwards there is that intimate blending of sound and sense which makes Milton the most untranslatable of English poets.

M. Legouis concludes his searching and sympathetic review of more than a thousand years with this eloquent judgment upon those masters of the Renascence with whom his narrative ends:

After the Restoration period, their memory prepared the way for the imaginative renewal which finally led to Romanticism. Distance increased their stature and they came to dominate English literature. Rich though this literature be in admirable writers, it has never produced any to surpass Bacon or Spenser, to attain the same height as Milton, or to approach, even from afar, the place whence the light of Shakespeare shines on all the world.

With that we must lay down this volume, with a reluctance partially consoled by an avid anticipation of its forthcoming companion, which will complete the majestic narrative down to our own not altogether degenerate or unworthy time.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

SOME RECENT FRENCH NOVELS

MICHELINE ET L'AMOUR. Par Paul Bourget, Gérard d'Houville, Henry Duvernois et Pierre Benoit. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

SOUS LE SOLEIL DE SATAN. Par Georges Bernanos. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

LE DÉSERT DE L'AMOUR. Par François Mauriac. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

It is a very curious and somewhat distressing book, this second part of a love story, which is told today by four of the best French novelists of the time, Mr. Paul Bourget, Mme. Gérard d'Houville, Mr. Henry Duvernois and the author of *L'Atlantide*, Mr. Pierre Benoit. As in the first part, published two years ago under the title *Le Roman des Quatre*, the authors prepared the plot in co-operation, each one taking up a character and developing it according to his or her inspiration and talent.

It will be recalled the first part is the story of Micheline, daughter of Antoine Barge, a well-known sculptor, who long ago in a fit of jealousy shot his wife and the man whom she loved. In order that the double crime of her parents should remain always hidden from the child, Micheline was brought up by an aunt in a small country place, far from Paris and from those who knew the drama. However, the terrible secret is revealed to the girl. In the shock which ensues she feels that she needs "the hand of a friend". She is courted at the time by two men. One, a cousin of hers, is the timid, serious and clumsy Lucien Hevelot; the other is a brilliant and frivolous playwright, Bernard Souchet. She marries the second.

In this second book we find Micheline married and very unhappy. Her frivolous husband, who still pretends to love her and, after all, may, has been unfaithful to her on many occasions and—what is more bitter to her—with her friend, Aimée Parbly, who has been seeking the advice and assistance of the notorious

playwright as she wanted to go on the stage. Micheline has been informed by friends, and "by the sure instinct that never deceives", of the misconduct of the man whom she still loves. It takes her long, though, to realize the treason of Aimée. She tries first to pretend to herself that she does not care about it. Her pride forbids her to admit that she is jealous. She represses her own acute pain. But she feels that she cannot bear the suffering alone, and she writes to her cousin, Lucien Hevelot, who has become an able engineer, now making a fortune in Egypt, to come to her. On receiving her note, Lucien leaves everything and sails for France.

However Micheline does not wait for him in Paris, and, as she learns that her husband, under pretense of rehearsals of a new play, is living in Brussels, at the same hotel with Aimée, she wants to see for herself what is going on between them and she goes to Belgium.

The same passion which once armed the hand of her father revives in her when she witnesses her husband gayly making ready for a drive and kissing Aimée as she enters the car. At that moment, Micheline draws the pistol hidden in her hand-bag. But, before she has pulled the trigger, the thought of the terrible, always living remorse of her father after his crime, stops her hand. She lets the couple go unharmed. She immediately flies to Bruges where she refuses to meet her cousin, the good Hevelot who has followed her there, never doubting that he would persuade her to marry him at the end. She retires to the country place where she grew up, and after some months in the healthy atmosphere of her youth, she decides that she will forgive but not forget. Meanwhile her frivolous husband continues his gay life in Paris; the silly Lucien is to marry the adventuress Aimée, who has succeeded in persuading him that she is a pure, innocent girl who has been shamefully treated by Micheline and slandered by Bernard, and Micheline consoles herself and with the approaching birth of her baby finds a new reason for living.

Of course this too brief analysis can give no idea of the charm which runs through these pages. The plot, thus reduced, will seem to be but a new version of an age-old story wonderfully told, of an attractive, complex, variegated, feminine character,

surrounded by the three varieties of male brutality which are called selfishness, frivolity and honest stupidity.

What holds the interest of the reader is precisely what cannot be analyzed: the seduction of the thought and of its expression, of a philosophy, that flashes continuously through the book making the reading an uninterrupted delight of the mind.

The strange book entitled *Sous le Soleil de Satan,* which is the first work of its young author, Georges Bernanos, belongs to the modern school, and accordingly shows a complete disdain for the three factors which were once considered indispensable to the art of a novelist; composition, unity of the plot, and clearness of expression. In spite of this fault *Sous le Soleil de Satan* was the success of the season and some critics went so far as to compare Mr. G. Bernanos's talent to the genius of Balzac.

In fact the influences mostly felt at reading these pages is not so much that of Balzac as those of Dostoievski and Paul Claudel. As in the work of this last writer, religious fear is the real subject. From the Russian genius, the author may have borrowed the methods for revealing the relentless and obscure work of the conscience in the most terrible as well as under the very ordinary circumstances of life.

There are two quite different books, with apparently no connection between them, in *Sous le Soleil de Satan.* Satan, if it can be said so, is the only point of contact between the two and the center of the book.

In the first part, or prologue, is told the story of the attractive but ill-natured daughter of a wealthy brewer, Germaine Malorthy, who, being only sixteen, has misconducted herself first with a middle-aged and poor nobleman whom she shoots after he has refused to marry her; second with a radical and somewhat repugnant doctor, politician and Member of Parliament, upon whom she tries to impose the paternity of her unborn child so that he, fearing the consequences, would deliver her before the child be born. As he refuses, she becomes insane.

The second part shows the sufferings and tribulations of a very humble and simple-minded priest, Father Donissan, despised and ridiculed by his colleagues, submitting himself to all kinds of penances and macerations, suspicious even to his

parishioners, and who proves to be a Saint. Walking one night on a road, Father Donissan loses his way and meets "a black, jovial little walker", who is none other than Satan. After many successive—extremely pathetic—attacks by tricks, threats, sarcasms, temptations, the Sinister Angel finally leaves the priest inanimate on the road.

This scene—certainly one of the most daring and, for the author, most difficult to deal with—is the center of interest of the book. Satan here has nothing of the romantic and conventional Mephisto of Dr. Faust. He is near to humanity and, like the Devil in the old Mysteries of the Middle Age, really a part of the human soul. He is both real and supernatural and his conflict with the poor Father Donissan makes us witness the tragic fight between the two eternally opposed principles, the grandeur and the vileness, of humanity.

A quarryman finds the priest, revives him, and, while they are both walking, a few moments later, on the road, a new phenomenon takes place. Father Donissan sees, with his eyes of flesh, what is hidden to the most subtle intuition, the soul and conscience of the man who accompanies him. And this soul fills his own soul with respect and love. It is a "simple, attentive, every day, taleless soul, busy with poor cares. But a sovereign humility, like a heavenly light, soaking it in its reflection. . . ."

Because he has seen this grandeur in the humblest human being, and because he has now the power to see "through the flesh and bodies", Father Donissan will now reveal to all men and women the divine principle which resides in them—and which they themselves ignore. Meeting Germaine Malorthy the murderess, now restored to health, at the outskirts of his village, he immediately attemps to discover to her the antecedents, unknown to her, which are really responsible for her crimes: then he tries to make her see the hidden beauty of her soul. After a fight between her pride and her conscience, now true and unveiled, the girl is driven by "the Enemy" to commit suicide. But before she dies, she calls for Father Donissan, who against the will of the parents and the abuse of all the village, carries the dying girl to the church and makes her a convert.

Father Donissan continues pursuing the Enemy, in his fellow men and in himself, while his reputation is growing until one day, after he has yielded to the supplications of a mother and has vainly tried to revive her dead child, he believes that he has succumbed to the temptation of Satan. He retires to his church and dies from a cardiac attack in his confessional.

Many passages of this book remain obscure. Some are too long. But the impression which lingers after reading it is one of a poignancy which marks only a masterpiece.

The French Academy has just awarded its yearly and much envied Great Prize of Literature to Mr. François Mauriac for his novel *Le Désert de l'Amour*, or rather for all his literary work, which is already voluminous. This novel places the author among the most prominent writers of the modern school and, like *Sous le Soleil de Satan*, proceeds from the religious idea. Like Mr. Bernanos, too, Mr. Mauriac is both a mystic and a realist.

The *Désert de l'Amour* shows that love may mark the whole life of a young man if he refuses to see its real meaning and turn it for good. Raymond Courréges, when only seventeen, falls in love with a "butterfly" of society, whom his own father passionately loves. But the girl rejects both. Raymond breaks off with his parents and goes astray. After twenty years he meets simultaneously his father and the woman whom he has never forgotten. She is married and his father has returned to his family life. Raymond alone, because of his obstinacy in his miserable passion, continues leading a disorderly, aimless and more and more degrading life.

Mr. Mauriac has written somewhere:

> The inner drama of a man who can tame his heart—a drama which is shown neither in words nor in acts—who can describe it? What artist would dare to imagine the progresses and ruses of God's mercy, mysterious protagonist! It is our servitude and our misery that we can depict without a lie only the passions!

However we have the impression, when reading the books of Mr. Mauriac, that the author achieved more than once that most difficult work.

Paris, 1926. GEORGES LECHARTIER.

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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER–JANUARY–FEBRUARY, 1926–1927

FOREWORD

"An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," wrote Emerson.

The North American Review is an institution which is the lengthened shadow of its long line of editors and contributors. Its annals reach back to the early days of the Republic, though its inception followed briefly the closing of the last war between the English speaking nations of the earth.

The barriers of distance and slow communication of a century ago have been broken. Today the future of the world hangs upon the spirit moving the Anglo-Saxon race. To foster and cherish relations of comity, reserving freedom "to point out errors if they be found errors", and accepting in good part constructive, informed and honest criticism, will be our interpretation of the phrase which has been carried upon the title page and cover of The North American Review for generations.

Though of supreme value in fixing the tone of The Review, it is not needful here to call the roll of an earlier epoch, containing the great names of the literary world found within its pages. It will be our endeavor to maintain the honorable traditions impressed upon The North American Review through its life of one hundred and twelve years, to protect its literary destinies,

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and at the same time to reflect the spirit of the present while remaining loyal to the standards of the past.

In 1865, Charles Eliot Norton, while Editor, wrote that "we must use the advantages which the times give us. There is an opportunity now to make THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW one of the means of developing the nation, of stimulating its better sense, of setting before it and holding up to it its own ideal, at least of securing expression for its clearest thought and most accurate scholarship."

Should there be other aim than to strive to "carry on" in this resolve?

The policy of fairness and freedom from prejudice which has prevailed from the beginning will be unchanged, and we shall seek "the eager, immediate, potent grapple with the topics which advance upon the thinker from the forum and the market."

W. B. M.

MAXIMS FOR 1928

BY GEORGE HARVEY

An affirmative party does not thrive under passive guidance.

Things do not happen; they have to be done.

Wanted by the Wets: An undiscernable formula.

Traditional Policies.—*Republican:* High tariffs for the advantage of manufacturers and wage earners; Federal supervision of domestic affairs. *Democratic:* Low tariffs for the benefit of consumers and farmers; State rights, home rule, personal liberty.

No statesman can withstand a mandate from his party to become its candidate for President. In politics, as in war, one need not volunteer, but none can escape the draft.

"Prosperity" is a double-edged slogan, excellent to have but ill to boast of, and if oversung is likely to stir resentment in the breasts of the many whose attention is thus directed to the better condition of the few more fortunate than themselves.

The piecing out of a deceased President's term is no longer considered a bar to a Vice-President's serving two full terms as President in his own right.

"Nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life and limb," declares the Constitution. Shall then the Volstead Act under which, by ruling of the Supreme Court, a person may be doubly convicted and doubly punished for the same offense by both the Federal and State Courts having "concurrent" jurisdiction, be held inviolable?

My vigour relents,—I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.
—Edmund Burke.

Modification of statutes providing measures of enforcement do not necessarily involve repudiation of Constitutional Amendments, be they numbered either XIV and XV or XVIII.

It is unwise to direct attention to marked improvement in the character of a political organization by denouncing its discarded practices.

That government alone is durable which rests upon the free will of the governed.—THOUGHTS OF A STATESMAN.

The chief need of high protective tariffs has moved South with the cotton and shoe factories, but neither Alabama nor North Carolina is likely to overcome their common obsession. *Per contra*, the loudest call for tariff reduction comes from the international bankers, but no serious diversion of campaign contributions from Wall Street is anticipated.

Few in public affairs act from a mere view of the good of their country, whatever they may pretend; and tho' their actings bring real good to their country, yet men primarily consider that their own and their country's interest is united, and do not act from a spirit of benevolence.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

A mere Opposition, however successful in an "off year", seldom resolves into a powerful unit if composed of irreconcilable elements.

The Republican party has never failed to elect a President following the election of a Republican House of Representatives in the preceding "off year". The Democratic victories in 1876, 1884, 1892, 1912 and 1916 also were presaged in like manner, the defeat of 1888 being the only exception to the rule. Republican "off-year" pluralities have ranged from 18 in 1922 to 144 in 1894. This year's actual working majority fell to a minimum, but thus far "enough" has "served."

In all matters having to do with the personal habits and customs of large numbers of our people, we must be certain that the established processes of legal change are followed. In no other way can the salutary object sought to be accomplished by great reforms of this

character be made satisfactory and permanent.—From President WILSON'S veto of the Volstead Act.

Never straddle in an off year.

Ever since it was ordered that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, he has been trying to get the most bread for the least sweat.—STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

If the next National election were to be held next month, the Republicans might not be able to re-elect President Coolidge, but the Democrats could—and probably would. And yet Senator James A. Reed of Missouri may be the Democratic candidate in 1928.

A fearful concatenation of circumstances.—Great Senator DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Thus," remarks *The New York World*, "George Harvey ten days ago referred to the off year contests as always showing a mechanical reaction against the Administration." Also more specifically to the inevitable defeat of Senator Butler and Senator Wadsworth and to an "abnormal" reaction this year, involving loss of the Senate and a "greatly diminished" majority in the House. Psychology, not figures, speaks true prophecy in American elections.

"QUI HÆRIT IN LITERA, HÆRIT IN CORTICE!", as the lawyers say.

THE FIVE DAY WEEK

BY WILLIAM GREEN

President, American Federation of Labor

TEMPERAMENTALLY there are two kinds of people in the world: One says: "Progress can be made; how can we contribute to that end?" the other; "we shall do well indeed if we are able to maintain present achievements without incurring the hazards involved in making changes." The first group has aided constructive change, and the other group has consistently opposed it, regardless as to whether the proposal dealt with education, politics or human welfare. Labor proposals have uniformly been opposed by the second group.

The two early demands of organized labor were the shorter workday and free public schools. In Colonial days education was a home responsibility, just as training in a handicraft. Children got their first educational training in the home and in private schools. As public schools developed, children were required to attend, their tuition being paid by their parents, their masters or the community. This put the children of the poor on a different footing from the children of the rich. Wage earners organized in unions were among the first to urge our free public school system. Their efforts together with the extension of suffrage were potential in securing the necessary legislation.

Professor Frank Carlton has classified the arguments up to 1820, for free tax-supported schools, as follows:

(1) Education is necessary for the preservation of free institutions. (2) It prevents class differentiation. (3) Education tends to diminish crime. (4) It reduces the amount of poverty and distress. (5) It increases production. (6) Education is the natural right of all individuals. (7) Education will rectify false ideas as to unjust distribution of wealth.

As against educational advance, Professor Carlton summarizes the following:

(1) Free education for all increases taxation unduly. (2) Taxation for the purpose of maintaining free public schools is a violation of the rights of the individual. (3) A public school system of schools was opposed by certain religious elements because of possible injury to particular religious sects. (4) Certain non-English speaking people opposed the public schools because they feared that their own tongue would be supplanted by the English language. (5) Impractical legislation caused much opposition. (6) It was urged that education would not benefit the masses. (7) Injury to the private school was alleged. (8) Public education tends to break down social barriers.

As the movement progressed the arguments charged that free public education was a violation of the rights of the individual and an infringement upon his liberty. The following argument represented the point of view of those who believed free education revolutionary:

Among the strange notions which have been broached since I have been on the political theatre, there is one which has lately seized the minds of men, that all things must be done for them by the Government, and that they are to do nothing for themselves. . . . Look at that ragged fellow staggering from the whiskey shop, and see the slattern who has gone to reclaim him; where are their children? Running about ragged, idle, ignorant, fit candidates for the penitentiary. Why is all this so? Ask the man he will tell you, "Oh! the Government has undertaken to educate our children for us. It has given us a premium for idleness, and now I spend in liquor that which I should otherwise be obliged to save, to pay for their schooling."

Modern versions of these arguments have been raised against every proposal to widen educational opportunities.

Early in the nineteenth century the workday was from sunrise to sunset. The first shorter hour movement set ten hours as the maximum. To the journeymen carpenters of Boston, who made this demand in 1825, the master carpenters replied:

"We learn with surprise and regret that a large number of those who are employed as journeymen in this city, have entered into a combination for the purpose of altering the time of commencing and terminating their daily labor, from that which has been customary from time immemorial." They considered such a combination "fraught with numerous and pernicious evils," especially to the journeymen themselves, as they might expect soon to become masters and were entailing upon themselves "inconveniences" when they should have attained that situation. They furthermore considered that the measure proposed would have an "unhappy influence" on apprentices "by seducing them from that course of industry and economy of time" to which

they were anxious to "enure them" and would expose the journeymen themselves "to many temptations and improvident practices" from which they were "happily secure" when working from sunrise to sunset. . . . Finally, they declared that they could not believe "this project to have originated with any of the faithful and industrial Sons of New England, but are compelled to consider it an evil of foreign growth, and one which we hope and trust will not take root in the favored soil of Massachusetts." "And especially," they added, "that our city, the early rising and industry of whose inhabitants are universally proverbial, may not be infected with the unnatural production."

These arguments were supplemented by contentions that the prices and estimates upon which contracts were based made the proposal impossible at that time. It was not until 1840 that the ten hour day became general in mechanical trades.

The arguments against manhood suffrage were akin to those against universal education. The following is typical:

Our citizens who have not yet voted, have one day more in which they may exercise the privilege of determining whom they will have for their rulers. The old party lines are nearly obliterated, but there has sprung up a new interest which is formidable both for the number of its adherents and the disorganizing purposes by which they are actuated. By throwing open the polls to every man that walks, we have placed the power in the hands of those who have neither property, talents, nor influence in other circumstances; and who require in their public officers no higher qualifications than they possess themselves. . . . We cannot believe that we are so soon reduced to the condition of the Romans, when the popular voice was raised against every honorable distinction; a voice which finally prevailed, to the utter extinction of the Republic.

The first adoption of the eight hour day was, according to John R. Commons, in the Navy Yard in Charleston, Massachusetts, in 1842, by the carpenters and ship caulkers. A national movement for the eight hour workday came after the Civil War and as a result of the tireless zeal of Ira Stewart of Boston. Stewart taught that wages do not depend upon the amount of capital or the supply of labor, but upon the habits, customs and wants of the wage earners. He held that inventions and machinery increased production and that out of increased production wage earners might raise their standard of living. He taught that a reduction in hours was an increase in wages.

The American Federation of Labor in 1884 adopted a programme of sustained endeavor to establish eight hours as the

standard workday. With the establishment of the shorter workday came proposals for the shorter work week. No more dynamic changes can come into the lives of the great majority of our citizenry than free educational opportunities for all and a work week that permits labor to be more than drudgery. Because of these opportunities for larger living, wage earners can make larger contributions to industry and community life and also make larger demands upon civilization.

The opposition to the shorter work week placed its main dependence in economic arguments. Output and production increasingly became the points of contention.

The United States Steel Corporation held out the longest of all important production concerns. It contended that it could not adjust production to a three shift system or afford the additional costs involved. Yet it has overcome the technical difficulties in going upon the eight hour basis, and the eight hour shift has not interfered with increases in net earnings. For the first three quarter periods of 1926, ending in September, net earnings were $52,626,826, which is greater than the net earnings for any previous period except the war years of 1916 and 1917. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, which unexpectedly went on three shifts, found to its surprise that the system was a financial saving to the company as well as a satisfaction to its employees. The executives of the United States Steel Corporation still seem to have drawn no practical deductions from their struggle of two decades against a shorter workday. Judge Gary recently declared: "I know I can't do as much work in five days as I can in six, and I don't think any one else can." Surely wage earners have a right to demand a more discriminating consideration for their proposals.

The National Association of Manufacturers, a group of employers organized among other purposes for militant opposition to unions, was in convention simultaneously with the American Federation of Labor. It then and there voiced opposition to the five day week. It has since issued a pocket manual against this proposal. It submits the following objections:

1. It would greatly increase the cost of living.
2. It would increase wages generally by more than 15 per cent and decrease production.

3. It would be impractical for all industries.

4. It would create a craving for additional luxuries to occupy the additional time.

5. It would mean a trend toward the Arena. Rome did that and Rome died.

6. It would be against the best interests of the men who want to work and advance.

7. It would be all right to meet a sales emergency but would not work out as a permanent thing.

8. It would make us more vulnerable to the economic onslaughts of Europe, now working as hard as she can to overcome our lead.

These arguments are amazingly like those which were offered a century ago by employers against the ten hour day. Yet the innovations of the nineteenth century did not block the remarkable technical advance that has put us in the vanguard of industrial progress. On the contrary, they encouraged mechanical invention by placing the burden of production on the machine rather than the man, and made possible an American standard of living and a higher type of American citizenry. This stimulus was integrated in the dynamic force that carried things forward.

These arguments are all based upon the unwarranted assumption that the shorter work week entails reduced production. Quite the contrary is Labor's purpose. We realize that permanent progress must rest upon increased output—increased things at the service of human beings. We maintain, however, that we can devise still more efficient methods: Layout, machinery and mechanical power have been geared to a pace based upon human labor power for an eight hour day. If performance must mesh into a higher gear, the work period must obviously be shortened. Reasoning from past experience, the output will be increased. Individual wages should increase with productivity, but this does not necessarily result in higher production costs per unit. Efficient management will prevent that result.

Labor does not suggest an immediate change to the five day week in all industries. The remaining arguments submitted by the National Association of Manufacturers are of an oratorical nature which fail so completely to state any principle with precision that they do not justify serious reply. We all know that the luxuries of one generation are the necessaries of the next, and we know also that men who want to work and advance will get fur-

ther if they assume that progress can be made and do their part in the necessary experimentation to find the means. The familiar straw man, the European competitor, comes at an inauspicious time now that Europe is sending commissions here to study our mechanical progress and to find the "secret of high wages". Methods that have led to progress in the past should not be denied another trial.

The American Federation of Labor resolved to work for the shorter work week, fully conscious that all industries are not equally prepared to introduce the forty hour week. Because we believe that the shorter work week is industrially practicable and expedient and socially wise, organized labor offers its coöperation in developing technical changes and conditions under which the shorter work week can go into effect and usher in a period in which the workers shall find new and greater opportunities for growth and service both as workers and as citizens. The joint efforts of management and those who use the tools and machinery to carry out work orders, will put all past experience to work to find the way to the next big change.

There are industries that should now consider plans for the five day week: these are mining, construction, automobiles, garment-making and textiles.

A part of this higher gearing of industry to maintain output can be expected to grow out of the five day week as its natural effect upon the human part of the industrial mechanism. Experience has proved that the effect of shortening hours is to increase output per hour, and this has not only been demonstrated once or twice but has been the general experience. Allowing a period of one or two months for adjustment, reductions from a twelve hour to an eight hour shift, and from a ten hour to an eight hour shift, in a shell manufacturing operation and glass manufacturing, respectively, have given a nineteen and a half per cent. and a ten per cent. increase in hours of production, and in the Minnegua steel plant of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company the change from the twelve hour to the eight hour day has resulted in a greater hourly production in every department, according to Mr. Weldon, president of the company. Even where the operation is machine controlled, shorter hours have produced a greater hourly

output. Studies of women turning fuse bodies in a munition plant show the following results: when working 66 hours a week they turned out 100 units of production an hour; when working 54 hours, 134 units; and when reduced to 45 hours per week, 158 units. When the hours are reduced below eight a day the increase continues. In the tinplate industry in South Wales reductions from eight to six hours a day brought increases of 4.7 per cent., 8.5 per cent. and 10.6 per cent. in hourly production in three factories investigated. In another factory where hours were reduced from eight to four the increase was 11.5 per cent. Over a period of time the effect of shorter hours is cumulative, the greater physical capacity of the men being reflected in continually rising production curves over a period of several months and sometimes a year or more following the reduction in hours.

All this goes to show that the element of fatigue is an important factor in industrial waste and that the maximum efficiency of the human machine can be had only when rest periods allow ample time for recuperation. The time needed for complete recuperation must be greater where specialization and mechanical devices reduce the workman's part to the constant repetition of a few motions at a high rate of speed. Here monotony and nervous tension produce a greater strain than in work involving greater variety. Certain scientific investigations in England have placed the work time which under existing conditions give the maximum efficiency of the human machine, at forty hours a week.

Another means of maintaining output under a shortened work week schedule is that of stabilizing the industry to prevent seasonal rush and slack periods. Many of our industries are now operating only two-thirds or three-fourths of the working year, owing to seasonal fluctuations and other controllable elements. By eliminating as far as possible seasonal ups and downs, the operation period can be regularized and a larger total yearly output be produced. In the boot and shoe industry, an industry much affected by changes in style and seasonal fluctuations, certain firms have made an intensive study of sales and markets, and through special efforts came twenty per cent. nearer to running full time. This was done by interweaving the manufacture of staples and novelties so as to make up stock in staples during

slack periods, by working up advance information on sales, and by coöperation between different manufacturing plants and allied trades. In the building industry seasonal depression has been overcome through winter building programmes, which have equalized constructions through the year and resulted in larger yearly output and saving in overhead expenses due to idle equipment.

W. J. Lynch, vice-president of the Thompson Starrett Company of Chicago, made a careful survey of the unit costs of concrete work, form work and brick work on five large jobs, which clearly showed that the average unit costs of winter operations are as favorable, if not more so, than summer work. He asserted that winter construction is not only practical but desirable, with direct benefit to owner, builder and labor and to the community at large.

Similar experiments have been found successful in other industries, notably in the garment industry, where the five day week is now in effect in larger markets, and in the repair shops of some railroads where a system of union management coöperation has been in effect. These results are suggestive of what may be accomplished by scientific handling of fluctuation problems and of the possibility of spreading output over a longer period, with consequent savings and increases, of using our present industrial equipment to more nearly its full capacity and taking care of unemployment by week and holidays throughout the year, rather than by resorting to seasonal lay-offs.

One of the phases of the shorter work week planning which must be treated most seriously, is that of costs involved. However, we know that increasing the costs of any one element entering into production does not need to increase the production cost per unit. Production involves dynamic forces. If any one operates under changed conditions, change may be expected in the performance of other factors.

In considering the costs of the shorter work period as compared with costs under former conditions, we are handicapped by the inadequacy of the records kept by industry. The National Industrial Conference Board has issued a few research reports based on questionnaires without checking up to find out whether deductions were based upon similar or comparable bases. The

importance of such checking up is evident when we consider under what diverse conditions the shorter workday has been introduced in different industries. In some instances there was no adjustment of wage rates; in others, particularly in a time of increases in wages, rates were increased; sometimes management planned to make the shorter workday more efficient; sometimes management failed to assume this responsibility; sometimes management asked the coöperation of labor, sometimes not. All of these factors affect labor costs under the shorter work period. This explains also the diverse opinions on output and costs resulting from shorter work period proposals.

However, it is plain that from the standpoint of national and social progress, the shorter work period is a desirable goal. It is also plain that planning, invention and persistence can find increasingly better ways of doing the same job. This makes it practical to set a definite goal such as the American Federation of Labor adopted at its Detroit convention, and then mobilize all the agencies that can contribute to the realization of this ideal.

The organized labor movement is the standard making agency for all labor in America. It is the only agency that can speak for those that work for wages and it is the custodian of industrial experience and craft skill, as well as the welfare of those who use the tools and handle the materials of production.

Labor power is an indispensable factor in production. However powerful and efficient machinery becomes, there is always need for human control and human judgment in its use. Labor knows that if the area it controls is widened by power and machinery, it needs more vitality and resourcefulness of mind and body in order to keep pace with progress and remain master of the production process instead of being controlled by it.

For these reasons Labor through its trade unions offers its cöoperation in working out the production problems necessary to continued progress. With Labor's coöperation, management can make quicker and greater progress than without. Labor cannot enter into such agreements except through its own agencies which it controls.

The offer of trade unions awaits the decision of industries.

ECONOMIC SANITY IN EUROPE

BY HARTLEY WITHERS

Former Editor of *The London Economist*

It has been well said that though man cannot live by bread alone, he cannot live, even a good life, very long, unless he is provided with a certain amount of sustenance; and there is little need in these days to insist that the enjoyment of a reasonable supply of ease and comfort has a most beneficial effect on the state of mind of the average human being.

Material progress in a war-shattered world has thus an importance which is beginning to be recognized by the most convinced idealists; and signs of improvement in this respect are eagerly looked for by those who want to see the nations living together in friendship, working in unison for the great victories that are possible over the evils that still stain our civilization, instead of continually quarrelling, if not actually fighting, about matters which seem, to the next generation, to be quite irrelevant bugbears.

Cynical folk find it easy to raise a laugh over the dreams of worldwide betterment which most of us dreamed when the War was ended—dreams which ended, or seemed to end, in a trade boom which was based on miscalculations, followed by a disastrous collapse from the effects of which only the United States have so far succeeded in freeing themselves. But those laugh best who laugh last, and it has yet to be seen whether those dreams may not come true, and whether mankind is not, even in this year which has been marked by so much progress backward in Europe, England and elsewhere, awakening to a saner outlook on the tasks that face it and on the mistakes which have foiled its efforts to deal with them.

That progress has been, in many respects, backward on the Old World's side of the Atlantic during the early part of 1926 is only too evident. In March of this year Mr. Walter Leaf,

President of the International Chamber of Commerce, delivered a speech which contained a "Summary of the Economic Position of Certain Countries." In the course of it he referred to the "notable progress" which had been made in the economic history of Europe as fully justifying a fresh review of the position. In a previous review, made in the preceding November, he had grouped the nations according to the manner in which they were dealing with their currency problems. The first group contained those which though aiming at stability of currency, had not yet effectively attained it. "Of those nations," Mr. Leaf was able to say in March, "Belgium has, since the beginning of the year, effectively stabilized its franc, of course at a devaluated rate, and Italy, though so far as I am aware no legislation for the purpose has been passed, has in practice attained stability for several months, and has succeeded in balancing the State Budget, avowedly with the intention of keeping the lira at not less than its present exchange value. This leaves in the first group only one nation—France. . . . In fact, with one exception of which I have already spoken, it may now be said that all the chief European currencies are stabilized."

Mr. Leaf's hopeful pronouncement was of especial significance, because fluctuations in the values of depreciated currencies were generally recognized as one of the chief obstacles to trade recovery in Europe, and also as the reason, or excuse, for much of the excessive economic nationalism which was strangling the Continent's trade, by erecting stiff and often prohibitive barriers to the exchange of commodities between peoples. All business men know that when the exchange value of a country's currency falls, its exporters get a temporary advantage over their competitors in other markets. The general public accepts the fact but is a good deal puzzled by it, because it does not see why bad money should help anybody. The explanation is simple enough if one can keep it free from technicalities. When the French franc, for example, falls in exchange value, this means that a dollar or a pound is worth more in francs. Consequently, the French exporter selling goods in America or England turns his dollars or pounds into a larger number of francs than he would have received before the fall occurred. Since internal prices are usually slower

to move than the quotation for foreign exchange, the larger number of francs obtained is likely, for the time being, to mean added net profit for the exporter, because his wages bill and everything that he wants to buy at home are still on the old basis of prices. And so the French exporter is able to cut the prices of his goods in foreign market and still make a profit at the expense of his countrymen, who have not yet found out that they are taking depreciated money for their commodities and services. This artificially produced bonus to exporters made European trade into a speculative nightmare and all business men agreed that as long as what was called "valuta dumping" continued, the policy of fiscal restrictions and prohibitions, which has been carried to such disastrous lengths in Europe, could not be seriously modified.

Stable currencies are thus seen to be a first requisite for Europe's economic health, and it is highly unfortunate that in this most important respect, progress has been backward since Mr. Leaf spoke in March. Far from France being the only country with an unstabilized currency, the list has since then been swollen by Poland and Greece; and this dismal reaction only shows how difficult it is, when once countries have let go their hold of the gold link which formerly united all the currencies of the leading nations of the world, to make and maintain the sacrifices that are necessary in order to regain it. It is so easy to make everybody, with the exception of a small and usually inarticulate class, believe themselves to be prosperous by pouring out a flood of bad money. Prices go up, every one who holds, or is making, goods is certain of a profit in and on paper, the factories are busy and full of orders, unemployment is forgotten and only the small class with fixed money incomes suffers. The fact that in the meantime the country is being drained of goods which it is selling too cheap to foreigners, at the expense of its own citizens who are being swindled, is easily ignored, because most of its victims are unconscious; and the further fact that the end of the process is ruin or disaster, as shown by the examples of Russia, Germany and Austria, is a consideration that can always be postponed by those who are making hay in this artificial sunshine. "Why should we stabilize and spoil

good trade?" is a question that can only be answered by considerations that are more or less remote and do not convince those who are revelling in the cakes and ale of today. Human nature being what it is, one can thus account for what the New York correspondent of *The London Economist*, in a letter published on October 16, describes as "a curious French tendency to regard debt ratification and franc stabilization as measures that in some way constitute a favor to America for which France should have compensation."

Nevertheless, in spite of the weapons which have been put in the hands of the opponents of Continental stabilization by eminent British bankers and economists, who foretold dire results for England from her return to the gold standard and whose followers point now to the coal strike and say "I told you so"—in spite of all this, it is safe to say that the recent backward movement is only a receding wave of a tide that is really flowing, and that the day of disordered currencies in Europe is slowly drawing to its close. France and Italy are busy on the necessary measures for making their monetary arrangements worthy of the position and history of these distinguished peoples, and when once that ill-favored bogey of "valuta dumping" has been laid to rest, it may be possible to hope for a modification of that nationalistic spirit in trade matters which has worked so hard to strangle the recovery of Europe in its infancy.

This economic nationalism is a very natural instinct, and even its extreme development is only a perversion of a highly respectable prejudice. It is quite reasonable and proper that we should all of us, in spite of any facts to the contrary that may be put before us, regard our own country as the best and only country in the world, and from this premise it is easy, by a simple process of false but specious reasoning, to proceed to the conclusion that it is unpatriotic to buy any but home-made goods, and that if there are any goods which the country does not produce it ought to be made to produce them if it possibly can, so that its citizens can be saved from the undignified necessity of buying those made abroad. It is only in countries that are far advanced in wealth and intelligence, such as the United States, that public custom can be attracted by the offer of imported articles. A

committee which is inquiring into the conditions and prospects of British industry issued not long ago a preliminary report in which it dealt, among many other things, with the effect on British industry of the tendency shown by all progressive nations to set up manufacturing industries of their own, and found that the process brings certain compensations with it. It says:

> New industries create new wants for plant and materials and . . . we have also to take into account the demand resulting from the increased purchasing power of those for whom the local industries provide employment. Part of this purchasing power will almost inevitably be expended directly or indirectly on foreign goods. . . For example, concurrently with the development of a huge manufacturing power in the United States, the growth of export of wheat and meat from that country has been checked owing to the increased home demand and the faster growth of the industrial than of the agricultural population. The effects of the whole development on international trade have, of course, been very complex, but there are two outstanding features. First, the great increase of wealth derived from industry has given rise to a luxury demand almost irrespective of price, which enables certain classes of high grade British goods to surmount even the present high tariff wall. Secondly, the slowing down of U. S. A. exports of wheat and meat has stimulated the growth of export of these foodstuffs from British Dominions and South America, and thus helped to maintain, or to increase, the demand of those countries for manufactures in which British goods predominate.

Apart from this "luxury demand" which insists on having the best goods that it can get, no matter whence they may come, it is certainly the tendency of the average man to prefer home-made goods and to think himself rather mean if he chooses those of foreign origin. And this tendency is fostered both by the home manufacturers who profit from it and are helped by it to secure a comfortable tariff wall to work behind, and also by Governments which find customs duties an easy and popular form of raising revenue. "Taxing the foreigner" is always a popular cry. In Mr. Winston Churchill's brilliant biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, a letter from the latter is quoted in which he describes the great success of a political meeting, composed largely of working men, which he had addressed in the north of England. "Fair Trade," he says, "and taxing the foreigner went down like butter. How the latter is to be done, I don't know."

Economic nationalism, which thus had the soil already dug and topdressed for it by natural tendencies and stupidities, made a portentous growth in the unhealthy heat of the feverish after-war atmosphere. New States that had come into being at the bidding of the wizards of Versailles, thought it essential to their youthful dignity to keep out the goods of their neighbors; and at the same time the necessities of the war, which had obliged countries that had formerly bought goods from the belligerents to make them for themselves, had created powerful vested interests, which could claim that national loss would be suffered if the capital put into their factories and plants were scrapped under the pressure of revived foreign competition.

And so the amazing fallacy, which makes people think that nations can flourish by selling shiploads of goods abroad and taking nothing in return, has grown into an article of almost religious belief. Even in England, with a century behind her of prosperity largely based on international trade, our most earnest and intelligent statesmen are always shouting at us to "buy British goods" in order to cure unemployment. What would have happened to England's export industries (already sorely cramped by the lack of solvent foreign customers) and to her shipping and shipbuilding trades, if the advice of these sage counsellors had been taken, they do not seem to have reflected.

But fortunately England also contains many people who want the best wherever it may come from, and many others who recognize that nations cannot sell unless they buy, so that whenever one buys foreign goods one is, in effect, giving an order to British exporters of goods and services.

Behind all this welter of economic nationalism in Europe and England, there is a quiet but irresistible force which is turning men's minds to saner counsels and this is the force of experience and the pressure of hard times. When one travels on the Continent in these days one is continually being surprised by the number of thoughtful business men who draw an instructive contrast between the amazing prosperity of America and the impoverishment of Europe, and proceed to argue that it is by no means merely a case of war wealth and war poverty, but that an important reason for the different conditions in these two areas

is the wide space, free from all trade obstructions, in the one and the chessboard of tariff barriers in the other. In one, mass-production based on the freest division of labor among the districts in which it can be most successfully applied brings well distributed prosperity on a scale that the world has never yet witnessed. In the other, administrative barriers of every kind assist the work of tariffs in promoting self sufficiency in penury.

With this example before them it is hardly surprising to find that leading European financiers—for the horizon of financiers is almost inevitably wider than that of manufacturers—should be looking ahead to a day when Europe may be united in a single customs union, with no trade barriers within its area. It is a very far off dream, which can only take shape as a fact, after a number of conferences and circumlocutions which the imagination shudders to contemplate.

But in the mean time we see the interesting and most important development by which business men are cutting clean across nationalistic barriers and making international trade agreements under which production and markets are parcelled out among the producers of different countries. In the matter of potash, and again of steel, French and German organizers have found means to mend breaches that were made by the Treaty of Versailles in the economic machinery of Europe, and American energy has succeeded in uniting the interests of an overwhelming proportion of the world's copper producers.

These great combinations, with their possibilities of restricted output and exploitation of the consumer, will need careful and suspicious watching. But in the present state of the world's temper it is a great advantage that men of different races should come together and coöperate and so do something to moderate the hostility to foreign goods which is so carefully fostered by the interests which benefit by it and by the Governments which need their support.

As to the danger to the consumer, America has found out, and is teaching other peoples, that mass production requires mass consumption, which is only possible if goods are delivered at a price which the mass can pay.

As I end this article there comes the publication of the "Plea for

the Removal of the Restrictions upon European Trade", commonly called the Bankers' Manifesto, but actually signed not only by many leading bankers in all the great commercial countries of the world, but also by many merchants and manufacturers. "There can be no recovery in Europe," it says, "till politicians in all territories, old and new, realize that trade is not war but a process of exchange, that in time of peace our neighbors are our customers, and that their prosperity is a condition of our own well-being."

So far, the manifesto has not had a very "good press," for the European press is largely dominated by politicians, against whose prejudices the manifesto declares war. But it will have enormous effect on the side of sanity.

CLOUDS IN THE FRANCO-AMERICAN SKY

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*, Paris

WHY deny it or try to conceal it? There is a cloud in the Franco-American sky, a big, dark, unpleasant cloud. It is better to see it as it is. It is always better to see the clouds when they appear on the horizon. It does not help to turn the eyes away, or lower the head, or keep a stereotyped smile on the lips. The only thing to do is to look at it sternly, coldly, and let it pass by.

Many causes bring clouds. But, as far as the Franco-American cloud is concerned, there is only one cause for it, at least if it is observed from a French meteorological office: the settlement of the debt. Nineteen Frenchmen in twenty are against the settlement of the debt as it was agreed upon in Washington, between the American War Debt Commission and Ambassador Bérenger. Until now all the efforts, all the arguments, all the power of persuasion of the Frenchman who is for the ratification have failed to convince the nineteen Frenchmen who are against it. Will there be a change? Nobody knows, nobody can tell. Practically all the *élite* is for the ratification. The *élite* includes the Government (any Government for governmental reasons will be in favor of ratification), the bankers (the French experts have unanimously recommended the ratification in their July report), the economists, and a few responsible public men. But the crowd, the immense crowd, led by the ex-combatants and by irresponsible politicians, is against the ratification. All the newspapers—except the one to which I have the honor to belong—are against. And the further we go, the more the feeling against ratification increases and crystallizes. However deplorable it may be, one must pay attention to it; one must always take heed of a cloud in the sky.

I will try to explain this sentiment, as one endeavors to explain the causes of a storm. But in order to make myself well understood, I must first of all explain one thing, that is that there are

two categories of Frenchmen: those who know America, because they have visited it, and those who do not know it, because they have never set foot on it. But even among those who know America, because they have visited it, one must discern those who have understood America and those who have not understood it.

The Caillaux Mission, sent in September, 1925, to Washington to negotiate the settlement of the debt, is a typical example of the understanding and the misunderstanding of America. Six of its members, outside of the head of the delegation, had never crossed the Atlantic: Senators Bérenger, Chapsal, Dausset; Deputies Bokanowski, Lamoureux, Auriol. Three have come back having understood the American spirit splendidly: Senator Bérenger, Senator Chapsal and Deputy Bokanowski, today Minister for Commerce. All three are in favor of ratification. The three others have completely misunderstood the American spirit, and are against ratification. As for the chief of the mission, M. Joseph Caillaux, his case is more complex and curious. I do not think that he has really understood America, but with him it is not a question of intelligence, for he is exceptionally intelligent: it is a question of temperament. M. Caillaux is an aristocrat, and aristocrats will never understand America. The country of their choice will always be Great Britain, which is the oldest aristocratic nation in the world, and the democratic American climate will never have any attraction for them. However, although he may not have understood America, M. Joseph Caillaux has understood the necessity of liquidating the American debt: and very courageously, very vigorously, he has recommended his fellow citizens to ratify the agreement he had not been able to conclude and which Ambassador Bérenger has concluded.

Matters being thus, a clash was inevitable in France concerning the agreement of Washington between those who know and understand America and those who do not know nor understand her.

Those who neither know nor understand America particularly protest against the long period of time over which the payments have been spread out. "We shall have to pay an annual tribute to America," they are complaining, "during sixty-two years; that is, during three generations. Our children and our chil-

dren's children will have to pay the tribute. How can we enter into such an agreement? And what will happen if the agreement fails to be kept?"

In vain, those who believe they know and understand America object that nothing will happen. In vain they quote the declaration made by Secretary Herbert Hoover to Senator Chapsal, during the negotiations of 1925: "Should any unforeseen obstacle prevent you from keeping your engagements, you will not keep them, that is all. You will then find yourselves exactly in the same situation you are in today. What do you risk? We shall not go and bombard your coasts any more than we go and bombard them today. . ." In vain, they quote the formal declaration of Senator Smoot, on April 1, 1926, in answer to a question of Mr. Borah: "If an unforeseen event prevents the debtor nations from fulfilling their obligations, we shall not have the right to force them. Everybody agrees to this." The average Frenchman answers: "Well, if everybody agrees to this, let us write it down on paper." The average Frenchman believes only in what is written down in black and white. He has been trained to that from his youth. He belongs to a race where the law is written down since centuries and centuries. He belongs to a country where in the remotest village there is a notary whose business it is to draw up in a solemn contract the smallest transaction. The average Frenchman believes that, when a written engagement has been subscribed, nothing in the world can suspend the engagement, and therefore he believes, sincerely, honestly, that during sixty-two years his descendants will have to work and pay America, whatever may happen. Reciprocally, he does not believe in verbal promises, even when they rest on good faith and good sense, and, like Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna, to those who tell him, "It goes without saying," he answers: "It will go much better in saying it and writing it."

Then, the average Frenchman is a great retorter and arguer. He has not forgotten that the difficulty of transferring huge sums of money from one country to another has been if not discovered at least brought to light by the American experts of the Dawes Commission and has been opposed to the French claims of reparations. He knows by heart that passage of the Dawes report:

"*We estimate the amount which we think Germany can pay in gold marks by consideration of her budget possibilities; but we propose safeguards against such transfers of these mark payments into foreign exchange as would destroy stabilization and thereby endanger future reparations.*" And he asks: "Where are the safeguards against transfers of our franc payments into dollars? Why should not our stabilization be destroyed by our payments as well as German stabilization by German payments?"

On both points, safeguard in case France's capacity of payment would be altered, safeguard in case France's payments would destroy the stabilization of her money, the average Frenchman is practically unshakable. He refuses to listen to any argument. The boiling M. Franklin-Bouillon, President of the Commission for Foreign Affairs at the Chamber, symbolizes him very well, when he exclaims: "I will overthrow two Ministries, ten Ministries if need be. I will cling to the tribune and they will have to drag me away by force, rather than permit the ratification of the abominable agreement of Washington."

Of course, there are a great many other elements in the French resistance to the ratification. There is the sentimental element: "We have fought side by side for the same cause; is it possible that our account is an ordinary account?" There is the popular element: "We have to collect money from Germany: if we can't collect it, how can we pay the United States?" There is the human element: "The Americans are rich and we are poor: can the rich man not overlook the debt of the poor man?" There is the political element: "If we ratify and ask for some kind of credit, we put ourselves under America's financial domination: what then about our economical independence?" But the two principal strongholds are those which I have depicted: the fear of being submitted during sixty-two years to an obligation which it is impossible to fulfill; the fear of seeing the franc fall if too large sums are transferred to America.

Now, it must be admitted that, in his resistance, the average Frenchman has received encouragements from the outside: first of all from Great Britain; then also, strange to say, from some Americans.

British propaganda has been most active and most successful

in France during two years. It has accomplished that marvellous and extraordinary feat that, although Great Britain has obtained proportionately higher payments for her debt than America, although she has not included the settlement of the commercial debt in the total of the political debt, although she has found the means of retaining the 53,500,000 pounds sterling of French gold, which had been sent over as a guarantee during the war, in the safes of the Bank of England, nobody in France discusses the agreement of London, whereas everybody discusses the agreement of Washington; and no one bears a grudge against England, while everyone bears ill will towards America. If you point out to the average Frenchman that Great Britain with a smaller bill is going to get more money than America, and that Great Britain is going to keep forever one-third of the gold reserve of the Bank of France, he will answer: "Yes, but it is not the fault of the British. They have been pressed hard by the Americans and they have always stated that, if America had not claimed their money, they would not have claimed ours." A masterpiece of British propaganda, indeed!

Several Americans are also, I am sorry to say, responsible for the present French frame of mind. There is the American of Paris, who is generally more pro-French than the French. He began by assuring his French friends that never, never would America collect her debt. He went on to say that "he would be ashamed of his country if it were to collect the debt". He went even so far as to advise the French to refuse to pay and, the day following the agreement of Washington, when the ink of the signatures of Secretary Mellon and of Ambassador Bérenger was not yet dry, Mr. Walter Berry, ex-president of the American Chamber of Commerce, was heard publicly to state that "France, having signed such an agreement, was on her knees." Then, there is the American of New York or of Philadelphia, who spends his summer vacations in France and who, this summer, has come over especially to give his good advices to the French debtor. The advice was generally "Let the time pass. Wait until after the November election. Make such and such a reservation on such and such a point. We shall help you. Mr. Somebody will make a speech at his club to explain the French point of view, and

Mr. Nobody will deliver a series of lectures to press the cancellation of all foreign debts."

Then, there is the American lawyer, who is desirous of having a rank or a promotion in the Legion of Honor, who writes to President Poincaré, or to a French colleague, to offer his legal advice on the settlement and indicate the best points on which the French Parliament could fight the ratification. Then, there is the American Democrat, who whispers in the ear of his French guests: "The Republicans did it. Wilson would never have done it. If we come back to power, we shall wipe off the slate."

How, in face of such assertions and of many others, would the average Frenchman be able to see the truth? And how can the exceptional Frenchman, who knows and understands America, make himself heard by his fellow citizens when he urges them to ratify the agreement of Washington and to have confidence in American fairness? He is confronted not only by national ignorance, but also by outside intrigue. He sees thrown in his face such declaration of such an ex-American Minister, or of such an American banker, or of such an American opposition newspaper. And naturally he is told that he is more American than the real Americans.

There will be an end to all this muddle and this game. The cloud will pass, as do all clouds. The sun of friendship will shine again, because the sun always shines after the clouds have passed away. Those who in France love America, because they know her, because they understand her, have no fear of the future. They remain unshaken, unmoved in their love of Washington's and Lincoln's fatherland. They know that France, their own country, may be fooled for a certain time, but not all the time. They know that in Voltaire's and Lafayette's fatherland the spirit of wisdom and acuteness always prevails at the end.

Meanwhile, if they could address a prayer to their American friends of America, they would say: "For God's sake! Leave foreign matters outside of your party disputes. Do not let Europe believe that your national policy will change if your political administration changes. Do not let Europe believe that your adhesion to the League of Geneva, or your coöperation with the Court of the Hague, or your decision regarding the foreign debt,

depends on the victory of such or such party. Do not invite Europe to play on the American electoral chess-board. It is a bad service that you render her and that you render to yourselves. Foreign questions are delicate enough already without their being thrown into domestic electoral battles. If you want to understand Europe well, make yourselves at the same time well understood."

To make oneself well understood was, as Foch said a few days ago, the secret of the life of nations just as it is that of individuals. But to make oneself well understood by others, one must first understand oneself perfectly.

Paris, November, 1926.

SHOULD WE RESTRICT THE COTTON CROP?

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

"SHALL we restrict the cotton crop?" To reply to this question by an unprovisional yes or no would be unintelligent. As an economic generalization, production should be encouraged upon the theory that it will lower costs and thereby bring about a corresponding increase in consumption. But when the increase in production is so rapid or so unexpected that it disturbs the economic balance, then a resort to radical methods may be justified.

The present cotton season is a case in point. The latest Government estimate indicates an American crop of 17,918,000 bales. Such a crop, if it is harvested, will follow last year's generous yield of 16,104,000 bales and will come upon the market concurrently with East Indian, Egyptian and Russian crops that also promise to be large. As a result the supply for the twelve months or season ending July 31, 1927, plus the carry-over from the previous season, will probably be equal to the world's consumption for the eighteen months ending January 31, 1928, by which date another world's crop will have been produced. The consequence is that cotton has already fallen to twelve and one-half cents a pound.

No one knows what the cost of production is. It depends upon the weather, the fertility of the soil, and so many other variable factors that even a generalization or average is impossible. But the best opinion or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, the most intelligent guesses, put the probable cost of this year's American crop at fifteen cents a pound. These guesses are based upon the following tables published by the United States Department of Agriculture:

1923 COST OF PRODUCING COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES, BY YIELD GROUPS.

Yield groups (lbs. of lint per acre)	No. of reports	Acres in cotton per farm	Yield per acre (lbs. of lint)	Cost per acre: Prepare and plant	Cultivate	Harvest and market	Miscel. labor	Fertilizer and manure	Seed	Ginning	Land rent	Misc. costs	Total	Less value of cotton seed per acre	Net cost of lint: Per acre	Per lb.
20 lbs. and under	32	55	14	$3.69	$5.25	$2.11	$0.70	$2.94	$1.14	$0.22	$3.52	$1.52	$21.09	$0.74	$20.35	$1.45
21 to 60 lbs.....	249	69	44	3.84	5.24	3.98	.79	4.25	1.25	.59	4.33	2.69	26.96	2.10	24.86	.56
61 to 100 lbs....	451	55	89	3.91	5.73	5.57	.79	3.97	1.16	1.33	4.88	2.57	29.91	3.60	26.31	.30
101 to 140 lbs....	407	54	124	4.25	6.12	6.69	1.03	3.39	1.24	1.76	4.98	3.06	32.52	5.13	27.39	.22
141 to 180 lbs....	394	70	161	4.18	5.92	7.60	1.11	3.55	1.22	1.99	5.99	2.74	34.30	6.79	27.51	.17
180 to 220 lbs....	279	51	200	4.37	6.20	8.74	1.36	4.48	1.18	2.23	6.90	3.31	38.77	7.64	31.13	.16
221 to 260 lbs....	257	63	245	4.71	6.59	9.85	1.56	5.04	1.40	2.77	7.08	3.33	42.33	9.71	32.62	.13
261 to 300 lbs....	165	30	290	5.01	7.08	11.13	1.64	6.27	1.54	3.08	8.05	3.44	47.24	11.00	36.24	.12
301 to 340 lbs....	34	56	324	5.26	8.51	13.39	2.46	9.03	1.64	3.32	9.59	5.09	58.29	12.64	45.65	.14
341 to 380 lbs....	54	33	356	5.50	7.18	12.13	2.83	8.75	1.48	3.90	9.53	4.10	55.40	12.62	42.78	.12
381 to 420 lbs....	94	31	401	5.71	8.62	13.74	2.37	10.41	1.51	3.71	8.91	4.37	59.35	14.98	44.37	.11
421 to 460 lbs....	27	31	444	5.82	8.14	14.87	2.91	9.99	1.59	4.46	12.42	4.56	64.76	14.53	50.23	.11
461 to 500 lbs....	60	26	495	6.09	7.75	17.71	3.04	9.73	1.55	5.17	10.43	5.54	67.01	17.94	49.07	.10
501 lbs. and over.	16	27	618	6.34	7.51	28.28	2.79	13.86	1.44	6.92	10.79	5.07	83.00	26.17	56.83	.09

1925 COST OF PRODUCING COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES, BY YIELD GROUPS.

Yield groups (lbs. of lint per acre)	No. of reports	Acres in cotton per farm	Yield per acre (lbs. of lint)	Cost per acre: Prepare and plant	Cultivate	Harvest and market	Miscel. labor	Fertilizer and manure	Seed	Ginning	Land rent	Misc. costs	Total	Less value of cotton seed per acre	Net cost of lint: Per acre	Per lb.
60 lbs. and under	47	52	34	$3.94	$5.46	$4.06	$0.53	$2.96	$1.24	$0.56	$5.43	$2.12	$26.30	$2.04	$24.26	$0.71
61 to 100 lbs....	79	60	89	4.00	5.74	5.34	1.05	4.52	1.21	1.19	4.71	2.82	30.58	2.75	27.83	.31
101 to 140 lbs....	112	43	126	4.46	5.50	6.54	.58	2.79	1.11	1.68	4.53	2.53	29.72	3.30	26.42	.21
141 to 180 lbs....	207	48	162	4.47	6.01	7.66	.71	4.62	1.27	1.88	5.15	2.65	34.42	4.71	29.71	.18
181 to 220 lbs....	187	46	202	4.44	6.32	8.13	.76	5.69	1.24	2.25	5.42	3.10	37.35	6.01	31.34	.16
221 to 260 lbs....	277	52	246	4.63	6.46	9.78	.88	5.39	1.33	2.78	6.14	2.85	40.24	7.10	33.14	.13
261 to 300 lbs....	158	44	292	4.70	7.00	10.87	.81	6.38	1.33	3.15	6.06	3.07	43.37	7.52	35.85	.12
301 to 340 lbs....	54	54	325	4.90	6.96	12.83	.95	5.64	1.47	4.12	8.03	2.65	47.55	8.92	38.63	.12
341 to 380 lbs....	70	44	360	5.78	8.32	13.40	.64	7.07	1.49	4.16	7.84	3.85	52.55	8.48	44.07	.12
381 to 420 lbs....	79	59	400	5.61	7.36	14.07	.76	6.61	1.41	4.61	7.76	2.77	50.96	9.63	41.33	.10
421 to 460 lbs....	39	49	446	6.82	8.16	16.11	1.00	9.59	1.44	5.17	7.96	4.89	61.14	11.42	49.72	.11
461 to 500 lbs....	65	37	496	5.58	8.08	15.11	.78	7.23	1.36	6.08	8.97	2.81	56.00	11.70	44.30	.09
501 lbs. and over.	31	30	600	5.81	8.26	17.25	.31	6.38	1.43	6.57	8.69	8.75	58.45	11.54	46.91	.08

The latest Government estimate indicates that this year's crop of cotton in the United States will be about 181.4 pounds an acre, and it is upon the expectation of such a yield that the trade has reached the conclusion that its cost (not including land rent) will be about fifteen cents a pound.

As this is a very moderate price as compared with the average of the after-war period, and as less would inflict a heavy loss upon the two million farmers who raise cotton in the South, they are being advised to hold what they can, to market the balance deliberately, and to make a drastic reduction in the acreage to be planted next year.

In view of the emergency this advice seems to be sound, but it *is* emergency advice, and no one ought to endorse it without pointing out that if it were permanently applied ruin would be the result. This is said because there is a widespread tendency in America to assume that the way to cure every economic evil is to advance prices.

That this is a great mistake will be self-evident after a few moments of concentrated and logical thought, and it is time that someone in authority undertook to make it clear that society and the individual are injured by high prices and benefited by the converse, provided values are measured by a money standard that is stable.

The reason for this is obvious. The standard of living is raised by low prices because they enable us to buy more, to enjoy more comforts and to consume more of the products of human labor. Therefore, the true remedy for the present predicament of the cotton farmer is to be found in an increased production at a lower cost.

This statement is likely to provoke a protest. It will be argued that the cost of production cannot be reduced and that he who suggests the contrary is an "enemy of the South".

Let us see. From the tables printed above it appears that the cost of production declines as the acre yield increases, and that when as much as 500 pounds an acre is produced, the cost is about eight or nine cents a pound. It will be answered that a yield of 500 pounds an acre is exceptional and unattainable for most farmers. But is it?

For the last two or three years *The Dallas News* has been conducting a campaign to encourage the production of "more cotton on fewer acres". Substantial prizes were offered for the largest yield attained. The winner of the first prize this year succeeded in raising more than 1,500 pounds an acre and his record was closely approximated by those who won the second and third prizes as well as by several others. Yields of as much as a bale, or 500 pounds, an acre are not, in fact, uncommon in the South, and while I do not mean to assert that the average of production can be immediately lifted to any such level, I do feel warranted in saying that an intensive cultivation of a smaller acreage will go a long way towards solving the eternal cotton problem. It will reduce the cost of the cotton that is harvested and it will release much of the acreage now planted to cotton for crops that will yield a larger profit.

It is granted that the adoption of such a policy might greatly increase the number of bales produced and that lower prices would be the consequence. But if a fair profit on a reduced cost of production could be realized, would not the South be better off than when it is compelled to sell a high cost crop at a loss?

The experience of the past shows that the consumption of cotton responds to the stimulus of low prices with great promptness, and if this response were accelerated as it should be by advertising, the result would be amazing. The annual consumption of cotton in the United States at present is about thirty-five pounds per capita (linters included). If the consumption throughout the world were brought up to the American standard, more than one hundred million bales of cotton would be used. The world's total production of cotton at present does not exceed twenty-seven or twenty-eight million bales.

These figures need no exposition. They speak for themselves, and they make it clear that the final solution of the cotton problem will be found in intensive agriculture, lower costs of production, and increased consumption brought about by lower prices and intelligent advertising—the greatest force that business now has at its disposal.

WAR IN THE THIRD DIMENSION

BY MAJOR SHERMAN MILES, U. S. A.

THERE is much talk in these days of new forms of warfare. One hears speculations on the number of airplanes which could effectively bomb or gas New York or Washington. The submarine looms large in the future. New minds with penetrating vision are even announcing the obsolescence of the old science of war, and insisting that all past experience can have little bearing on the rapid and novel struggles of the future—the blows struck from the air and from below the surface of the sea.

It is perhaps natural that so costly a war as the last one, and a war in which the damage to the victors so closely approximated that suffered by the vanquished, should lead to searching criticism of the standard military theories on which it was waged. Particularly is this so because the war itself brought forth two new weapons, gas and tanks, and gave scope for the first time to the third dimension in strategy, submarine and aërial warfare. The game which so many generations have played on a chess board must henceforth be played above it and below it too, and with new pieces introduced among the old familiar ones.

So it is no wonder that even the supposedly immutable bases of strategy should be challenged, military processes of thought derided and totally new forms of warfare predicted. What, says the man of common sense, is the good of the Clausewitzian doctrine of the "Nation in Arms", of the military principle of the defeat of the enemy's main forces, if it all results in a four years' stalemate which nearly wrecks the world, morally and economically? If war comes again it must be fought on different principles, since the old ones produced such lamentable results, and above all it must lead to a far more rapid and definite decision. It must, in short, be pulled out of the mud.

There was a gentleman in the last war rather widely known as "Old Bill". He was, I am afraid, distinctly of the conservative,

or mud school of thought. But his mind had its liberal moments, and in one of them he uttered his best known dictum—"If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

Before we decide to dive into some better hole, or soar up into the blue, it would be well to look at war objectively, as it stands today. What is so often overlooked, of course, is the obvious fact that the last war was a freak. Its tremendous toll of life and treasure resulted solely from the deadlocking of terrific forces over a long period of time. Now, to deadlock a war you must have, simultaneously, two conditions, either of which is extremely rare. These are a nice balance of opposing forces and a lack of space in which to manœuver.

The entire history of warfare has been a struggle between powers of the offense and of the defense. Sometimes one has predominated, sometimes the other. In the days of Rome no form of defense withstood her legions. In early feudal times a stout castle held at bay a king's army. Back and forth the balance has teetered; rarely has it been at equilibrium.

Now it so happened that in the period from September, 1914, to August, 1918, the offense and the defense were practically at equilibrium in the only vital theaters of war. The defense predominated just enough, and only just enough, to make the deadlock perfect. The Germans fought their way into France and Italy and Russia. The offense was a powerful weapon in their hands—but never quite powerful enough. Machine guns, wire and trenches were just a little better in the long run than bayonets and shells. Gas and the gas mask about balanced; airplanes and tanks had not time to develop their full offensive powers; the submarine almost won the war, but not quite. After each real trial of strength, when the delicate balance was read, the scales stood almost level, with the defense just a little on top. So the Allies also found when they took the offensive on the Aisne, at Gallipoli and on the Somme. At last the end came through attrition.

But, even so, the war would not have deadlocked had there been sufficient manœuver space on any vital front. In early feudal days, when an army in a walled town was impregnable, the enemy marched around and generally forced a decision. In

the last war there happened to be no way around. Geographically the balance was as perfect (and as rare) as it was in the matter of arms. The bottle neck between the Channel and Switzerland was completely blocked by the armies, and so was that between Switzerland and the head of the Adriatic. Russia and Poland offered more scope; but even there (until Russia collapsed) the lines locked from the Gulf of Riga to the Pripet Marshes. Only in the minor theaters of the Balkans, Palestine and Mesopotamia was there manœuver room, and in none of them could victory break the deadlock in the West.

It must be obvious that each of these two conditions, balance of military power and lack of manœuver space, is by no means a common one in war; and the chance of their occurring simultaneously at any given time is of course the product of their separate rarities. Yet they must both occur together to produce a 1914–1918 deadlock, with its consequent attrition. In the Russo-Japanese War, fought only a decade before the World War, nothing of the sort occurred. There was no lack of manœuver space in Manchuria. Nor were the forces in the Civil War held in stalemate. Grant said he would "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"—but he didn't. He moved around a flank; and Sherman marched through Georgia. The war was never deadlocked; manœuver was always possible: the inevitable end was only somewhat prolonged by the brilliancy of Southern leadership.

In point of fact, it is difficult to find in all military history coincidences of the two factors which produce a deadlock and force a decision by attrition. Perhaps Marlborough's later campaigns furnish the nearest precedent to the stabilized warfare of 1914–1918. "How our armies cursed in Flanders!" And now we know why they cursed, in the dreary mud behind their long lines of entrenchments. But for all their profanity they suffered no such prolonged stagnation as did our Allies in the late war.

The point is somewhat labored, but on it really rests the basis of the modern criticism of war. If armies and navies can win only by attrition, there is much to be said for almost any other way of reaching a decision. But that "if" rests only on a war the like of which may never be seen again.

There is an accepted and much respected military doctrine that the primary objective in war is the defeat of the enemy's main forces. This arouses the ire of the younger critics who would lead us on shorter paths. It smacks too much of that attrition they foresee in all future wars, if military thought is not transformed. According to them, this basic doctrine of the objective should be written: "The aim of a nation in war is to subdue the enemy's will to resist, with the least possible human and economic loss to itself." Surely we cannot quarrel with the simplicity of that dictum. We might, indeed, go one step further towards the obvious and say, "One fights to win!"

Poor old Clausewitz had been accused of perverting this simple axiom into that cruel one about defeating the enemy's main forces. But the fact is that hostile forces do get in one's way when one starts out to win a war—or at least they always have. So it is perhaps not surprising that simple minded soldiers should take the task of subduing the enemy's will to be equivalent to defeating the forces which are the physical embodiment of that will. And indeed the newer school of thought has a certain difficulty in producing evidence to the effect that a war may be won while the enemy's physical forces remain undefeated.

Nevertheless, two examples from the past, which are supposed to point the way to the winning of war without fighting battles, have recently been produced by a leading light of the newer school. The first concerns Hannibal and Scipio Africanus. Hannibal's great victory at Cannæ gained him nothing, this critic reminds us, because he did not then march on Rome and take it. Here is the nub of the idea. Winning battles gets you nowhere. The thing to do is to crush the enemy's will to resist—to march on Rome. Unfortunately we are not told how Hannibal could have captured Rome without first defeating the Roman army at Cannæ.

As for Scipio, the newer school considers his appreciation of the principle of the objective to have been more profound, since he carried the war into Africa and threatened Carthage. This is a little difficult to follow, since Scipio merely copied Hannibal's strategy in carrying the war into the enemy's country. Even then, before he subdued the Carthaginian power, he seems to have

so far forgotten himself as to engage and defeat Hannibal's army at Zama.

The second example is even more unconvincing—the march of the Allies on Paris in 1814. They ignored Napoleon's army, we are told, marched in and snuffed out the French resistance. And well they might have, seeing that they had had the luck to capture Napoleon's dispatches giving his dispositions and plans, and that they had at the time something over three hundred thousand men in France while Napoleon had been reduced to a scattered seventy thousand, mostly raw recruits. The year before, when an Allied march on Paris had been proposed (and Napoleon is said to have wished them a "bon voyage"), they had wisely thought better of it. To ignore Napoleon when he had been reduced to his last forlorn hope and France was seething with discontent behind him, was one thing. It would have been quite another thing to have turned their backs on him when he stood with an undefeated army in Germany. The inference is rather strong that the Allied march on Paris was made possible only by Napoleon's decisive defeat at Leipsic.

But these examples (of their own choosing) are not really fair to the newer school, for it is not in the past but to the future that they look. The point they make is that military force has now become dependent on national production to a degree never dreamed of at any previous time. This means that the capture or destruction of a limited area of industrial productivity might in the future render your enemy's armed forces incapable of fighting. You might win the war, not by overrunning his country and stamping out resistance after successful battle (the old military conception of victory), but by seizing, without pain of battle, your enemy's industrial and commercial heart.

It enhances the value of the geographical objective, this modern dependency on mass production of munitions—there is no doubt about it. But the defense is just as keenly aware of this enhanced value as is the aggressor. Suppose, for instance, that Germany had fought the United States in 1914 instead of the Entente. Suppose she had gained control of the Atlantic and had landed her armies in New Jersey. She might have chosen to ignore our army and set herself the sole task of seizing the whole indus-

trial region north and east of the Potomac. She would have then controlled the better part of our material resources for war. But (and this is the fly in the ointment of the newer strategy) she could not have seized that region without defeating our main forces, both army and navy. The very fact that certain geographical objectives have become more vital makes it the more certain that they can be had only at the price of decisive battle.

II

All this would be a mere matter of technical strategy, to be thrashed out by those who consider themselves competent in such matters, did not the newer school raise the issue to a higher plane and begin to deal with imponderables. They bring in the third dimension of strategy, hitherto almost as untested as the fourth dimension in mathematics, and face us with the appalling question of whether "civilized" warfare of the future is to be an open and fair fight or a wholesale massacre of non-combatants.

For the theory they advance is this: If the enemy's will-to-win is the crux of the matter (and on this there can be no question), it follows that we should subdue that will by the quickest and most direct means. It happens that, for the first time in history, we can fly over or swim under his physical defenses (his army and navy) and attack directly the bases of his will—the morale of his people, their food supply and their munition production. The third dimension is therefore the answer to surface warfare; the submarine and the airplane are its agencies; gas, liquid fire and high explosives are its tools.

And the objective of third-dimensional warfare is the non-combatant. In an effective measure it means massacre, not war as we know it now. This is the point to bear in mind. It is of course true that measures of defense have been developed against submarine and aërial attack. The convoy system and the aërial defense of Paris in the last war were both successful to a certain degree. And these forms of defense are capable of much greater improvement. The reaction between the offense and the defense is as constant and direct as that between supply and demand. Nevertheless, whatever may be the means of defense devised against it, third-dimensional warfare is pretty certain to find its

most effective scope of action behind and beyond the combatant forces of the enemy, if for no other reason than that those forces are much better able to protect themselves than are merchant ships and cities. Whether non-combatants can be protected from such attack is a matter of opinion. That they are the natural objective of the third-dimensional forces is the unavoidable conclusion from this whole new theory of war.

The part which the submarine is to play is all too well known from German activities in the late war. The cutting of sea communications by submarines can only be effected (if at all) by wholesale sinking of merchant ships. And the quicker a ship can be sunk the better—"*spurlos versenkt*". In the last war the British fitted out some innocent looking merchantmen with concealed guns. These "Q" ships were submarine traps. If the submarine came to the surface to capture one of them, and incidentally give the crew time to escape, the gun screens were lowered and the submarine was fired on at short range. This is so obvious an answer to submarines which do not sink by stealth and without warning that efficient undersea warfare and considerations of humanity seem hardly compatible. Nor would it be possible for submarines to rescue and keep the crews of all the ships they must sink in the process of cutting arteries of communication, even if they were willing to take the risks involved.

Airplanes seeking to wreck the industrial life of the enemy, or destroy his morale, must be equally callous towards non-combatants. They must drop their bombs or their gas on areas in which men work and near which women and children live. These areas, if important, will no doubt be defended by anti-aircraft guns. This means that the attacking planes must fly higher and that their bombs or gas will be dispersed over wider areas of habitation. We hear also of the possibility of crippling the nerve centers of the enemy by aërial attack—which means the deliberate bombing and gassing of great cities, not merely munition plants. We are asked to consider the crushing force of such a blow on the moral stamina of any nation.

Concerning this matter, if one has a fancy for horrors and a good imagination, there are practically no limits he need set upon himself. The attack from the blue, above or below, has a sensa-

tional appeal which tends to make one forget the possible counter-measures of defense. Aërial bombardments utilizing to the full the toxic effect of gases, coupled we will say with white phosphorus for incendiary purposes, appear to be capable of almost limitless possibilities in killing humanity in the mass—at least if we accept without question the theory that there is no possible shield against such a weapon. But the real question is, not so much as to the efficiency of this method of warfare, measured by the number of killings per minute, as to whether it will, in fact, be used.

The newer school of thought scorns all possible international agreements against it. Even if we should succeed in limiting by treaty the use of submarines and of aviation against non-combatants (a consummation not at all unlikely, in spite of the failure of certain Powers to ratify the similar treaty of Washington), the newer school will have none of it. According to their way of thinking, two unanswerable arguments stand against any such agreements. The first is the great and growing necessity to end a war quickly. The strain on a nation in arms is so great, the cost of a long war in life and treasure is so colossal, that any means will be taken, *must* be taken to end it. Whatever the horrors may be, they will not equal those of a protracted war and its aftermath of national exhaustion.

Secondly, they point out that no efficient weapon of war has ever been abandoned, however humanitarian may have been the general intentions during periods of peace. And this is quite true. The Lateran Council in the twelfth century prohibited the use of the cross-bow, and both Bayard and Marshal Saxe attempted to outlaw the musket; but never yet have men been willing to discard a new and efficient weapon.

"Mankind never has: therefore mankind never will"—it seems a strange argument in the mouths of those who base so much on aviation! For it was just what was said twenty-five years ago about flying itself. But let that pass: the limitations of human nature may be much more fixed than those of human ingenuity. Because man never flew before, and now flies, is perhaps not necessarily an indication that he will refrain from the use of his most deadly weapons in his need, although he has never done so before.

It may be well to note, however, that it is the weapon rather

than the full use of the weapon to which man has always clung. Weapons have become more and more efficient, in an ever rising scale. And men have always armed themselves with the best they could get when they faced their armed enemies. But have they used their weapons with progressive ruthlessness against non-combatants? Has there not been, on the contrary, a progressive amelioration in the use of physical forces against other than armed enemies?

This is the real point at issue, so far as the past is concerned. Granting that it is foolish to ignore the consistent lesson of all history in regard to the progressive development of arms, is it not equally foolish to shut one's eyes to a plain tendency of larger aspect? For it can not well be denied that the whole trend of what we call civilization has been and is towards humanizing the relations between man and his fellow men, not only in peace but in war. The German idea of frightfulness was a flare-back, and an unsuccessful one at that. It did not pay. Even if it had been successful, it would still have marked a long step ahead of the inhuman methods of four hundred years before, or even a hundred years. There was no sack of Magdeburg, no open pillage of Badajoz.

Aërial bombing in the World War had reached a stage of development which might have made it devastating had it been employed without restriction on civilian populations. And so had gas. Yet, in spite of the intensity of the struggle and the heat of passion on both sides, it is clear that there were certain self-imposed limitations in aërial attacks. London and Paris were bombed, it is true, and there was talk of bombarding Berlin at the time of the Armistice. Yet there does not appear to have been, on either side, *full and unrestricted* use of air power against non-combatants. Perhaps the best proof of this is the failure to use gas in the aërial bombardments of cities. Gas would have been an ideal weapon, both from the point of view of killing and of shattering morale. But both sides, in theory at least, generally confined their aërial attacks to military targets—munition factories, railroad yards, arsenals, docks, etc.—and in practice made some notable attempts to avoid indiscriminate killing of innocent people. On the Allied side there were many cases recorded in

which airmen refused to drop their bombs merely for the sake of killing. On the German side, Admiral Scheer says in his book that "Airships frequently returned from their expeditions with their full complement of bombs because they had not been able to make out such [military] targets with sufficient certainty. It would have been easy enough for them, before returning, to get rid of their bombs and drop them over any place over which they happened to fly, if they had wanted to kill harmless citizens."

It is, of course, obvious that the bombing of munition plants, railroad centers, dockyards and such, even though they entailed the loss of innocent lives, were blows directed against the armed forces of the enemy, not against the enemy's will-to-fight as embodied in his civil population. They were, in effect quite different from the form of warfare which this newer school is now predicting and even advocating. The crippling of the enemy's armed forces, which they say may be ignored, was in general the aërial objective; and neither side attempted from the air an unrestricted devastation of civilian centers as a means of breaking the enemy's will.

The objective of the "Big Bertha" bombardment of Paris was, it is true, very largely morale effect on a civilian population. But the means employed were land guns, not of the largest caliber and certainly not capable of devastation on the scale of an aërial attack with gas or explosives. The same relative amount of damage to a city constituting an "entrenched camp" done by artillery fire a hundred years ago would have caused little comment. In these days, however, the world moves towards other standards.

There were evidencies of a distinct humanitarian influence, even in the unbridled days of 1914–1918. And since then it seems significant that the Great Powers should have signed, though some of them failed to ratify, a treaty forbidding ruthless submarine warfare and the use of gas or liquid fire even against hostile troops. Perhaps of still greater moment are the Hague Air Warfare Rules of 1923, which forbid "aërial bombardment for the purpose of terrorizing the civilian population, of destroying or damaging private property not of military character, or of injuring non-combatants". It is all very well to say that no rules are

observed in war—witness Germany's use of gas. But there is such a thing as a trend of influence in the civilized world. If you want to measure its direction and force as applied to the conduct of war, compare the recognized methods of warfare as they affected non-combatants in, say, 1200 A.D. and in every century mark since that date. Putting the inhabitants to the sword meant massacre; and sack meant wholesale looting, rape and arson; and pillage meant taking whatever you could find of value. Each in its day meant simply war to the unfortunate man or woman who fell into the enemy's clutches. And each in its day was banned from the usages of war into the category of crimes. Or, if you want to see this same general tendency from a different angle, observe the growth of human respect for human life and sensibility in times of peace. From the days when all sorts of petty lordlings held in their hands the power of life and death and the *droit du seigneur*, through the long period of slavery, torture, floggings and public hangings for minor crimes, we have come to the point at which it is distressingly difficult to execute even a condemned murderer.

Working against the theory of ruthless warfare on non-combatants is also the hard fact of retaliation. Unless you are fighting naked savages, or at least very ill-equipped foes, there is always the disagreeable possibility that the killing of non-combatants may be met by retaliation, if not in kind at least in some very brutal form. That, of course, is the moral of the German violation of the Hague treaties in regard to gas. Retaliation cost her more in the end than her delinquency gained for her.

During the World War the effect of the fear of retaliation was apparent, even in the armies themselves. Both sides usually knew the location of hostile headquarters. But they were not often deliberately bombed, simply because the answer was so apparent. The "*gros bonnets*" looked out for themselves, if you like. And one suspects that in future wars the "*gros bonnets*" commanding nations will be similarly inclined to look out for themselves and their innocent political adherents.

The fear of retaliation is not a force to be lightly brushed aside. It is one thing for a government to send its conquering armies into the heart of the enemy territory, hold down hostile power and en-

force peace. It is quite another thing to stake all on blows of ruthless devastation and risk retaliation.

In reality it comes down to this: These later-day critics who talk of scrapping all the old principles of war and winning through wholesale aërial bombardment or the cutting of sea communications by submarine operations, are advocating massacre of non-combatants. They believe that the humanizing trend of civilization may be reversed and set back a thousand years. They believe that international agreements looking to the protection of innocent lives in war, by land and sea, will be disregarded; that the use of no weapon, however indiscriminate may be its power of destruction, will be limited in war; and that no fear of retaliation will stay the hands of those in authority. If they are right in these assumptions; and if, further, they are correct in believing that their attack will succeed in spite of all forms of defense, then they are undoubtedly right in their conclusion that the fundamentals of warfare have been knocked into a cocked hat. In fact, war as we know it now will be no more. Instead there will be only a frantic race to blot out the enemy's people before our own choke to death in the ruins of their cities.

In the mean while the United States, fortunately or unfortunately as you choose to see it, abides by its Rules of Land Warfare of 1914: "The measure of permissible devastation is found in the strict necessities of war. As an end in itself, as a separate measure of war, devastation is not sanctioned by the laws of war. There must be some reasonably close connection between the destruction of property and the overcoming of the enemy's army."

WHAT OF THE IRISH FREE STATE?

BY RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES O'CONNOR, K.C.

THE psychological was the worst of the evils wrought on Ireland by the Union. In a national struggle, the propaganda is bound to be intensive, reckless and extravagant, and all the more so in the case of a quick-witted, imaginative and emotional people like the Irish. Each generation of Irish political leaders taught their followers—and perhaps persuaded themselves—that Ireland could become a rich, great and powerful nation if its legislative and administrative machinery were controlled from Dublin instead of London. According to O'Connell, the water power in Ireland could turn all the machinery in the world. Ireland's geographical position was described as the most favorable in Europe for trade and commerce. Minerals, especially coal, were in great and easily available quantities in the bowels of the earth, awaiting exploitation at the hands of a home Government; a tariff wall against England's manufactured goods would make Ireland an industrial country. The character of the people had scarcely a flaw in its composition. There was land enough, and to spare, for everybody.

What is the truth concerning Ireland's position, considered from the economic point of view? Ireland's coal is of poor description, found in seams from twelve to eighteen inches thick —it is absurd to speak of it as an asset. As to peat, the process of preparing it for industrial purposes makes it much more costly than coal. Ireland is in shape like a saucer, with its mountains (the highest of which is 3300 feet) forming the rim, and there is no considerable fall in its rivers—something will be said later on of the Shannon scheme. The island is less than 30,000 square miles in extent, and a considerable portion is bog and mountain. Its climate is, on the whole, damp and enervating. Its people have many virtues, but, speaking generally, hard work and perseverance are not very common. The country has no natural

advantages for industrial pursuits. The soil, outside the bog and mountain area, is rich and fertile. Nature's design was obviously to make Ireland an agricultural and not an industrial country.

The propaganda concerning Ireland's possibilities that prevailed from 1800 to the dissolution of the Union in 1921 had a profoundly demoralizing effect upon the character of the people. Every imperfection in the social order was ascribed to the London Government. As long as the conflict existed between Great Britain and Ireland, it was impossible to expect from Irishmen right thinking about themselves or their neighbors. The Irish war mentality was of the usual distressing description.

The economic teaching, moreover, had one result which, not merely because of its relation to the most striking episode in Irish history since the Union, but because of its bearing on the present position of the country, is important. Emigration from a favored island where there was land enough to go round was denounced. The result was that in spite of much British legislation to the contrary, the land was split up into minute farms and the population, as far as possible, was kept at home. The famine of 1847, when the country was grossly overpopulated, followed from this disastrous teaching. Since the famine, a tendency to enlarge holdings is in evidence, but, nevertheless, the farms in Ireland comprise very many holdings too small to yield a decent livelihood. Taking the latest census (1911) for all Ireland, it will be found that there are altogether 563,525 holdings, comprising 19,004,075 acres, or, roughly, an average of 33 acres to a holding. Of these, 50,355 are above one acre and less than five acres; 129,706 are above five acres and less than fifteen acres; and 123,489 are above fifteen and not exceeding thirty acres. The remaining holdings are as follows: Above 30 and under 50, 70,897; above 50 and under 100, 57,276; above 100 and under 200, 23,094; above 200 and under 500, 8,537; above 500, 2,112. One of the difficulties that faces the Free State Government is this excessive division of land and multiplication of small holdings.

It has been necessary to say so much about the ante-Treaty propaganda and the fallacies upon which it was based, for two

reasons. First, a knowledge of the facts is requisite to enable American readers to form a judgment as to the future of Ireland. Second, we have to know the fallacies as well as the facts to understand the present mentality of Ireland and the educative processes that are in operation in Ireland today.

If the Union was a psychological evil, the Treaty is a psychological blessing. It is no exaggeration to say that Ireland has learned more about herself in the five years that have elapsed since the Treaty than during the seven centuries of English domination. Many of the old catch cries have completely disappeared. Not a word, for example, is now heard of the fabled mineral resources of the country. There has been some very plain and wholesome talk about the failings of the people. At the Catholic Truth Conference held in October of this year, speeches were delivered of a candor which would have been inconceivable under the British régime. The conviction is being brought home to the minds of all persons who have anything to lose that Ireland's main assets consist of fertile soil and a rich customer near by to take its produce.

All this recasting of values is to the good. It ensures the stability of the new constitutional structure. It turns the energy of the people in the right direction, which is that of agricultural development. It makes for sincere coöperation with the other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

But, whether in a nation or in an individual, the habit of wrong thinking cannot be at once wholly discarded. The momentum of past propaganda is not yet wholly spent. Vigorous efforts are being made to push the Government into a high tariff policy. There are tariffs at present, but they are so small as to be almost negligible. Should very stiff tariffs be set up, irritation in England and reprisals will be the inevitable consequence. The irritation would be shown by a preference for other nations' agricultural produce. A reprisal might take the form of a higher duty on imported porter. Guinness's brewery is the biggest industrial undertaking in the Irish Free State, and, I think, is the richest and biggest of its kind in the world. Its capital value in the market today must be in the neighborhood of sixty million pounds. Its best customer is England. Should

England put up a serious duty against Irish porter, the value of Guinness's brewery would be reduced by one-half, and the proprietors—mainly Irish shareholders—would have to transfer the major portion of their activities to England to escape the duty. But I do not consider that a tariff war of that kind is probable, for the Irish people and their Government are every day acquiring fresh knowledge of the real economic possibilities of the country.

A relic of the inevitable inflation of national sentiment in the ante-Treaty era is to be found in the attempt to revivify the Irish language. Irish is compulsory in the primary schools, and some knowledge of it is necessary for entrance into the National University, and for admission into the Civil Service.

There are two formidable obstacles to the revival of the language. One is that it is very difficult to bring up to date a language which, if it ever got past the stage of a peasant tongue, had certainly in recent years degenerated into a peasant tongue, spoken only in the most backward parts of the community. The other is that the Irish people do not really want the language revived. I give my own experience for what it is worth. I spent my early days partly in a seaport town and partly upon a farm. When I became a solicitor, I acquired an intimate knowledge of the habits and ways of thought of the people,—at all events of the people in the county where I practised,—drawing their wills, marriage settlements and so forth, and advising them on all sorts of matters of domestic concern. When I became a barrister, my professional duties brought me into every county of the Province of Leinster. I have been in every county in Ireland and have tramped many of them. The conviction that forced itself upon my mind is that the Irish people are an intensely realistic people—excepting a few idealists in the towns, there are no idealists anywhere else. In this, one may suppose, they resemble agricultural communities elsewhere. I am convinced that the Irish people, as a whole, do not want to learn the Irish language. A proof of this is to be found in the recent Senatorial election. Dr. Douglas Hyde, the foremost exponent of the language, and one of the most attractive personalities in Ireland, not alone failed to secure election but was almost at the

bottom of the poll in a constituency which comprised all Ireland. I am inclined to wish it were otherwise, but my conclusion is that in the course of a few decades all attempts to revive the language will be abandoned. In connection with the same subject, it may be mentioned that the Government are setting apart a district in the backward West, to be called the Gaeltacht, as a sort of museum or repository where ancient Gaelic customs and civilization are to be restored. The effect, in my opinion, will be to increase the tide of emigration from the region so selected.

In the economic sphere, the Shannon scheme deserves a paragraph to itself. The estimate is that a hydro-electric station will be established which, at its maximum, will generate 84,500 horse power, and upon an average all the year round will generate 22,800 horse power. What this really means can be shown by a few figures. The same horse power (22,800 continuous) can be generated for one year by the combustion of 81,000 tons of coal, less than one hour's normal output in Great Britain. (I base the calculation on a like comparison with the hydro-electric energy of Switzerland made by Dr. J. A. Fleming, head of the Electric Engineering Department, University College, London, appearing in a letter to *The Times*, September 25, 1925. He says: "With the best modern boilers, engines and dynamos, one horse power for one hour can be generated in the form of electric energy by the combustion of one pound of coal. If we take the working hours of the year at 8,000 at most, then one and a half million horse power for the year [the Swiss output] can be obtained by the combustion of one million tons of coal. This is only about one week's output of coal in Great Britain.") The estimate for the Lochaber scheme in Scotland is 75,000 horse power continuously (*The Engineer*, March 4, 1921). The Lochaber scheme, which is intended to supply the power for an aluminum factory, is calculated to bring into being a village population of 5,000 (*The Times*, October 19, 1926). Sheffield, with its population of 520,000, consumes the same electric energy that the Shannon scheme is expected to produce. The city probably does not run half its factories on electric energy, and only twenty-two per cent. of the inhabitants use it for lighting purposes. As to cost, the Shannon scheme, with its 22,800 horse

power, is estimated to cost five million pounds. This includes the main transmission cables. The Lochaber estimate, which involves no transmission, the factory being on the spot, is five millions for its 75,000 horse power. The works now in progress on the Rhine, at Schworstadt, costing two and a half millions, will produce 53,000 continuous horse power.

It is, therefore, obvious that the Shannon scheme is a very modest affair, and certainly not cheap. Nevertheless, the Irish Free State Government are well advised to proceed with it. Since 1920 Ireland has been living on its capital, and its imports have been very considerably in excess of its exports. The nation, as a whole, is profoundly depressed and disappointed. The people have been frankly told by more than one Minister that their future depends, not upon Government action, but upon their own efforts. The prophesy made by a witty Irishman some twenty years ago has come true: "Two persons will be disappointed with the results of Home Rule. The Orangeman will get up in the morning and find that his throat is not cut. The Nationalist will get up in the morning and find that he has to go out to work as usual." Any scheme which keeps up the spirits of the nation during this period of despondency, is worth any cost within limits.

But while, in my opinion, there is no reason to expect any great direct material results from self-government, there is no ground for despondency. For at least thirty years before the Treaty, Ireland was making steady progress, and during the War many of the farmers, and most of the shopkeeping class, made and put by considerable sums of money. When Ireland became a Free State, the country was in most respects well equipped, and the Irish people had £250,000,000 on deposit in the Irish banks and as much or more invested in English concerns. The present lean times are the result of post-war conditions, notably the diminished purchasing power of the great customer, Great Britain. There is still a great deal of loose money in Ireland, and the National Budget, if capital expenditure be taken out of it, is easily balanced.

The most hopeful sign of the times in Ireland is the courage, sincerity and earnestness of the Free State Government. Law and order have been restored with marvellous celerity, and all

parts of Ireland are today as peaceable as any shire in England. The spirit of hard work permeates all classes in the public service, from the President down.

Very notable, too, is the fidelity displayed by the Free State Government in connection with the Treaty. The Treaty has been scrupulously observed, in the letter and the spirit. If ever there was any intention to make Dominion status a mere jumping-off ground for a Republic, it has vanished. The Free State Government will keep the Treaty and will have the Irish people behind them.

The Republicans are a vanishing quantity and, but for one element, are altogether negligible. That element consists of a small number of religious fanatics, whose antagonism to the British Empire is based on strictly religious grounds. They reason that Great Britain is the home of unbelief in the English-speaking world; hence it must be destroyed. These fanatics are few in number, but stern of purpose. Recent events have made them quiescent for the present, but they, or their successors, will be heard of should England be again engaged in a war. But this class is losing its authority every day, and, though its existence is a danger, still I think that in no contingency will the danger be very formidable.

As I write, the Imperial Conference is sitting, and the Free State is a willing participator in its deliberations. President Cosgrave's opening speech was a model of tact and good sense. The Free State, and perhaps others of the Dominions as well, may make gestures of "coequality", but when all is said and done, the position comes to this: When Great Britain is at war, so are the Dominions, unless in that event they cut the painter altogether. From the economic point of view, it is difficult to see what the Free State can get out of the Conference. England can never shut out Danish—or any other—agricultural produce for the purpose of giving a preference to Ireland's produce.

Northern Ireland and the Free State now look on each other with friendly eyes. Northern Ireland, too, has been hard hit by post-war conditions, notably in its ship building and linen industries. Nevertheless, it has managed to pay its way and something into the Imperial Exchequer as well. A fusion of

some sort between the two parts of Ireland, each preserving local controversy, may reasonably be expected, but probably not for a decade or so.

The utter dependence of Ireland upon England is a hard fact that Irishmen find it difficult to swallow, but it is a fact, nevertheless. England takes ninety per cent. of Ireland's produce. That Ireland is able to raise money at five per cent. is mainly attributable to the circumstances that she is part of the British Empire, sharing the Empire's credit, defended by the resources of the Empire without being obliged to contribute a man, a ship, or a shilling towards that defence.

Political conditions do not alter the economic unity of the two islands. Such vital factors as wages and labor conditions must always tend, in spite of any change of political status, to approximate in both islands. Remote from each other in spirit and philosophy, the islands are one from the point of view of trade, commerce and defence.

Ireland's future is a modest but, I hope, a happy one. She will remain a predominantly agricultural country, with a splendid market at her door. Any one who sees, at close range, the evils of an industrial civilization, may well congratulate her upon her lot.

COMMERCIALIZATION OF TENNIS

BY FRED HAWTHORNE

THE present unrest in amateur lawn tennis has not been a thing of sudden action. It cannot even be said that the encroachment of the professional element into the game has been unforeseen these last dozen years. Those who have been in intimate touch with lawn tennis players during that period, and who have perceived the gradual growth of the commercial spirit within a realm that was once purely and wholly amateur, cannot have failed to observe the signs that portended a change in conditions.

Turning back the pages of lawn tennis history to the days when the Newport Casino was the cradle of the American game, I am made vividly aware of this vital change that has come over the situation. In the reign of Campbell, Hovey, Wrenn, Whitman, Larned, Wright and Ward, to mention the names of some of the illustrious among our former national champions, the shadow of commercialism had not yet darkened the lawn tennis horizon. The spirit of play was still in the air; laughter and good natured badinage, even a certain carelessness and freedom from care, were outstanding characteristics among these young men who met to struggle for the highest honors of American courts. The stakes for which they played were just as high, surely,—higher, I should say, if we are still to hold tradition as something beyond all price,—as they are in this day of an all-conquering super-man of the courts, Tilden.

Men were not "specialists" in amateur sports fifteen and twenty years ago to the extent that they are today. There was none of that "fury and fetich" of concentration in the game that has marked it in recent years. The players who strove for championships on the classic turf of Newport had not reached, nor had they even dreamed of, that state wherein they believed it

worth their while to subordinate all else to the pursuit of lawn tennis. They played, and they played with fire and enthusiasm, with complete enjoyment and with skill; but they were not the modern tennis "machines" that we see on the courts today, faces set in grim lines and "following the circuits" eight, nine and ten months out of the twelve.

I have always been a firm believer in the English attitude toward sport. And to those who say: "All very well; but what are English athletes compared to our own? Who holds most of the world's records in athletics, who has been the champion lawn tennis nation of the world since the close of the World War? The United States!" I would answer: "Yes, all you say is true; but at what cost have we gained this ascendency? The average Britisher who is interested in sports is far more apt to be capable in half a dozen different competitive sports than his American cousin."

When it becomes a matter of who is going to gain the highest honors in any one sport, it is a fairly safe wager that an American will be found at the top, or close to that position. Making up his mind, in early youth, to become a tennis champion, or a running champion, or a jumping champion, he proceeds to concentrate on that one thing to the practical exclusion of all else. If it should happen to be lawn tennis upon which he sets his mind, then nothing else must be allowed to interfere. Golf is not for him, nor football, nor any one of the various forms of athletics. Having dedicated himself to tennis, he devotes hours to the practicing of certain strokes, and other hours to the study of other players. Admirable, in the light of his avowed purpose. But it is the wisdom of his purpose that I question.

Peering back into the past, I see the Herculean figure of "Tony" Wilding, the great Australian, the magnificent blond giant who four times in the years just preceding the World War won the world's singles championship title at Wimbledon and who, in the early period of the conflict, gave up his life on the battlefield at Gallipoli. Wilding played on the victorious Australian Davis Cup of 1914 at Forest Hills, but long before that he was known as a Rugby football player of international calibre, as an expert driver of racing automobiles, as a capable flier

even in those early days of aviation, in addition to his reputation as a splendid cricket player and swimmer. It so happened that Wilding was extraordinarily gifted as a tennis player, and that he gained a place among the immortals by his prowess with a racquet. But tennis was not his life, his supreme goal. He could look forward with equanimity to the time when he would pass from the front rank of its players; yet there is no doubt but that he would have continued to play the game (had his life been spared) until a ripe old age, and played tennis of a quality that would have kept him up among the high ranking players of the world for years after he had stepped down from the supreme heights. But he accepted lawn tennis almost as incidental among the sports in which he delighted. The mere fact that he would no longer be tennis champion would leave no void in his life. He played "for the game's sake", nothing else.

Great Britain has not a monopoly of men such as Wilding, who indulge in sports for no other reason than the enjoyment they get out of whatever it is in which they compete. Robert Lindley Murray was one striking example of this, and Richard Norris Williams, 2nd, captain of this year's Davis Cup team, is another. No finer sportsmen ever lived than these two, and there have been few greater players; yet neither ever permitted the game they love to assume a disproportionate influence in his life.

Straying afield for a moment or two, in order to bring up another illustration of the saner attitude Englishmen hold toward their sports, I recall, upon the arrival of a team of Oxford and Cambridge University track athletes in this country to compete in the Penn relay games, how surprised were our men when they observed how lightly the visitors regarded their training and their diet, in comparison with the rigid schedule laid down for the Americans. These young sons of Great Britain laughed, and chaffed, and smoked, and ate about what they pleased, on the eve of the games, and they did not "punish" themselves in going through their training exercises. Yet, if memory serves me correctly, they made an astonishingly good showing and broke a world's record or two. Neither before, during or after the international track and field meet did they appear over-

burdened with any sense of the importance of the games. They had come overseas to measure speed, skill and stamina with their American cousins, and they looked forward to the trip and to the two days of competition as all in the nature of a lark.

This may serve to lay before the reader the changed attitude toward amateur sports, particularly lawn tennis, that has taken place within the last ten years in this country. Only those who were in close touch with the tennis tournaments of the late 'nineties and the intervening years prior to the World War will be able fully to appreciate the different atmosphere that now prevails. The game today, except at some of the aristocratic old clubs, the Sea Bright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, on the Jersey Coast, and the Meadow Club of Southampton, for example, is played largely to the accompaniment of the rustle of paper currency and the clink of coins. Efficiency has obtained a strangle hold and the national singles and doubles championships and the Davis Cup matches are conducted along somewhat the same lines as any great industrial business enterprise. Henry Ford, could he be induced to attend the National Singles tourney at Forest Hills, would thrill at the hum of efficiency to be heard on all sides. He would see a group of men earnestly, and with appalling efficiency, adding up columns of figures. He would see yet other slaves to the modern tennis efficiency counting and smoothing out and wrapping up piles and piles of greenbacks. More men would be taking care of the "by-products". Balls that had been used in tournament play would be segregated from the new white ones and put back into circulation again, being sold, at a reduction in price, to club members who were not so squeamish about using balls that had been used for a set or two. Over there, under the "official" marquee, (everything is "official" at Forest Hills during National Singles week), Mr. Ford would be shown grim, serious men poring over diagrams marked out on pieces of cardboard. These cards contain the plans of each court, its number and relative position in relation to every other court on the grounds; and the various linesmen are assigned their positions by a system of numbers.

And these linesmen, what a solemn crowd are they! An in-

dividual suddenly marches with military precision from the shelter of the marquee, takes his position in the centre of the Stadium enclosure, holds out his hands commandingly, warningly, as a signal for "silence", and then announces, in staccato tones: "Linesmen out for the Tilden-Johnston match!" There they go, men bowed of head, plodding along on the stretch of greensward, with the gait of a "chain-gang", features set in glum lines. A smile, a word lightly spoken at such a time, might tend to disrupt "efficiency". The ball boys, beardless striplings, tender in years and rosy of cheek, yet also infected with the deadly virus of "efficiency", shag the balls with machine-like perfection. Each has been drilled for hours as to just the psychological moment when the ball is to be handed to the player; or rather, not handed, but bounced. There is a deadly etiquette about this; an etiquette founded, of course, upon efficiency. The boys are instructed to bounce the ball once upon the ground, and once only, when a player asks for it. And this bounce, the result of "quantity production", as Mr. Ford would delight to learn, must be just a certain height, so that the player does not have to reach or stretch for the ball.

Such is the machine-like basis upon which the game of lawn tennis is played today in our national championship tourneys. The wonder is that our players have any individuality left, any personality or "color". Boards of strategy gather under the official marquee at the close of play each evening and plan and plot for the next day's programme. And here is one of the occasions upon which "Commercialism" raises its head and makes its presence felt. The schedule committee goes into conference, and many are the suggestions offered as to the wisdom of staging such and such a match at such and such a time, on such and such a court. At times the argument grows heated, yet eventually it is all ironed out smoothly. If feasible, the wishes of the players are consulted as to the time and the scene of their matches, but the governing principle, the dominating force that finally decides who shall play whom, and when, is the "gate". I refer to that same "gate" that professional sports promoters have made notorious throughout the land. All the important matches are arranged with that single thought in view. "What match

will draw the biggest crowd, and at what particular hour will that crowd be most likely to be on hand?"

And now we approach the actual, underlying cause of this trend toward professionalism in tennis. Succinctly, and in good English, the United States Lawn Tennis Association, like Frankenstein, has raised and nurtured the monster that threatens to endanger, if not actually to destroy it. Seeing the commercial aspect increasing each year, hearing on all sides the talk of money, "returns on the investment," etc., *ad nauseam*, the idea began slowly, at first, to permeate the minds of some of the players. What idea? Why, the thought that the player himself might derive some financial benefit from a game in which he was the leading figure and the chief actor. At first this idea had small beginnings, modest expectations, and there was no thought of receiving direct compensation from tennis. One or two players of national reputation, champions or former champions, saw a way to capitalize their fame by entering the sporting goods business, with special reference to lawn tennis supplies. Maurice McLoughlin, of California, the famous "California Comet", essayed such a venture on the Pacific Coast, but he was frowned upon heavily by the National Association and retired from the field. That was back around 1915 or 1916, and there were isolated cases of other players attempting, in various ways, to get some financial return as a reward for their skill on the courts. But the U. S. L. T. A. kept these pioneers pretty well in hand for the next half dozen years, and then, with the rise of "Big Bill"Tilden to the national championship throne, in 1920, the situation began to assume serious phases.

Tilden, the dominating figure in the game the world over, was not to be lightly cast aside. Being the greatest drawing card in the courts, it was in the nature of things that he had to be handled diplomatically. The United States Lawn Tennis Association was in a quandary as the National Singles champion began to go further and further afield in taking liberties with the amateur rule, as laid down by the national governing body of the game. "Big Bill" was soon a regular contributor to newspapers and news syndicates and was credited with a handsome income as a result of his activities with pencil and paper, and at once

he had imitators. But none approached Tilden in the way of gleaning financial rewards. The heading over his articles, "By W. T. Tilden, 2nd, National Singles Champion", was the magnet that attracted the newspapers and syndicates.

Following a bitter battle between the U. S. L. T. A. and its supporters and Tilden and his sympathizers, a battle in which there threatened, at one period, to be an open split between the Eastern and Western sections of the national body, the amateur rule was amended so as to make it illegal for an amateur player to write current articles for the daily newspapers on tournaments in which he was a competitor, or to use his titles in the credit line over or under those articles. This naturally checked the activities of all the "player-writers", and within recent months that phase of the situation has become virtually a dead issue.

But the United States Lawn Tennis Association had sown the wind, and was yet to reap the whirlwind. Tilden's activities had set other high ranking players to thinking in financial terms, and the spirit of unrest was abroad in the land. The situation was ripe for just what has happened, the entrance upon the scene of Charles C. Pyle, who has turned amateur tennis upside down.

He makes no pretence of cherishing amateurism or of honoring tradition. He is frankly out for the dollar, and because he saw the opportunity to reap a harvest by fostering professional lawn tennis, he did not hesitate to pour his golden stream into the "investment", confident that he would get it all back, and more. And present indications are that he will. All the world laughed up its sleeve when he announced that he was going to Europe to sign Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the greatest woman tennis player that the world has known, to a contract calling upon her to play professional tennis. Suzanne Lenglen is the greatest single "drawing card" in the game today. The master showman realized this, and he was determined to gain his ends. After several weeks of reports and counter reports, the cables flashed the news from Paris that Mlle. Lenglen had signed a contract to play professional tennis. Miss Mary K. Browne was the next to listen in a receptive mood to the promoter's financial offers, and she was followed by Vincent

Richards, the man upon whom the Davis Cup Committee of the U. S. L. T. A. was relying as the pivot man around whom Davis Cup teams of the future were to be built. Howard Kinsey and Harvey Snodgrass of California were the last to cast in their fortunes, and the "grand tour" commenced, with Madison Square Garden and a crowd of many thousands marking the opening.

Will professional lawn tennis yield sufficient financial returns for those concerned to make it a paying proposition, and is it here to stay? I have been asked that question hundreds of times within the last two months, and I would answer "No" and "Yes". "No", under the present system exhibition matches; and "Yes", with competitive tournaments, professional and open, for championship titles.

The promoter may, and probably will, earn a goodly percentage on his original investment, due to the fact that the present tour is a novelty and thousands of persons who never saw a tennis match before, and who care little for the game, will attend these exhibition matches. The answer to that is—Suzanne Lenglen. The most colorful player in the world, as well as the greatest player of her sex, she will draw such galleries as no one could hope to attract with any other player, man or woman. But a vital element is lacking in exhibition matches, no matter how brilliant the players or the play. There is nothing at stake, the players are "not going anywhere", and consequently when you have seen them in action once, you have seen all there is to see. But, with the world's open championship at stake, with the greatest of the amateurs pitted against the best of the professionals, then will interest be aroused and the breath of life blown into the game. Whether this shall come to pass or not, is still problematic, but only through the medium of such competition will the professional game survive.

A SONNET LETTER

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I

When in the spires of waves the small bells ring
And are half smothered by the thrusting bow,
When your dark-coultered ship is the only plough
To turn a purple furrow for the spring,
When April is a seagull following
The twisted lanes of foam, not caring how
Green buds expect her in the orchards now,
You will be free as any living thing.
The wind's brief kiss should satisfy your mouth.
Oh, you will be contented I dare say!
And meanwhile since I must not love you south,
I'll try to love a trifle north by east,
And keep the weather for my heart at least
Invariable while you are away.

II

I'll feel the air blow chill to trouble me
As tanagers are troubled by the cold,
Just up from Mexico, and all that gold
Poured down like daffodils upon the sea.
For I am warm now: I have memory
Of shining globes of surf forever rolled
Up a steep beach of tropic sand. I hold
The shell I found and hid away to be
Proof that we two were there: a seashell rosed
By some rich season underneath the wave.
You never knew I had it nor supposed
My love could dredge it up after the storm
Of one such furious breaker. I am warm
Possessing what you never knew you gave.

III

Now that I tell you, do you want it back?
Here in my hand I hold the fluted sea:
Here is the symbol of a tyranny
In wrinkled rose with lacquer of thin black.
Take my full meaning and you will not lack
Chords for the surf that crumbles, melody
Bright-scaled as netted mackerel, caught in three
Or four songs wilder than the moon's wild track
Across wind-broken water through the dark.
You know the shell is only a way of speech
For lapse of passionate breath, for the clear spark
Of rapture shared and lost, for the strange core
Of music heard that we shall hear no more
When we forget the breakers and the beach.

IV

I wish that you had taught me how to spend
My tropic colors for one subtle gray
To match the dove's in iridescent play
Of rainy light on pearl and light's soft end.
I must disguise myself: I must pretend
The north prevails at last and has its way.
My very songs whatever I may say
Will seem not to remember you, my friend.
Since I have been alone my whole life long,
It should be easier to let you go
Out of my sight and put you in a song.
But how reveal the secret of your brow
Or those grave eyes that find me even now?
And if they do, I need not tell you so.

V

If you should see a porpoise leaping clear,
No matter when it is, oh think of me!
Some other life that is what I shall be.
I'll cross with ships a hundred times a year,
I'll nudge the ribs of liners lifting sheer
As fabulous whales yet hug my liberty,
And burrow with a snout of ebony
Under the swaying schooners and the queer
Rust-tarnished sulky tramps that stagger and roll,
Hearing the bow draw breath and the foam rustle,
Or whirl at evening from the sea's control
Into the light and dare the setting sun
To plunge and race with me and wallow in fun,
A thing of fluent bone and golden muscle.

VI

More than these moments I must not demand.
Hours are another matter and your own.
I'll trust the busy sea to let you alone,
And London will not know it when you land.
It is too simple almost to understand
That you should go: for me the monotone
When music might have been, for you the drone
Of traffic down the pavement of the Strand.
You will be friends again with towers of bells
And horny pointing fingers of wise clocks
Among the smoke and tangled river-smells
Where Tilbury sprawls along the oily Thames
And ships have gone to sleep and tumult hems
Them in to dream the dark dream of the docks.

VII

You are right to be so homesick for the towers,
And I am wrong to look too deep within.
This is the season when new things begin,
And turf betrays the finger-prints of flowers.
Tell me, my dear, how to invest the hours.
What shall I see? The copper moon worn thin,
Or a taut ship strung like a violin?
Rain-gilded streets or poplars striped with showers?
Come with me . . . you must say . . . *come along with me,*
Down by St. Paul's in Paternoster Row,
There is a little shop . . . What can it be?
Old books perhaps? Old prints? Nothing at all
Depending in the least upon St. Paul?
I'll have to ask the pigeons if they know.

VIII

Quickly before the broken wave falls down
Show me the world blown like a moth through space,
Yet share with me the drama of a place,
Let me not lose you: share with me the town . . .
Bridges and primrose-market and the frown
Where houses doubt the spring, and ruffled lace
Of April leaves, their shadows on your face . . .
Quickly before the falling wave can drown
All leaves and flowers and every day and night
We two have known and music and the pang
When music stops. I need to be concrete
Even with illusion, need to invent delight;
And liked the blackbird first because he sang
The number on a door in Cockspur Street.

SAMUEL BUTLER AND EVOLUTION

BY W. L. MACDONALD

BUTLER'S chief contribution to the doctrine of Evolution can be traced to the section of *Erewhon* entitled "The Book of the Machines." These chapters in turn go back to a separate article published by Butler in *The New Zealand Press* bearing the significant title *Darwin among the Machines*. To the young writer of twenty-seven such rollicking with a serious subject appeared to savor too much of presumption, audacity, levity, especially since it apparently ridiculed a man whom he respected, and a theory which he then accepted without reservation. On the publication of *Erewhon* Butler wrote a sort of apology to Darwin to the effect that the subject of machines was "obviously an absurd theory without a particle of serious meaning, written simply to show how easy it is to be plausible and to defend an absurd proposition by a little ingenuity." The disclaimer is no doubt true up to a certain point. But when we consider how in these chapters there lay the germ of *Life and Habit*, *Unconscious Memory*, *Evolution Old and New* and *Luck or Cunning?* we are forced to the conclusion that Butler's apology contained the twilight of a reservation. The germ developed into an original theory, insistence upon which in season and out of season led to a quarrel with the great Darwin, and made Butler an Ishmaelite among scientists.

"The Book of the Machines" is "only just" motivated by the episode of the watch which occurs quite early in Higg's adventures in Erewhon. Machines, all but the simplest, had been destroyed five hundred years before, and his possession of a watch was a capital crime. Before leaving the country he was able to get possession of a reprint of the treatise which caused the destruction of machines. This document began by calling attention to the fact that consciousness as we know it at one time did not exist. At one time fire, at another rock, at still another plant life was the last word in consciousness. Was it not possible then

that another and higher form of consciousness than the one we know might come into existence? What assurance have we that animal, human life is the highest development possible? Are there any indications that a higher form is likely to supersede human development? Yes, answers this ancient philosopher of Erewhon, machines show unmistakable signs of superseding man. True, they have little consciousness as yet, but remember that the mollusc had little at one time. And note the extent to which men are already the slaves of machines. If the latter were all destroyed, the human race would die in six weeks. And then consider what a short time, comparatively, it has taken machines to gain this ascendency. Animal and plant life has been in this world for, say, twenty million years; machines as we know them have been born about five minutes ago, relatively. But, the objectors say, the machines require men to tend them, to feed them. True, comes the answer, but whereas a generation ago plows required horses and men to give them food, that is, energy, now we see them feeding themselves. But at least machines can never reproduce themselves. Perhaps not in the ordinary sense; and yet we see machines making other machines. Yes, but still man is always the agent, the director in such activities. Very well, answers the philosopher, wherein does man's rôle in this respect differ from that of the bees which act as intermediaries between certain kinds of flowers and are absolutely necessary to their reproduction? In the end the philosopher's argument carries the day, with the result observed in the early part of the book: machines, originally made by man to satisfy certain desires, had been destroyed, all but the very simplest, in order to prevent their almost certain ascendency when time had given them an adequate chance for development.

Before tracing the development of Butler's theory of *Life and Habit* from this beginning, let us first note some of the preliminary observations he makes.

What is the ordinary meaning of Habit? Something we do easily because we have often done it before. A child walks because in the first place he wants to walk and has formed the habit by frequent repetition. Generally we do best what we do unconsciously. An accomplished pianist who by an exercise of will has

mastered a difficult piece of music may play anywhere from one thousand to two thousand notes in one minute of a performance. He may be so unconscious of what he does that he can talk about an entirely different subject during the performance. Yet he is remembering all the time. In other words, memory, conscious or unconscious, is involved in an habitual action. The more unconsciously we perform, the better the performance. Ask the pianist to repeat any particular bar he has just played, and he will probably say that he can't remember, and will have to go back and play the phrase leading into the particular passage. In other words, as soon as he becomes conscious of his acts, he is embarrassed. This phenomenon is illustrated in a thousand ways, but take for instance the case of the centipede which had never thought of the complex manipulation of his hundred feet:

> The centipede was happy quite
> Until the frog, for fun,
> Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
> This wrought him up to such a pitch
> He lay distracted in the ditch,
> Considering how to run.

Memory and habit are thus inter-related phenomena. Furthermore, heredity, says Butler, exhibits all the characteristics of memory. It is, in fact, a mode of memory, and an extension of memory which links one generation with another. And here we must pause to trace the development of the theme of *Life and Habit.*

In "The Book of the Machines" Butler had looked upon machines as extra limbs which we have manufactured for ourselves because we need them, and which we can carry about with us or leave at home, as we wish. We want, for instance, to go a long journey in a short time and we take our extra feet in the form of a train or automobile and travel fifty miles in one hour. In our day of airplanes the winged feet of Mercury are no longer a mere symbol; they are a metaphor.

Having worked this idea as far as it would go, he next considers limbs as machines which also we have made for ourselves. But we do not remember having made them, and if we were now asked to grow other limbs or to extend those we have, we should be at a

stand. We know how to make machines, because we have past experience to draw from. How can we know how to make limbs without having had experience? If we have not had such experience, our ancestors have, and can we not act upon the experience inherited from our forebears? Not unless we and our ancestors are one and the same. Are we and our ancestors the same? The answer involves the question of personal identity. The man of eighty is generally conceded to be the same person as the baby he was when one day old. But there is less difference between the babe to be born in one day and the child of one day old than there is between the baby and the octogenarian. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude that the embryo and the man of eighty are one and the same. But the embryo is continuous with the ovum from which it has developed; therefore the embryo and the parents are continuous; therefore the parents and the child of eighty years are identical. Hence, using the same mode of reasoning, we can conclude that man and his ancestors are identical. Similarly we can argue for identity between any man living with the primordial cell from which he developed. We can, therefore, fairly say that we can act on the experience of our ancestors back to the very beginnings of life.

Consider any stage of development; say, the fish stage. The fish by some means (natural selection perhaps one of them), after a succession of generations extending through, say, 100,000 years, has learned how to grow fins, and the growing of fins by the fish is a habit so firmly established that the fish must grow fins, willy-nilly; and he does it without any conscious act of memory as to the method of procedure of his ancestors. The memory lies latent until aroused by the recurrence of familiar associations, when it acts as it were mechanically; just as a pianist associates one note with another without consciously remembering the notes at all. Analogous observations can, of course, be made of all the stages from the primordial cell up to Lloyd George, Jack Dempsey or Einstein. If we represent the primordial stage by a letter and the successive stages by the same letter plus a numeral, the numbers would represent the variations, while the letter would stand for the essential identity of each stage with all the rest. A_{1000} might be said to represent the fish stage, A_{7000} the ape stage, and

A_n man. Note that with all the variations man is identical with, or at least identified with, all the forms through which he has passed, back to the primordial cell.

Every man passes through all these stages of development while in the embryo—the simple cell, the fish, the tadpole, the ape, man. He reproduces them unconsciously because of long habit, invincible habit, through memory of what his ancestors have done. After birth, that is, on reaching the human stage, he begins an existence of which he has had much less experience than of the stages preceding. Some functions which he has in common with all the lower animals, such as breathing, digesting, blood pumping, he performs without effort. Other habits, such as talking and walking he does not do so easily; in fact he usually requires a year or two to be able to do them at all, and several years to do them perfectly. The reason of this phenomenon is that these are distinctly human qualities which he has recently acquired, say within the past fifty thousand years, whereas he has been digesting and breathing for, say, twenty or even fifty million years. Of most of the activities which, as a man, he is forced to engage in, such as providing food and shelter, he has still less knowledge, having been performing them, say, for only twenty thousand years. Frequently he finds himself in circumstances of which he has had so little experience—for instance, when he has to provide for himself in times of famine—that he is completely at a loss and sometimes even dies before he becomes accustomed to the strangeness of the environment. Especially is this the case as he advances from middle life to old age. Of this period he has less and less experience since most of the race have been procreated before middle life has been reached by the parents. A time finally comes when he has no memory, no ancestral experience to fall back upon, and he dies of old age. But here is the non-scientific, whimsical, yet convincing way in which Butler himself sums up man's achievement through, and dependence upon, memory:

> Let A_n stand for a man. He begins as the primordial cell—being verily nothing but the primordial cell which goes on splitting itself up for ever, but gaining continually in experience. Put him in the same position as he was in before and he will do as he did before. First he will do his tadpole by rote, so

to speak, on his head, from long practice; then he does his fish trick; then he grows arms and legs, all unconsciously from the inveteracy of the habit, till he comes to doing his man, and this lesson he has not yet learnt so thoroughly. Some part of it, as the breathing and oxidization business, he is well up to, inasmuch as they form part of previous rôles, but the teeth and hair, the upright position, the power of speech, though all tolerably familiar, give him more trouble—for he is very stupid—a regular dunce in fact. Then comes his newer and more complex environment, and this puzzles him—arrests his attention—whereon consciousness springs into existence, as a spark from a horse's hoof.—(*Note Books.*)

Butler's unconventional style, his plain common-sense way of putting forward ideas, his sly humor, have frequently misled critics to infer that he does not intend to be taken seriously. Such an idea, however, is far from the truth. This apparent trifling with an important scientific subject has a very serious bearing. What, then, did Butler claim for his theory?

He claimed in general that it was more logical than the so-called scientific explanations of the phenomena connected with the doctrine of Evolution; that it co-related, as other theories did not, a great body of the observed phenomena of life. As this is too wide a proposition to discuss adequately, let me, following Butler, enumerate a few of the phenomena which, he claimed, were better explained by his theory than by any other.

(1) It is observed that most hybrids are sterile. The mule, for example, cannot reproduce its kind. This phenomenon is what might be expected if Butler's theory is sound. How, says Butler, if heredity be an affair of memory, can the germ of a mule be expected to build up another mule on the strength of but two mule memories? Previously to the mule-cell which is expected to develop into an embryo mule, there is the memory of only two mules, the would-be father and mother, and this is not enough experience to proceed upon. Hence memory is at fault and the germ does not develop. Similarly, in hybrids generally there is a fault in the chain of memory; and to this cause the usual sterility of hybrids must be referred.

(2) Reversion to an earlier ancestral type is one of the commonest observations in natural history. Into a flock of pure white pigeons, for example, there now and again comes a rock pigeon. On the bush of the cultivated garden rose, there occa-

sionally buds a wild or hedge rose. It is a common remark that half-castes are more backward, more cruel, than either of the stocks from which they arise. "God made white men and God made black men, but the devil himself made half-breeds," said a native observer to David Livingstone. Darwin puts the phenomenon down to the score of "Reversion" for which he says "no proximate cause can be assigned".

Butler demurs. In the case of a cross, say, between a European and a North American Indian, the difference between the parents is not, of course, sufficient to baffle memory and thus prevent reproduction. Yet the divergence between the parents is sufficient to produce a race which goes back for its experience or memory to a stage before Europeans and Indians were differentiated. That is, the offspring is quite clear on only those points on which both progenitors were in accord before separation into European and Indian occurred. Sometimes it happens that the European memory is stronger, sometimes the Indian, but in the case we are considering, the offspring goes back to an earlier ancestral type, and an earlier, more savage stage than either is reproduced.

(3) Instinct in animals is a matter of universal observation. The term to Butler is meaningless unless it is equivalent to "hereditary memory". Like "heredity", "reversion", etc., it is a term coined to fit a certain set of phenomena, but offers no explanation of those phenomena. Here is the way Butler explains a case on the basis of his own theory. Quoting from M. Ribot:

> Gratiolet states that an old piece of wolf's skin, with the hair all worn away, when set before a little dog, threw the animal into convulsions of fear by the slight scent attaching to it. The dog had never seen a wolf, and we can only explain this alarm by the hereditary transmission of certain sentiments, coupled with a certain perception of the sense of smell.

Butler shies at such a technical and (to him) meaningless explanation, and comments:

> I should prefer to say "We can only explain the alarm by supposing that the smell of the wolf's skin brought up the ideas with which it had been associated in the dog's mind during many previous existences"—he on smelling the wolf's skin remembering all about wolves perfectly well. (*Life and Habit.*)

(4) Assimilation is a phenomenon of far reaching significance to Butler inasmuch as it bridges, through the power of memory, the gap between the inorganic and the organic. Moreover, it explains some of the phenomena connected with the ordinary views of death. A grain of seed picked up by a hen does not "die" in the ordinary sense of the word. It is simply compelled through the force of extraordinary circumstances to forget that it ever was a grain of wheat and identify itself henceforward with the personality of the hen.

A grain of corn, for example, has never been accustomed to find itself in a hen's stomach—neither it nor its forefathers. For a grain so placed leaves no offspring, and hence cannot transmit its experience. The first minute or so after being eaten, it may think it has just been sown, and begin to prepare for sprouting, but in a few seconds, it discovers the environment to be unfamiliar; it therefore gets frightened, loses its head, is carried into the gizzard, and comminuted among the gizzard stones. The hen succeeded in putting it into a position with which it was unfamiliar; from this it was an easy stage to assimilating it entirely. Once assimilated, the grain ceases to remember any more as a grain, but becomes initiated into all that happens to, and has happened to fowls for countless ages. Then it will attack all other grains whenever it sees them; there is no such persecutor of grain as another grain when it has once fairly identified itself with a hen. (*Life and Habit.*)

This is a case of assimilation of one form of organic life by a higher form; but when one considers that the grain itself was persuasive enough to cajole some quantity of inorganic matter in the form of earth to change its mode of existence and adopt that of the wheat, one sees that a possible bridge between the two worlds of organic and inorganic matter has been indicated.

With many such illustrations Butler demonstrates that his theory of unconscious memory throws light upon the problems that arise when the general doctrine of Evolution is accepted. But when we realize that Butler's theory has led to such a conclusion as that just hinted at, we see that he has got into the region of pure speculation. "Life"—what is it, whence comes it, whither is it leading? In this region as elsewhere Butler was in his day a philosophic Bolshevist, both in his theory of ontogenesis and in his uncompromising adherence to Lamarckism.

To Butler, "life" pervades the universe, not only the organic but the inorganic world. Death is not a cessation of life, but a

change of life due to a fault of memory. But the question of questions to the scientist and philosopher is, Where does Life come from?

In Butler's day, scientists were driven to postulate "spontaneous generation", a theory which their experimental methods told them was untenable. Yet the only alternative was the orthodox dogma of creation by fiat, and the whole theory of Evolution, which was the keystone of their system, stood in the way of orthodoxy. So they were forced back upon the former hypothesis. Tyndall accepted it with misgivings: "It is generally conceded (and seems to be a necessary inference from the lessons of Science) that spontaneous generation must at one time have taken place." Butler rejects the necessity, as well as the logic of the inference. "The proper inference," he says in *Unconscious Memory*, "is that there is a low livingness in every atom of matter. Life eternal is as inevitable a conclusion as matter eternal. It should not be doubted," he continues, "that wherever there is vibration and motion there is life and memory, and that there is vibration and motion at all times in all things."

In other words, inorganic matter has life as well as organic. Atoms of gas can be seen dancing away from the kettle; atoms of solid matter simply increase their motion under the stress of heat. All particles whether organic or inorganic are attracted by the power of gravitation, and all are subject to the force of chemical attraction. Free hydrogen and free oxygen rush together to form water. Perhaps the attraction between an animal and its food is an advanced form of chemical attraction. Indeed, recent researches have suggested chemical attraction as the reason why the amœba reaches out after the substances upon which it lives. Is there any good reason for affirming that plants and animals alone possess "life" when inorganic matter exhibits some at least of the properties of living objects, namely, vibration, motion, attraction and repulsion?

> The reader who takes [my] position will find that he can explain the entry of what he calls death among what he calls the living, whereas he could by no means introduce life into his system if he started without it. Death is deducible; life is not deducible. Death is a change of memories; it is not the destruction of all memory. It is as the liquidation of one company, each member of

which will presently join a new one, and retain a trifle even of the old cancelled memory, by way of greater aptitude for working in concert with other molecules. This is why animals feed on grass and on each other, and cannot proselytise or convert the rude ground before it has been tutored in the first principles of the higher kinds of association.—(*Unconscious Memory.*)

Thus is given to the terms God, Spirit, Mind, a new, broader, more exalted, and to some a more intelligible meaning—the "Life Force" that permeates the universe. And this Life is not merely a satisfying idea that unifies a system of Evolution. It is operative, creative. The pure scientist of Butler's day said, "Species develop through natural selection. Those individuals which are not fit, that is, not accommodated to their environment, die off. Progress depends upon accidental fitness to survive and the death of the unfit." In the theory of Evolution by natural selection, emphasis was thus thrown on death. Butler's conclusions forced him into the Lamarckian camp. Against the theory of Charles Darwin he held with Lamarck and Erasmus Darwin that life, will, purpose, of the individual was one of the causes, if not the main cause, why species evolved. Butler, the apostle of mind and will, says the amœba needs and desires food, reaches out for it and improvises a stomach to assimilate that food when once it comes in contact with it. And so on up the line. The monkey requires an extra hand and develops a prehensile tail which helps him in the trees. The elephant needs a hand to supply the deficiency due to a short neck, and develops a proboscis wherewith he can reach water and food. Man wants to travel sixty miles an hour and invents a steam engine to meet his needs; he wants to travel two hundred miles an hour and constructs an aëroplane. And with every invention the mind expands and conceives new desires. All this involves not only a change in the living organism, an adaptation to environment (acquired characters), but ability to transmit those characters to posterity. It is impossible and undesirable here to enter into a discussion of Lamarckism as against Darwinism. The latter system then held the field and, with modifications, has held the field almost to the present day. Until the last two or three years, the battle seemed to go strongly against the apostle of life, will, aspiration and achievement, and victory appeared to hover over the banners of natural selection.

But note what this means. If we accept natural selection as the explanation of progress, we are, to use George Bernard Shaw's words, "hovering on the brink of the bottomless pit, for Darwin's way is black denial of design, will or intelligence". "Only Samuel Butler," continues Shaw in language more lurid, if less coherent than Butler's own, "reacted against him furiously; ran up the Lamarckian flag to the top-gallant peak; declared with penetrating accuracy that Darwin had banished mind from the universe . . . a prophet who tried to head us back when we were gaily dancing to our damnation across the rainbow bridge which Darwinism had thrown over the gulf which separates life and hope from death and despair."

Shaw, like Butler, is primarily a man of letters. In no sense could either be called a scientific observer. Most interesting it is to note the change of attitude of men of science towards Butler's theories of evolution.

During twenty years, when Darwin's theory was universally accepted by the scientific world, Butler fought almost single-handed for the principles of Lamarck. During this time he saw his own theory of the transmission of characters, acquired and other, by the agency of unconscious memory, flouted or ignored, or accepted without acknowledgment by the high priests of science. In the last decade of his life Weismann's germ-plasm theory, which really seemed to have affinity with his own, was convincing the scientific world finally that Lamarck's was an exploded hypothesis.

But better days were dawning. Hardly was Butler dead when Semon published his theory of the "Mneme", a modernized Lamarckism, with a broader meaning of Butler's "unconscious memory". Two years later Geddes and Thomson praised in their little book *Evolution* "the remarkable speculative insight of the late Samuel Butler, that most convinced and argumentative of Lamarckians, who, more or less simultaneously with Hernig of Prague, propounded a generation ago much the same doctrine of 'Organic Memory' as that which we now owe to Semon." "Haeckel, too," continues the passage, "has expounded much the same doctrine, and no doubt in increasingly clarified form it must henceforth be reckoned with."

The extent to which Butler's hypothesis must be reckoned with may be gauged by an article on the *Mnemic Theory* in the October, 1923, issue of *Scientia.* In that paper the author traces the history of the theory, dwelling at some length on Butler's contribution to the hypothesis and concluding with a summary which, excepting for the style, reads like a page from *Life and Habit.* About the same time Rignano's *La Memoria Biologica* was reviewed in *Science Progress*, and within recent months both it and Semon's book have been translated into English. Finally the conclusions of recent investigators, especially the Austrian Kammerer, which have been accepted by some of the leading English scientists, prove how clear-sighted was Butler's intuitive and reasoned championship of Lamarck.

WHY WOMEN FAIL IN BUSINESS

BY MARGERY SWETT MANSFIELD

THESE are sad days for the Feminist. And since it is a sadness that follows in the wake of victory, sadder are to follow. An active minority has pushed open political and vocational doors, because it knew this to be the wish of the great mass of American women; even though a wish unformulated beyond vague restlessness and discontent with pecuniary limitations.

Consequently, though the doors are open, only a few women are ready to go through them to the mahogany desks and the swivel chairs on the other side. The public, at least the feminine public, expected to see a great rush for these. It had every right to expect great things of woman, for she had been given most flattering publicity. On every isolated case of feminine success the spot light was thrown.

The difficulty in the situation is that the assumption of equal ability between the sexes played so large a part in stimulating the movement for equal opportunities. It would have been safer, perhaps, to have found a more deeply philosophic, or even a religious, justification—the right of even a poor thing to be as good and do as well as it can, unhandicapped by its betters. Had we taken this humble and tentative attitude, and succeeded with it, —which is unlikely, considering American psychology,—we might now be pleasantly surprised at women, instead of disappointed.

As it is, a reaction has set in. Is there a newspaper in the country, or a magazine addressed to both male and female readers, which has not enumerated women's business sins—from powdering her nose instead of working, to letting herself become too much of a drudge? And the farther the fight for equal rights is pushed, the fewer the excuses to be made for this new business-miscreant, woman.

But this is good. It may help women strain a little nearer to perfection. At any rate it clears the atmosphere. Now any

woman can admit a conviction which loyalty has hitherto compelled her to keep secret—that women are not, at present, conspicuously successful in business.

This is an entirely different matter, however, from implying that a fair test has been made, and the last word said. The inevitable growth of woman may yet tip the scales, where now she is found wanting.

The limitations of business women are usually attributed to her physical and mental characteristics. The former can be dismissed with the remark that it is not the higher, but the lower, grades of employment that are physically taxing. The life of a business executive is certainly less arduous, physically, than that of a housewife. Invalids of either sex have no place in business, but a woman who is not an invalid and yet cannot find a business that can be adjusted to her strength, probably would not be successful if she had a man's strength. Her failure is not physical.

Woman's mental characteristics must be taken more seriously. But minds are things that can be worked with; faults, if known and not admired, can be corrected. Data obtained in classroom and psychological laboratory have been for several years consistently inconclusive. As far as accurate knowledge goes we know little about the "feminine mind" and little about the "masculine mind". Nearly everyone will admit, however, that women have faults that handicap them in business. Men, too, have faults, and we think of these as characteristically masculine; but men who are successful in business have either corrected these or directed them into channels that cannot damage business. Such a making over of a personality is hard, uncongenial work, and to do it one must have a conception of success big enough to make self-discipline worth while.

In woman's conception of success lies the secret of her failure. She measures success not in terms of thousands and millions, but in terms of independence, plus clothes. To reach so easy a goal it is not necessary to plan far into the future, nor to correct business faults to the extent that a man must to reach his higher goal.

Man may preen himself that ambition is in itself superiority. But where do we get our conception of success? From every one

who gives us praise or blame. We desire to compare favorably with others in our own group, and to do as well as is expected of us. Economic necessity and the scorn or respect of others are the spurs of ambition.

These spurs are applied very lightly to women. Would a small town man be considered "clever" by his friends if he could make a little pin money? Is he "so successful" when he dresses well, supports himself, but cannot afford to marry unless his help-meet aids with the household expenses? A woman may press farther than this along the road to success, but it is entirely to her credit if she does. She knows she does not have to. Earn as little as she will, she can impress her female friends with her prosperity. Men she cannot fool, but as a rule she is not anxious to impress them in that particular direction. She must have other than business assets to command their attention.

Indeed, to many women, success is even less than independence; it is merely the demonstration of the ability to be independent. They will hold jobs just long enough to prove they can make a success of them.

It is often argued that women have dependents to support just as men have. But rarely is a woman expected to earn as much as a man because of such dependents. She is merely expected to exercise greater self-denial. It seems that a good daughter needs only to do poorly what a good son, or a good husband, must do well.

Because women are expected to earn so little, they predominate in art, music, literature, and in social and educational work—vocations many men cannot afford to enter. Women are given more credit for talent and altruism than they deserve. Yet even in these comparatively unmercenary fields woman is handicapped by her low ambition, her willingness to make a bare living—a barer one than a man could survive on—providing her work is congenial and brings her a certain prestige. The persistent way in which women have unconsciously invaded the easier types of intellectual work—by undercutting men—should cause a general agitation, among men, for equal pay. Women now hold practically all subordinate editorial positions on magazines and in publishing houses, and have almost a monopoly on part-time work.

It is infinitely harder for the young male intellectual to find a means of subsistence, with leisure, than it is for his sister. The employer does not want him, does not advertise for him, because he is ashamed to offer a man so little.

But these conditions cannot persist forever. Even in a half century woman has progressed in her financial expectations. Standards of grooming and dressing are higher than formerly. Women are as fond of luxury and largesse as men are. Desire for investment follows as a logical means to these ends.

In the mean while the example of the relatively few successful business women inspires others to be like them. There is also emerging a new and important type of business woman—the daughter, sister, wife, of the well-to-do business man. She may not stay in business as long as her necessity-driven sister, but she has a distinct contribution to make: she thinks in larger sums of money. She has perspective, her attainments must not be too laughably small.

Woman's ambition too often lacks concreteness necessary for success. This is because she has not had the advantage of much conversation about finances. Her ignorance extends to nearly every field of human activity not strictly feminine. She uses yeast, and cannot tell how it is made; she wears artificial pearls, and does not know from where they come. She is the most amazingly uninformed creature alive. But it is not her fault. From her babyhood there has been a loving conspiracy to limit her experience.

Somehow a girl's courage, initiative, and general information do not receive attention. Her companions are often arbitrarily limited, her reading not directed along informational lines. She is, increasingly, sent to college; but, without undervaluing what colleges do give, it is fair to say that they are about perfect at excluding first-hand experience and general information. And then there is conventionality, the fear of the unknown, exerting a strong influence during youth. As a woman approaches middle age there is little to prevent her seizing the advantages granted her brother at six—the right to talk to whom she will, and ask what she will—but by that time she may have lost the habit of the inquiring mind.

Is it any wonder, if she has not the mental elasticity to cope with male competitors? Mental elasticity is a result of mental adjustments, it infers variety of experience. Is it any wonder that she is a creature of detail? The wonder is that she can master the details. She has not an inherent sense of justice, because justice rests upon a conception of the interests of those differently situated from oneself, and her interests have been confined as closely as possible to those of her own kind and class. She has been excluded from democracy. And how can she excel by the cold reasoning faculty when life has put her under so little necessity of developing it?

In business she needs these qualities and the information she has missed along with them. Business is founded on facts, not on propriety and affection. In the field of literature and journalism woman has stumbled upon a substitute for her lack of general knowledge. Not a successful news editor, she has become a successful woman's editor. She has capitalized the slender store of information which she monopolizes—the traditional interests of women. Likewise the woman fiction writer and the woman poet find success in writing for women and children. So does the feminine writer of advertising copy.

It is poor consolation, this selling of one's femininity, but it is the only way for most of us to compete with men at present. Since it is estimated that ninety-nine per cent. of the world's buying is done by women, a knowledge of feminine psychology should have commercial value outside the fields of literature and journalism. Woman's greatest immediate opportunity may be to extend enterprises which depend for their success upon pleasing women and understanding the conditions of their lives.

Fortunately, women's education will be less restricted in the future. The use of the franchise provides a contact with a variety of problems, and there is the increasing realization of the cost of feminine folly. Woman cannot be more of a failure in business than she has been in the home. Not only has the home failed to keep pace in cleanliness and economy, with business and applied science, but it has failed in its primary function as a place to bring up children. Child delinquency has increased, a larger and larger percentage of our criminals is recruited from youth. This is the

fault of our modern civilization, rather than of women, but intelligent mothers are needed to offset the new conditions.

And there is still much to be done to decrease infant mortality. It is no coincidence that the same twenty years in which so much has been accomplished in reducing the infant death rate have also been marked by the increased freedom of women. Propaganda for child preservation and child training needs for its promulgation an intelligent womanhood. America is in little danger of depopulation, but she is sure to feel the influence of European thought, of countries trying to build up their stock after the war. The Caucasian peoples can no longer afford the entirely "feminine" woman. She cannot be depended upon to follow instructions beyond her comprehension. She will do so for months and then in a fit of impatience and optimism will kill her sick baby by feeding it something against which the doctor had not thought necessary to warn her. The lost life represents a loss in time, money, professional skill, and human emotion. Our lives have grown too keenly competitive (as well as too humane) to tolerate the loss. The cold reasoning faculty is needed in the home. Consequently we can predict increased freedom and education for women, and a subsequent increase in their business success.

The objection that marriage would be responsible for a high turn-over of women employees has proved only theoretical. In spite of their tendency to stop work when they marry, women are better stickers than their brothers, so that the belief, still largely prevalent, that it is hardly worth an employer's time to train a woman for an important position, is fallacious and bound to be so discovered.

Moreover, as the majority of women workers marry by the time they are twenty-three, these home-makers are drawn from a class that is relatively inexperienced and easy to replace. It is doubtful if many have been seriously trained for an important position. The work of switchboard operator, typist, file clerk, stenographer, is not exhilarating and seldom serves as a stepping-stone to highly desirable positions—or why would ambitious young men leave such work to women? It may be that instead of marriage depleting the ranks of such workers, the possibility of marriage—of business being only a stop-gap may make it easy to

fill many jobs that otherwise would go begging. There was a time when such office work was done by men, but there was much less of it. Big business and the "feminine invasion of business" have gone hand in hand and are likely to continue to do so.

It will be interesting to watch the effect upon business as more and more girls realize that they are probably destined to be wage-earners after marriage. It should mean better preparation and a more serious attitude on the part of the more intelligent, and a general effort through the different grades of workers to struggle into the next grade—that is, into work they consider financially and mentally satisfactory.

Finally, remember that women are often handicapped by an entirely laudable idealism, by obligations which the ambitious and hard-pressed business man feels compelled to avoid. Woman, too, knows that success is usually to be obtained only by subordinating other things to it. But she also knows that not all the success in the world could make up for having lost, or missed, her friends. And not all the friends in the world could make up for having lost, or missed, herself.

We would not wish women to outgrow this idealism. But are not men, too, coming to believe that it is possible to pay too much for business success? If women learn, as men have learned, the usefulness of material success in advancing individual, family, social, national and religious ends, may not the feminine and masculine ideals become blended into one set of values for both sexes?

To sum up, the successful business woman will not be a sudden apparition. The education of public expectation is slow. The responsibility for the so-called "subjection of women" lies neither with herself nor with man, but with the importance of physical might in an order that has long since vanished. When the ideals and expectations of the old order have also vanished, when woman is no longer coddled, no longer coddles herself, then we shall be able to judge whether or not there was anything inherent in woman to account for her slowness in achieving success in business. Until then we have no possible way of knowing.

SHERIDAN—WHOM THE GODS LOVED

BY J. BROOKS ATKINSON

I

Upon Richard Brinsley Sheridan the gods let themselves go with a jaunty, ironic flourish. They made him fascinating; they made him a study in superlatives. What other figure in all English literature can match him for sheer volatility? For a few maddening seconds Sheridan danced on the icy pinnacle of Cosmopolis. Of face and figure he was so beautiful that his eldest sister was never unmindful of "the glow of health, his eyes,—the finest in the world,—and soft as a tender and affectionate heart could render them." Of personality he was so attractive, at once so brilliant and charming, that even men could feel melancholy when he went away. "After you had been gone an hour," wrote his friend J. Richardson, "I got moped damnably." Before his twenty-second birthday he had fought two duels with a middle-aged scoundrel over a captivating young singer, the most beautiful of her day, and married her while his closest friend and a hundred others were wooing her with ardent verses. At twenty-six he had written two of the only three comedies that have survived on our stage since the time of Shakespeare. Ten years later he delivered in Parliament a speech epochal in English statesmanship. Yet when he was dying at the age of sixty-five, alienated from some of his friends and unsought by most others, only the stubborn persistence of his physician prevented the bailiff from arresting him in his sick-bed and carrying him off in the blankets to the spunging-house. Nor was this all the ignominy of his declining days. When he was to be buried his wife was so fearful (perhaps needlessly) lest he might be snubbed at his funeral that she wrote personal letters to many of the most distinguished, beseeching them to come. Byron wrote in his diary: "He has written the best comedy

(*School for Scandal*), the best opera (*The Duenna*—in my mind far before that St. Giles's lampoon, *The Beggar's Opera*), the best farce (*The Critic*—it is only too good for an after-piece), and the best address (*Monologue on Garrick*),—and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country." At the moment when Byron was writing this panegyric, Sheridan was, as the result of his own indolence, profligacy and helplessness, afflicted by distresses from which he never recovered. One of his most lurid biographers, many of whom sprang gratuitously to the maw of the press the instant Thomas Moore's faithful study had appeared, asserts that on the day of the funeral procession a stranger squirmed into the house of mourning on the pretext of viewing Sheridan's corpse, touched the face with his bailiff's wand when the coffin was opened, and arrested the corpse "in the king's name" for a debt of £500! Well, perhaps and perhaps.

II

Although the Sheridan claquers were busy soon after his death, puffing their hero into a superman, they did not succeed. That nimble hack Earle, who wrote a colorful and sometimes specious book on Sheridan and signed himself "Octogenarian," hotly resisted the assertion that Sheridan was no scholar. Alas! his learning seemed all too feeble beyond the polite equipment of fashionable chaps of the day. He who wrote *The Rivals* at twenty-two was pronounced an "impenetrable dunce" by his Dublin schoolmaster. At Harrow, Dr. Parr, famous in his day and long after as a schoolmaster, found Sheridan indolent, shiftless and much too idle for learning. Such scholarship as he had, Sichel avows in an excellent biography, was "stealthy." Doubtless it was not family penury alone which kept this wit from essaying the university. He was disgusted by the spectacle of ponderous learning, such as that of Dr. Johnson, whom he called "a monster with a leaden eye and lumbered brain of Greek and Latin lore." A man of learning or profound respect for learning would not have been duped, even on the recommendation of Porson and Malone, into buying a Shakesperean forgery (Ireland's *Vortigern and Rowena*) and setting it on the stage of his theatre as genuine Eliza-

bethan tragedy. Although Boswell obsequiously kissed the sacred pages of this hoax and declared he could now die happy, the skeptical audience detected the false ring of such base metal on the first night. Would Garrick have been so obtuse? Especially in youth and even down to the last of his life Sheridan seemed ignorant of the literary grace of spelling; he wrote *Whether* as *wether*, *where* as *were*, *which* as *wich*, and *thing* as *think*, and the double *s* and *m* were too frequently single. For him the gods had not emptied their chest marked "Scholarship."

But whom the gods love need not be learned. Of what avail is heavy-eyed scholarship against the insinuating, mordant subtleties of Lady Sneerwell and Sir Benjamin Backbite? Even at the moment when he was bemoaning Sheridan's impatience with his studies, Dr. Parr glowed over the youth's attractive personality. And so, indeed, it was. "I admired—I almost adored him," wrote his sister: "I would most willingly have sacrificed my life for him." A stripling of twenty-one, he captured the heart of Elizabeth Linly, "Maid of Bath," as the enthusiastic called her, when she was enjoying with the naïveté of a girl of seventeen the hot suits of Nathaniel Halhed, Charles Sheridan, Mr. Long, and Captain Matthews, villain of her youth, and the admiration of half of all England's young men. It was said that when this paragon of loveliness gave concerts at Oxford the students could scarcely breathe, such was the effect upon them of her charm of face and manner, and sweetness of voice. "I am petrified," said Halhed in describing her concert. Once she had refused Sheridan; once he had given her up and begged only that he might be forever her friend, as the others had not. Yet it was he, unknown in Bath save for a clever skit or two and as the son of a maundering, pedantic actor and elocution teacher, who skilfully uncovered the foul object of Captain Matthew's suit, whisked Miss Linly off to a French convent more secretly and expeditiously than he did anything else as long as he lived, challenged Captain Matthews in a London coffee-house (after the party had been scared away from Hyde Park), broke through the captain's guard and broke his sword; and fought him again in a desperate duel at Kingsdown where the impetuous youth nearly lost his life. "My husband, my husband!" cried "Lizzy" instinctively when the

startling news reached her ears as she was returning to Bath in a coach; and thus at the moment which a Scott or a Bulwer-Lytton would have chosen, she betrayed the secret of her marriage to him in France.

Not learning but youth succeeds in the writing of artificial comedy. Congreve wrote his best before he was twenty-five. Farquhar wrote *The Constant Couple* at twenty-two, and everything else before he was thirty. And Sheridan was no sooner settled down in London as the fortunate and nearly famous youth upon whom Miss Linly had smiled than he, too, succeeded with comedy. Necessity drove him to the task. Lucky for them that the doddering old Mr. Long, rejected by "Lizzy" some time previous, had endowed her with £3000, half of which she still retained; for Sheridan had no money of his own, and despite the protest of musical London he would not let her sing again in public. "He resolved wisely and nobly, to be sure," declared Dr. Johnson when Boswell plied him on that subject which was then the tittle-tattle of London. "He is a brave man. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife sing publicly for hire? No, Sir, there can be no doubt here. I know not if I should not *prepare* myself for a public singer, as readily as let my wife be one." Their dwindling fortunes Sheridan reëstablished within a year by the production of *The Rivals* at Covent Garden, which soon set the town agog and was played by other companies in Bath and Liverpool. The celebrity which surrounded the marriage of so well loved a singer as Miss Linly (celebrated by the irrepressible Foote in *A Trip to Calais* and *The Maid of Bath*) was now augmented by the fulgurant genius of her husband. They were invited to the great houses—even by so snobbish a woman as the Duchess of Richmond—and their life became one of unending gaiety. Great people came to their snug abode; the young people were rare entertainers; Charles Fox said some years later, "An evening at Sheridan's is worth a week's waiting for." Yet Sheridan did not fritter away his time; he got up at sunrise, or worked with light and a glass of port after the guests had departed towards midnight. Within the next four years he squeezed into this glamorous life the writing of a rough-and-ready farce, a comic opera which ran twelve nights longer than the formidable (and much

more substantial) *Beggar's Opera*, a stop-gap and fairly emasculate version of Vanbrugh's licentious *Relapse*, and crowned his career in the theatre with *The School for Scandal*, which filled the empty coffers of his Drury Lane Theatre. Once again two years later his wit was keen enough for *The Critic*, which had a long showing in the theatre, although a contemporary critic observed it was "a species of dramatic entertainment entirely critical, and very little relished or understood by the British public in general." But all the jests and sardonic jibes of that merry farce he had forgotten when he essayed the phlegmatic and swollen *Pizarro* twenty years afterwards. An anonymous critique of this play printed at Manchester in 1799 described it as

> Five *ling'ring* acts stuff'd full of stage *devices*,
> Five acts of pantomime—at *playhouse prices!!!*

His day in the theatre was resplendent with the wit which the gods had given him. It soon ran out. Lamb termed *Pizarro* a "procession of verbiage stalking on the stage." Lamb had seen *The School for Scandal* (on complimentary tickets) when Palmer was acting Joseph Surface.

III

Wit never ran so high in England as it did in Sheridan's society. Wit was highly esteemed and assiduously cultivated in the days of Addison, of Vanbrugh and the writers of the drama of sensibility, of Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Mrs. Aphra Behn; but at best it was categorical, and at worst obscene. In Sheridan it was spontaneous, nimble and irrepressible. It was, moreover, spotlessly pure; doubtful stories which were not so coarse as to offend the ears of women were sometimes disagreeable to him, and at his wife's request were not repeated in his presence. His *bon mots* fill an ample volume compiled by an enthusiastic defender and hack. His house was a whirl of gaiety and high spirits where the most brilliant English society came with high expectations that were well gratified in the give-and-take of jest and rebounding humor. Nor was Sheridan always eclectic in the quality of his humor; on occasion he descended to the obviousness of practical jokes or horseplay. Bacchus had a hand in his creation; the slap-

stick buffoonery of Scarron and Rabelais was there. At one time, having covered the floor of a dark passage with plates and dishes packed close together, Sheridan provoked his friend Tickell into giving chase. Having left a path for his own escape he ran through easily, but Tickell crashed on the china and was cut in several places. Again, during a house party near Osterly (General Burgoyne was among the guests) Sheridan proposed that a certain divine who was visiting them should deliver the sermon next Sunday in the local parish. The clergyman's objection that he had no sermon Sheridan met by writing one himself on the *Abuse of Riches*. The clergyman delivered it in his best pulpit style; but several months later to his undying chagrin he discovered that it was throughout a personal attack upon a rich member of the parish, and a friend, who was just then unpopular for his treatment of the poor. Riding through the streets of London one day in a coach for which he could not pay the hire, Sheridan saw his argumentative friend Richardson on the street and invited him inside. Whereupon Sheridan lost no time in engaging him in conversation on a subject which easily piqued Richardson. At the proper moment Sheridan declared he could not think of staying in the coach with a person who could use such vile language, got down into the street and, while Richardson shouted heated last words through the glass, left him responsible for the heavy fare. In the heyday of his membership in Parliament Sheridan spent reckless and hilarious evenings at Brookes's famous club in St. James Street, at the "Bedford" in Covent Garden, and was a member of a sportive, informal club which met at the Salutation Tavern kept by Dame Butler in an alley off Covent Garden. There he revelled none too delicately with the Prince of Wales, Charles Howard, Earl of Surrey and later Duke of Norfolk, Selwyn, Hare and Charles Fox; and there the flowing bowl, upon which Sheridan ever depended as writer and speaker, bubbled merrily all the night through. Even when he was too old for such frisking he accompanied the Prince and the Earl incognito in the darkness of early morning on several mad quests through the pitch-black streets; and once engaged in a battle with thugs and ruffians in the Brown Bear Tavern, when all three were arrested by the watch.

IV

It suited Sheridan's whim, as it suited Hugo's vanity, to give out that his rarest works were tossed off rapidly from a surcharged brain. A touch of youthful bravado made his personality spritely. "How comes it to pass that you are ever in appearance indolent without being really so?" asked Ker. In actual fact he sweated at his tasks, perhaps less earnestly than Goldsmith and less hypercritically than Flaubert. He did not pitch his jibes into the air, as Gautier pitched his sentences, trusting that like cats they would come down on all four feet. With the actual writing of *The School for Scandal* he was characteristically indolent. The comedy went into rehearsal before he had finished writing it. He had, so the story runs, one rough draft of the last five scenes scribbled on detached pieces of paper. Of all the preceding scenes there were numerous transcriptions, interlined and revised. On the last sheet of all, which still exists as no doubt Sheridan despatched it to the copyists, are the words: "Finished at last, thank God! R. B. SHERIDAN;" to which a relieved prompter appended: "Amen! W. HOPKINS." One of his contemporaries asserted that when Sheridan was writing *The Critic* and the last scenes of the piece did not come, he was tricked into a room in the theatre one evening by King and Ford, and locked there with wine and sandwiches until he finished the farce. Another declares that the last act of *Pizarro* was written on the evening of the first performance while the first four were being given behind the footlights. No doubt that stretches the truth; one so brilliant as Sheridan lends credence to the most colorful stories. Sheridan was as a rule a far-seeing workman. Apparently he had *The School for Scandal* in mind many years before he wrote it. Four years or so earlier he had worked at a comedy entitled *The Slanderers,* in which Lady Sneerwell appears, as well as much of the dialogue to be found in *The School for Scandal.* Subsequently he sketched another comedy to revolve about Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. Where and how he joined the two preliminary comedies into *The School for Scandal* is quite apparent now in the change of tone between the second and third acts. He labored over his most glittering remarks and jests. The paradoxical statement of Lady Teazle to Joseph Surface: "So you would have me sin in my

own defence, and part with my own virtue to preserve my reputation," exists in several of Sheridan's papers as if he had been whipping it into form for use at the right moment. He watched his moments; he would wait through most of a social evening to drop a brilliant joke at the most effective instant. In preparing his speeches, often in bed when it was supposed that he was sleeping, he made note of the places for appropriate gestures, had the whole speech in mind before he began it, and worked up the decorative passages to a fine polish. On the famous Begum speech, which Burke characterized as "the most astonishing piece of eloquence, argument and wit united of which there is any record or tradition," Sheridan, his wife, and most of his family labored feverishly for several days.

V

But that cruel perversion of divine prerogatives by which he was deprived of a balance wheel became at length his undoing. Sheridan touched life in many places; simultaneously he wrote plays, managed a theatre, debated in Parliament, trafficked with statesmen and agreeable fellows most of the night, enlivened the ballroom. But over the mundane affairs of life he had no vistage of control. William Smyth, tutor to Sheridan's son and later a poet of some distinction, has reported Sheridan's total absence of self-control "a torment" to those around him. While "Lizzy" was still alive, conscious alike of his genius and its limitations, and matching his ardent affection for her with an unvarying affection for him, he was kept in some sort of order. If he had not already planted deep the seeds of his final ruin, one might count her untimely death as the cause. His second marriage was not stimulating; at times it irritated them both. It is said that for thirty years Sheridan earned an average of £15,000, and spent £10,000 of it on interest, law suits costs and judgments. To him, and to chaps like him, a debt delayed was a debt half-paid. To this fellow wrestling reluctantly with the mechanics of living belongs the distinction of offering a promissory note to a highwayman. "Thank God, that's settled!" he once exclaimed, handing over an I. O. U. for £200 to a friend from whom he had just borrowed that sum. He was perennially "money-bound." And when his pockets

were filled they soon became flat again. So little order did he have in his debts and credits that a committee of friends, whom he once persuaded to run through his affairs to discover just how much he owed, soon gave up the task in despair; and when he died he fancied he owed four times as much as he did. He found it more convenient to pay a debt twice rather than produce proof that he had already paid it. While traveling on the highways in a coach he frequently found himself penniless, and obliged to summon a usurer to pay his tavern fees. His servants were irregularly paid, and often had no money at their disposal for household expenses. He gave generously to friends and relatives when they could find him. Being in a thousand places during the course of the day, he could never be found by those who wanted him. He took his breakfast in bed while he composed his speeches, dressed hastily, and then with a mad rush shot from his room and the house at noon-time; he was not to be found again until midnight. Those who required his attention lined up at the door; if they did not catch him as he left he was free for the day—and by so much the richer. He maintained three expensive establishments at one time—one at Wanstead, where his son resided with his tutor; another at Isleworth; and the third, his town-house, in Jermyn Street. He raised enormous sums of money from mysterious sources, and seldom at advantageous rates. Befuddled by wine he made reckless bets at the clubs:

25th March, 1793.—Mr. S. bet Mr. Hardy one hundred guineas, that the 3 per cent. consols are as high this day twelvemonth as at the date thereof.

Mr. S. bets Gen. Tarleton one hundred guineas to fifty guineas, that Mr. Pitt is first Lord of the Treasury on the 28th of May, 1795,—Mr. S. bets Mr. St. A. St. John fifteen guineas to five guineas, ditto.

On his inability to pay a bet of 500 guineas he once wrote the following confession: "At the same time that I regret your being put to any inconvenience by this delay, I cannot help reverting to the circumstance which perhaps misled me into the expectation that you would not unwillingly allow me any reasonable time I might want for the payment of the bet. The circumstance I mean, however discreditable the plea, is the total inebriety of some of the party, particularly of myself, when I made this preposterous bet."

VI

Yet his misfortunes were not always the result of his helplessness in the world. It was no fault of his that the Drury Lane Theatre, antiquated and decayed, had to be torn down in 1792, that the new one was long delayed by various negotiations and obstacles, cost £75,000 more than the architect estimated, and all that while the company was playing at enormous expense first at the Opera House and later at the Haymarket. Surely it was no fault of his that seventeen years later this theatre, still encumbered with notes and mortgages, burned to the ground. Sheridan was at the House of Commons that evening, listening to the talk of the conduct of the war in Spain, when the house was suddenly illuminated by a blaze of light as the flames leaped from the roof of his theatre. When a motion was made to adjourn, Sheridan said "Whatever might be the extent of the private calamity, he hoped it would not interfere with the public business of the country." Later he was discovered at the "Bedford," watching the flames and sipping a glass of wine. To a friend's observation that he received so vast a calamity with equanimity, he replied: "Surely a man may be allowed to take a glass of wine at his own fireside." Perhaps he did not grasp the full importance of this disaster. Little could he foretell exactly what it meant. For when a committee was formed at his suggestion to raise money for the sale of public shares for a new theatre, Sheridan who had maintained the Drury Lane at the standard set by Garrick and made its walls echo again and again with salvos of unmatched wit, was gradually crowded out by a turncoat manager. To Samuel Whitbread, M. P. (who inherited the Thrales' brewery), he entrusted the business of a new theatre. For his moiety of the property Sheridan eventually received the generous sum of £28,000. But while he was hard pressed on every side, and begged for an advance of £2,000 to conduct an election, Whitbread stubbornly invoked one technicality after another and delayed. With merciless fidelity to the facts he reminded Sheridan that he was to have "no concern or connection, of any kind whatever, with the new undertaking." "You are in no way answerable if a bad Theatre is built," he wrote; "it is not you who built it; and if we

come to the *strict right* of the thing, you have *no business to interfere*. . . . Will *you* but *stand aloof*, and everything will go smooth."

VII

Forced out of the theatre and Parliament, the remaining few months of Sheridan's life were black melancholy. Distresses increased. Executions followed close on the heels of writs. He once sobbed out a night in a spunging-house. He sold the books from his library, the silver cup once presented to him by his constituency; and like Charles Surface parted with his pictures—four Gainsboroughs and a Morland; and the Reynolds portrait of "Lizzy" Linly went out of his possession. He fell a victim to disease. "I am absolutely undone and broken-hearted," he wrote to a friend less than two months before he died. The usurers no longer flocked around him. For some time his wife had been reduced to beseeching the treasurer of the Drury Lane for petty sums—"four pounds for washing house linen," and the like. When the bitterness of his distress got about town, somewhat belatedly, Vaughan, Rogers and Lord Holland came willingly to his assistance. An anonymous contributor to *The Morning Post* called for immediate aid: "Prefer ministering in the chamber of sickness to mustering at 'The splendid sorrows that adorn the hearse'; I say, *Life* and *Succor* against Westminster Abbey and a Funeral!" That nearly became the case. Sheridan died soon afterwards. Nobility attended his splendid funeral and solemnly, almost ironically, buried him in the Abbey. Contrasting Sheridan's dying penury and the magnificence of his funeral, a French journal said: "France is the place for a man of letters to live in, and England the place for him to die in." Thus the gods received back the tarnished spirit of the man whom they had so generously endowed. Other English men of letters have died as miserably. But none such had drunk so deep of the intoxicating draft of fame; in the ears of none had rung such deafening applause; none had played on many instruments so resourcefully. That platitudinous epitaph, "He touched nothing that he did not adorn," may be applied with full truth to Sheridan. He did many things, and brilliantly. Yet where the world touched him it did not adorn.

GERTRUDE BELL

BY JANET E. COURTNEY

In July of this year died one of the greatest Englishwomen of all time, though her name was perhaps hardly known to great masses of her fellow countrymen. For all our far flung empire, we are an insular minded people, and Gertrude Bell's greatness had proved itself in a sphere unfamiliar to many and for the time being intensely disliked by almost all. But to the few, who realize how closely our prestige in the East is inwoven with keeping faith with our Arab allies and repaying them in full for their assistance, positive and negative, during the War, what Gertrude did to build up the Kingdom of Iraq will rank as a great national service. Overburdened taxpayers may desire heartily to see us relinquish Mesopotamia to its fate. To those who know what British faith has meant in the East, such a breach of our plighted word would be less a crime than an irretrievable blunder.

But these considerations of high politics do not in themselves affect the questions of Gertrude's greatness. It was independent of outside aids. I have called her "Gertrude" simply. For those who knew her personally she had no other name. "The Great Gertrude" she became sometimes in half mocking affection. But Gertrude Margaret Lowthian Bell was her full designation, and she was born some fifty-eight years ago, on July 14, 1868, in the county of Durham, the eldest daughter of Sir Hugh Bell and granddaughter of Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, founders of the great iron industry of Cleveland in Yorkshire. Though born just over its border, she belonged by right to that county. Her forbears were Yorkshiremen and her heart, when not given to the East, was at home on the Yorkshire moors. Her father's inherited wealth and intellectual brilliance secured her an early environment of high culture, and the social gifts and diplomatic relations of Florence Bell, her stepmother,—her own mother died

when she was not yet three years old,—provided her with all the advantages cosmopolitan society could offer.

I first came to know her just forty years ago when, as a girl of seventeen, she came up to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, the most brilliant creature who ever entered at that or any other of the women's colleges. She was younger than most of us, half child, half woman, rather untidy, with conspicuous auburn hair and vivid complexion, and a curiously long and pointed nose; mature in her judgments of men and affairs, childlike in her certainties, and most engaging in her entire belief in her father and her home surroundings. From the very first we took her to our hearts. She had more money than most of us, but it never occurred to her that this made any difference. Neither did it. She perhaps could spend more on adorning her college room, but the money all went in books and book-shelves. She threw herself with untiring energy into every phase of college life, she swam, she rowed, she played tennis and hockey, she acted, she danced, she spoke in debates, she kept up with modern literature and told us tales of modern authors, most of whom were her childhood's friends. Yet all the time she put in seven hours a day of solid work, and at the end of two years (most Honours students take three) she won as brilliant a First Class in the school of Modern History as has ever been won at Oxford. And in her *viva voce* she set one of her examiners right, in his own special subject, but with so charming a naïveté that no one could mind. Some German town, I forget which, she had placed on the right bank of the Rhine. He corrected her and said, "You mean left." "Oh," said Gertrude, "I am so sorry; but it really *is* on the right; *I've been there!*"

Very soon after those Oxford days Gertrude began to travel. Her aunt, Lady Lascelles, sister to Lady Bell, was the wife of the diplomat, Sir Frank Lascelles, British representative in succession to Roumania, Persia, Russia, Germany. To these legations or embassies Gertrude made prolonged visits, improving her natural gift for languages and, in Teheran, making her first acquaintance with the East and undertaking translations of Persian poetry, some of which she published as *Translations from Hafiz* (1897). Incidentally she went at any rate once round the world, I think twice, and she put in some spells of really adventurous Alpine

climbing. She was an intrepid mountaineer, and on one occasion narrowly escaped death in Switzerland, having with two guides lost herself upon the mountains. The three, roped together, spent two nights on slopes whence the least slip would have dashed them to certain death. "Were you afraid?" I asked her afterwards in London. "No," she said, "I was numb with cold; that was all!" And it was all, of that I am sure, for she knew no fear and she never said things for effect. She kept her body always in perfect training. She had an iron constitution. Until a year or two before the end, she scarcely knew what weakness meant. I remember walking with her some twenty years ago in the steep Arnecliffe woods near her home,—Arnecliffe means "the cliff of the eagle",—and she said suddenly, "Let's join hands and go straight down;" and down we went at a pace that terrified me, through brushwood and fern and stones straight to the bottom. But to her it was nothing. In her later life, when she was in her splendid 'forties, she could outlast any man. It was she who explored mountain tops in Asia Minor and found Hittite inscriptions on stones, which more timid explorers had peered at from far below. She was traveling then in Cilicia and Lycaonia with Sir William Mitchell Ramsay, with whom in 1909 she wrote *The Thousand and One Churches.* But she had also gone quite alone into the country of the Druses, those wild and untameable tribesmen who made the Lebanon a terror to timid travelers. She tells the story herself in *The Desert and the Sown* (1906).

With these children of the desert she had a natural affinity. To her they were as individual, as personally known, as are to most of us only our own countrymen. She made friends with them, she remembered all about them. When she went back again she could pick up all the threads, just as she could with friends at home. She had a great gift for friendship. I often did not see her for months and years together, but it made no difference. When we met again in London or in Yorkshire, for a few days, for the space perhaps only of an evening party, the threads were at once united, the line of friendship was never broken.

This real intimacy with the people, this quick establishment of relations and marvelous memory for personal details, was to

prove of the utmost value when the time came for Gertrude to do her country supreme service. For the opportunity came. Looking back it seems almost as if she had been set apart for such service. All her life had led up to it, little as she, or anyone else, could have forseen its nature. But even as a girl in her college days she had the single aim, the concentration of purpose, above all that consummate ease in accomplishment which is the touchstone of greatness. And almost imperceptibly she had been led on to devote her gifts as traveler, archæologist, historian, to acquiring the knowledge which her country needed.

She had never traveled for notoriety but always in search of knowledge. A born archæologist and historian, she was pursuing the study of early Christian and early Islamic architecture, and to that end wished in 1913 to visit Northern Arabia. The British Foreign Office was opposed to her going, and only her persistence prevailed over their reluctance. She went, and she went alone. She was not the first Englishwoman to go; Lady Anne Blunt had been before her; but accompanied. No one else, except intrepid explorers like Doughty, would have gone, as Gertrude went, taking her life in her hands. She came through unscathed, but not without daunting experiences. For a week or two she was detained as a "guest", a transparent euphemism for prisoner, in the *haremlik* of the Emir of Hayil, while he departed on a distant raid. She made use of her time to acquire an intimate "knowledge of the relationships, regular and irregular, and also of the domestic crimes, of the Rashid house," which, writes D. G. Hogarth, with whom and with T. E. Lawrence she was to work later in Cairo, she used with "startling" effect when compiling Arab Intelligence Manuals. She returned from this journey safe but exhausted, the first time I ever remember to have seen her bright vitality dimmed. A few months later came the War, and with the War her great opportunity.

She did not seize it at first; she did not even seem to see it. She had grievous personal losses of greatly loved friends. She threw herself with restless energy into work. At Boulogne, and then in London, she organized a special branch of the Red Cross, which by means of correspondents in hospitals, by questioning sick and wounded soldiers fresh from the battlefields, tried to get

details of men missing and, if possible, to trace their fate. I worked with her for a time on this, and I was greatly struck by her mental weariness and discouragement, little as she ever let either interfere with the work. But she would not, she said she could not, rest. The War obsessed her to the exclusion of every other consideration. At the end of 1915 came her call to special service. D. G. Hogarth had gone out to Cairo to organize a branch of the Admiralty Intelligence Service dealing with the Arab peoples. Thence he wrote to Gertrude, begging her to come. He had tried, before going, to induce her, but, absorbed in her Red Cross work, she would hardly listen. A few weeks later, when I went in as usual to work with her at Norfolk House, she came quickly across the room in her impulsive way, seized my arm and drew me aside. "I've heard from David; he says anyone can trace the missing but only I can map Northern Arabia. I'm going next week."

She went and, except for brief periods of leave, England and Europe knew her no more. From Cairo she was sent in 1916 to Basra. She moved up to Kut with the relieving force and accompanied the triumphant army to Bagdad. There she became an Assistant Political Officer and took a leading part in the administrative reconstruction of Mesopotamia and the establishment of the Kingdom of Iraq. She came home for the Paris Conference, and with Prince Feisal, Lawrence and others pleaded the cause of the Arabs she knew and loved. We saw her in London that spring for the first time in four years. She had aged a bit, her hair was white, she looked like finely tempered steel, but she was the old Gertrude in her quick sympathy, her recovered friendships, her love of her Yorkshire home.

She returned to Iraq to stand by King Feisal's side when he ascended his Mesopotamian throne, and to remain his personal friend and confidential adviser. But all on the strictest official lines. Foolish journalists might try to work up stunts about "The Uncrowned Queen of Mesopotamia". They got no countenance or help from Gertrude. As Assistant Political Officer, and later as Director of Antiquities, she knew her place and kept it. Her woman's wit, added to her masculine grasp of affairs, could not but make her an outstanding personality with an in-

fluence that carried far, but she herself preserved the strictest official etiquette. In the masterly Review which she wrote of the Civil Administration of Mesopotamia, published as a White Book by the India Office in 1920, her name just appears in a note on the cover as having been entrusted with its preparation by the Acting Civil Commissioner. The Review itself is as impersonal as a legal document.

I don't say that Gertrude was without ambition, but it was ambition to see work well done, not to see herself doing it, except in so far as she was conscious—that she could not fail to be—of unusual power to do it. To the supremely capable there is no greater trial than to stand aside and see things bungled. Her sudden death, when she was not yet sixty, saved her at least from that.

She was, I think, the greatest woman of our time, perhaps amongst the greatest of all time. To find any parallel to her, you have to go back to Florence Nightingale. There was the same clearness of vision, swift choice of means, magnificent disregard of opposition. For her, obstacles did not exist; she merely took them in her stride. And she had far greater personal magnetism, "radiant ardor" it was called by one of her friends, a woman (she had as many women friends as men friends) who had visited her this summer: "She had the gift of making everyone feel suddenly eager; of making you feel that life was full and rich and exciting. . . . I felt all my loneliness and despair lifted from me in a second. She was a wonderful hostess . . . her personality held together and made a centre for all those exiled Englishmen whose other common bond was their service in Iraq. . . . Whatever subject she touched, she lit up." And that was in Bagdad, only a few weeks before she died, when she herself, though we at home did not know it, was fighting a deadly weariness and weakness which had made her doctors long to send her home, only she would not go whilst there was still work to do on her beloved Museum of Antiquities.

Strength was, I think, her most outstanding quality, though radiant sympathy went with it. She had her softer side; but she was determined to let no personal griefs lessen her capacity for doing. She faced a sorrow and put it behind her. "I will have no locked cupboards in my life," she said to me once, many years

ago. Just near the end, on her last leave home in the summer of 1925, she did show some slight weakening. "It's lonely out there," she said to me; "I sometimes think I will come home. What shall I do here, I wonder?" The touch of wistfulness and weariness was unlike the old Gertrude. It made me uneasy and set me wondering about her future. I asked her whether she would not consider entering Parliament. In my mind's eye, I saw her "Member for the East" in succession to the late Mark Sykes, in the Government perhaps as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, even as Colonial or Foreign Secretary—who knows? Things move fast. But it did not appeal to her. "I haven't the quickness of thought and speech which could fit the clash of Parliament," she wrote in her last letter to me. "I can do my own job in a way, and explain why I think that the right way of doing it, but I don't cover a wide enough field, and my natural desire is to slip back into the comfortable arena of archæology and history."

She did herself an injustice, I think. I remember some very effective platform speaking in her Anti-Suffrage days (she had supported Mrs. Humphry Ward on that question, when many of us feared that Pankhurst militancy was going to wreck most of what professional women had won) and, in particular, a singularly bold and happy impromptu speech comes vividly back to me in correction of some of Lord Curzon's unfortunate inaccuracies at an Anti-Suffrage meeting. But she hated politics in the narrower sense; what she cared for was the good government of an Eastern people.

No such home-coming was in store for her. In defiance of her doctors at home she had gone back to Iraq in 1925; and, in disobedience to medical advice, there she remained for the summer of 1926, being keenly anxious to get her Museum of Antiquities into good trim before she left it. She had been ill with pneumonia during the winter and this had left her heart weak, but her indomitable spirit kept her going. On that last Sunday (July 11) she had been bathing and went to bed early, telling Marie, her maid, to call her at 6 a. m. next day. Marie was uneasy about her. She went in once to her room that night and found her sleeping; but when at 6 o'clock she tried to rouse her, Gertrude was lying dead; she had gone in her sleep some three hours before.

They buried her there with a great public funeral. The Arabs followed her in their thousands. Never, so the Civil Commissioner wrote, had there been such grief at the passing of an Englishwoman. Here in the House of Commons tribute was paid to a great public servant. Some people were puzzled. They had known so little about her. She never advertised herself, she appeared so seldom on platforms. But to the small circle who know the Near East and its problems, Gertrude Bell will always stand out as a great, unique personality. "Some power in her," wrote *The Times* in a leading article devoted to her on the day her death was announced, "linked her deep love of the East with a practical aim that became a dominating purpose. . . . That she endured drudgery, was never dismayed by continual disappointment and never allowed her idealism to turn to bitterness, shows a strength of character rare indeed among those of the English for whom the East has become a passion. She was the one distinguished woman among them and her quality was of the purest English mettle. . . . Miss Bell has left the memory of a great Englishwoman."

A SCHOLAR OF CALABRIA

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

I

We had left the crowd-jostled streets of Rome to meet the spring in southern Italy—that quiet corner of the world which Horace loved, which "more than all others smiled back at him". We had fancied the hills and valleys still peopled with Virgil's singing shepherds. Some trace there might even be of that instinct for dramatic music which inspired the poet Arion, who sailed from that shore, to be miraculously saved from shipwreck, according to the legend, and carried to safety on a dolphin's back that he might transplant on Grecian soil the earliest form of the drama.

Travelling east and north from Reggio in a slow train along the coast of Calabria, we still nourished our hope in spite of the scars of volcanoes, of devastation by earthquake, and of the drearier symptoms of perennial disease. But when we arrived at our first destination, the site of one of the most splendid of Greek colonies, our hopes descended with the sun. We found ourselves in a poor little town without grace of form or color, flat, monotonous and dull. The mountains behind the town have been denuded of their forests; the plain between the mountains and the shore is crossed by narrow streams which diminish in summer until they stagnate in their wide beds or sink into the sand. The railroad to which the town clings for its life hides with dingy accessories the roll of waves on a long white beach. Narrow paved streets, rough and treeless, straggle between low, ashen-gray houses. Through some of the streets one catches glimpses of a few olive orchards and fertile fields, which seem to draw away from the town as if fearing its contact. A few bright gardens are all but concealed by walls of brick and plaster. Irregular squares, which must be scorched by the heat of summer and were at this time spotted with puddles after the rains of winter and early spring, were filled with children at play or with sad-looking donkeys resting from

their labors. The children were beautiful; but the extraordinary brilliance of their black eyes is a symptom, we were told, of the dread malaria that infects the plain.

Certainly no secrets of a Golden Age were to be revealed in such a place. No smiling landscape, no spirit of youth, no echoes of Greek song were here. To search for works of art and relics of a rich antiquity seemed a sacrilegious disregard of the needs of the present; they could be only bitter reminders of the cruel destiny of man. We began to be half ashamed of our interest in Magna Græcia. Yet before we left that dead town we had found a new incarnation of the spirit of Greece. Indeed, we were almost convinced that we had found in that unlikely place the *homo fortunatus* for whom the philosophers of the world have hunted in vain.

Poor as the town is, it has its museum, and the museum has its curator. We had been told that there were scholars of a rare type in Calabria, and we had been led to believe that this curator was one of them. But when we entered the hotel on the evening of our arrival, we were disillusioned again. We had imagined him an ascetic and a philosopher, bearing the marks of deep study, worn and somewhat stooped, timid and retiring, with a compensating sweetness in his manner and the joy of self-sacrifice written on his thin face. But this man was tall and straight and robust, cordial and unshrinking in his manner, with a young face and fresh clear eyes. He was ready to talk on any subject. He had his enthusiasms, one soon perceived, and a glint in his eye when he talked of them, but they were not the enthusiasms of a scholar. He was attractive and puzzling. That he could live in those surroundings and retain that buoyancy of manner—that in itself was a mystery.

The greeting was hardly over when he said abruptly, putting his hand to an inside pocket, "I have something to show you—something I have just found." We expected to see a Greek coin or some ancient inscription on gold or ivory. Not at all. It was an old yellow letter, signed Giuseppe Mazzini. "The original!" he exclaimed. "An autograph letter! Only look at it." We read it while he waited. "Is it not wonderful?" he went on. "It is pure Mazzinian doctrine. It is more than his handwriting—it is the soul of the man. Ah, yes, it is indeed a treasure. I

found it in an old book, quite by chance." Reverently he refolded it and put it back in his pocket.

"So that is what he is!" I said to myself. "He is one of these Mazzinian enthusiasts who blame Mussolini and his Fascisti for a setback to free government. We shall soon hear him declare that Mussolini is ruining humanity." I was wrong. Entering his office the next morning we faced two portraits hanging side by side — Mazzini and Mussolini. When we rallied him on the strange companions, he protested that he was perfectly consistent. He showed us his Fascista badge. He was not merely following the party in power; he was strong in his support of the present régime. Mazzini was an ideal, we were led to understand; Mussolini was a fact. He had saved the country; he was rescuing the South from illiteracy, putting Italy's house in order, working for the day when the people should be capable of Mazzini's ideal democracy. But what had all this to do with Magna Græcia?

When he said good night after his first visit at our hotel, offering to be our guide for as long as we would stay, he had not revealed himself to our understanding, but he had piqued our curiosity. He was of middle age, a husband and father, yet the spirit of eternal youth pervaded his personality. It was not alone his versatile mind and varied interests. Something more was needed to explain a mysterious something that lighted his face.

My friend was a northern Italian who had been interested in Calabria ever since she had gone down there to work for the victims of the Messina earthquake. She was also an ardent archæologist, not as a student but as a seeker of beauty wherever it may be found. "I cannot work for humanity," she had said, "unless I also work for art. The two things go together." She was just the person to draw the scholar out. For we soon discovered that it was only when he was sure of sympathy that he would let one into his thoughts at all.

As we followed him about, meeting other people in the town and observing their manner toward him, we made more interesting discoveries about the scholar than about the history and archæology of the place.

If, as Cæsar said, it is better to be first in an Iberian village than second in Rome, the scholar's lot is a fortunate one. For he is

the leading citizen of the town. In a region where petty politics hold sway and political honors are too much esteemed, the scholar, who has nothing to do with politics, is revered as the wise man of the community. The people do not understand his work nor the contents of his museum. But if any one of them finds a vase or a terra-cotta head when he is plowing or digging, he carries it to the scholar proudly with an air of great mystery and importance. He knows all about it, they seem to say. And moreover he, who understands and cherishes these mysterious objects even when they are broken to pieces, meets them on an even footing and concerns himself with their affairs—their crops, their children, their beasts, and that greatest of burdens, their taxes. He is vitally interested in their schools; he helps them in their perennial struggle against malaria; he discusses with them their grievances against the Government; and they know that he writes articles for the newspapers in which he attempts to enlighten their representatives in Parliament about their needs and their sufferings and to question the wisdom of pouring money into Africa when the South lacks roads and the land is arid for lack of irrigation.

Above all, he is not an importation from some center of learning but a native of the place. He lives on the small estate owned by his family for generations. His son is studying in Naples to go on with the same work in the same spot. From his few acres he makes a comfortable living for which his stipend from the Government would not suffice. He is one of them in his manner of life, with a superiority of knowledge which they respect.

He, on his side, understands the people and he loves the children. His manner of life is theirs, yet with a difference. The brightest garden in the town is his. He knows every flower of the countryside; he is familiar with the green valleys that are concealed among the mountains; he has climbed the highest peaks; he is in love with Calabria. He has his own grievances, to be sure. He talked of the difficulty of living at such a distance from the world, in a *deserto di cultura*, in poverty of the means of study, with no money for excavations, with none to sympathize with him in his work. He lamented that the railroad service is so deplorable as to make the single line along the coast of little value to the country, and that the interior, which is rich in resources and mar-

velous for its beauty, is unknown or forgotten. Yet he speaks with pride of "my Calabria". Knowing its record from pre-historic times to the present, he is proud of its history; having explored its deepest recesses, he is proud of its beauty; believing that his people are capable of hard work, if given a fair chance, he is proud of its potential power. He is not lightly optimistic about the future. He does not share the world's illusion that Southern Italy is a land favored by nature, sacred to the goddess of fertility, blessed by benign Demeter with abundant crops and sprinkled with flowers by Persephone, and that its degradation is due to the Bourbons and Barons and the relaxing influences of the climate. He knows only too well that the struggle for life on that southern coast has been a bitter one from time immemorial, because of the construction of the land and the atmospheric conditions. The winter rains and the summer droughts he counts as more important than the periodic destruction of earthquakes and volcanoes, and he does not doubt that malaria was the determining cause of the short life of Greek civilization in Italy.

Some of these things he told us sadly, while we walked with him toward the foundations of a Greek temple at some distance from the town. And then his face changed suddenly and a light came into it—as always happened when he was intent on some project—while he pronounced his belief that modern science can reverse the conditions and stamp out the disease. The artificial lake that is under construction, like the new reservoir of Sardinia, which will conserve the water of the mountains and turn it to irrigation and electrical power; the hundreds of new schools that are being opened; the mountain colonies where children are rescued from malarial districts and taught how to live; the agricultural colonies where boys are being trained to better methods of farming; he pointed to these signs that the tide is turning and that in the future the Calabrian peasant will not be driven to emigrate nor be found battering, as he does now, at the closed door of the once free and hospitable United States of America.

"And why was this not done long ago?" I asked. "After all, you have a representative government. Has the proud Calabrian stock not made its voice heard in the Parliament?"

"Politics!" he replied. "Politics, Signora, and a misunder-

standing that dates from the time of the *Risorgimento*. If the fastest engine in the world is expected to run with the slowest, neither one will be quite satisfied with the result." He stopped to tell me the name of a wildflower I had picked and then went on: "Garibaldi saw that it would not work. Many others saw it. But Italian Unity was a great idea and every practical consideration had to give way to that. And when you think that Northern Italy led all of Europe in the development of communal life, and that feudalism held out longest in Southern Italy, you can understand that the difficulties were great. The North began everything—the North demanded everything—and the South has had to pay out of all proportion to its resources for the sake of our ideal, a united Italy."

My friend from Rome, who was always looking beyond any situation to its larger aspect, remarked, characteristically: "The fastest engine almost went to destruction, along with the rest of modern civilization. Surely, if there is any place left behind and not yet blighted by the evils of industrialism, we ought to cherish it. We might make of that slower engine a more perfect instrument."

"Precisely!" he exclaimed. "Ah! Signorina, I believe you share my devotion to Calabria, though you belong to Piedmont. It is unusual. Calabria is looked down upon by the Northerners. Yet we gave Italy her name and some of her most valued possessions. Do you know that just up there in those hills the learning of the Greeks was preserved when Rome was in the hands of the barbarians? The forest of Vallombrosa grew from seeds carried by the monks from our immemorial forest, the Sila; and in the same way ancient learning preserved in those hills by Boëtius and Cassiodorus was transferred to Saint Benedict's monastery for the future enlightenment of the world. You will see a monastery church when you climb to that hill town which is a Roman basilica and a Norman church in one. It is typical."

He was revealing wider and wider circles of interest. But I was sure that we had not yet touched the centre of his enthusiasm. I was still wondering why he seemed so young and so serene. I knew that he had lived and suffered; he had lost three sons. What was the secret? I wondered. What was the vital flame

that kept him so alive and so alert and interested in everything? If it was the love of knowledge or of art, that must be starved in so dull a place. He had given no proof of any special talent; he had no reputation in the outside world. He seemed to have no overmastering imagination which might have transformed the routine of his small duties. I could not attribute the mysterious something that shone from his eyes to supreme domestic happiness. There must be something else.

It was clear that he was not working for his own pleasure and ambition. One of his projects was the foundation of a Greek-Italian College in a remote mountain settlement where the Greek language survives. He had made a study of the local idiom and convinced himself that it was not the dialect of a late immigration but a lineal descendant of the language of Pythagoras, the great philosopher and teacher of Magna Græcia. It was his idea that a college for the study of Greek literature and art in a region where so much of the language was a living thing would make the past one with the present. "Without the past," he would say, "and without hope for the future, humanity cannot exist. And what better thing could we do for the youth of today? It is a time of rebellion and discontent. Religion and philosophy no longer speak with authority to the conscience. There is a void in the life of the ideal. How better can we fill the void than by nourishing our youth upon the words and ideas of the greatest minds that ever expressed the aspirations of the human race?"

He was aflame with his idea. The real man was speaking. But it was while he was showing us the treasures of the museum—and that only on our second visit—that I discovered his secret.

It seemed a poor little collection at the first glance. Nothing stood out as supremely beautiful. There was nothing to compare with the marbles from Greek colonies in Italy which I had seen in Rome and Naples. One of the lesser rooms in any of the great museums would have matched this whole exhibit for interest and importance. But as the scholar talked of this mutilated statue, with its perfect lines, and of that fragment of a vase, representing a Dionysiac festival, and of that terra-cotta statuette between delicately carved Ionic columns, and that head of Demeter on a coin, I began to realize that the museum was rich in one respect—

and that made all the difference to the scholar; it was rich in its significance. It had the power to evoke a vision.

The vision was evoked from the very earth on which we stood. For it was the site of one of the colonies of ancient Greece which sent philosophies and codes of law and the earliest forms of the drama to Athens and athletes and statues to Olympia, while they trafficked with the East and the West and exchanged grain for the products of Grecian art. In the neighborhood of this ugly town stood a world-famous temple, where travellers from the Ionian Sea paused in their journey and wealthy citizens brought, as votive offerings, the work of sculptors and painters and carvers in gold and ivory.

"Here," said the scholar, "the genius of Greece was fused with the Italian genius, and art and philosophy, beauty and religion, raised the human spirit in a transcendent triumph of nature and imagination. I have collected these things myself. In solitude and silence, sustained by a passionate faith in the beauty and mystery of a marvellous past, I have restored to the light of the sun the Hellenic dreams of Italy."

Grandiose, it sounded, and out of all proportion to the results of his work. But for the scholar it was the truth. For him the few tombs he had found spoke a mystical language. He dreamed of what still lay hidden, waiting for him to find it. He dreamed of what had been as he rejoiced in the actual beauty of his few treasures. He dreamed of a new era when his people should return to their heritage. He was not

> A wanderer between two worlds; one dead,
> The other powerless to be born.

He was busy at the daily task of transplanting the seed of the old world into the spirit of the new.

But there is a curious thing about the scholar. With all of his hopes and dreams, he never makes known any of this to the outside world. Very few people come to this part of Italy. It is forgotten by tourists; by scholars it is studied chiefly *in absentia*. A famous Italian archæologist who has made out a whole theory about the Orphic rites from the inscriptions found there has never visited Calabria. But this man, who is studying Magna Græcia on one of the most interesting sites, never publishes anything. He

is collecting and arranging, but he is also searching for more material, and he never quite arrives at the point where he can pause long enough to put his conclusions into print. He has not even made a catalogue of the contents of his museum. When we inquired eagerly for at least some kind of a list of its possessions he replied: "Why should I make a catalogue? It would not be complete, for I am always finding something new. Why make a catalogue that would not be perfect?"

That is the true Calabrian psychology. One is reminded of Pirandello's story of a small town which lacked paved streets and modern improvements because whenever the municipal council met to consider such improvements they had all advanced so far in their scientific studies that they knew the most recent inventions would soon be surpassed by better machinery. And while they waited for perfection, they did nothing. The scholar was like that. It was a fault, of course. But at least it was not the vulgar fault of self-advertising. Southern Italians have much in common with the Orientals. When one sees a row of peasants lined up in the shade, sitting on the ground and leaning against the wall, one cannot believe they are not Arabs. When Gregorovius visited Calabria, he is said to have exclaimed: "Can this be Italy? or is it a lopped-off limb of Turkey?"

The scholar remains unknown and isolated. But he has his compensations. As we walked on the white beach one afternoon, he repeated long passages of Dante and Carducci and lesser poets. He discoursed upon Pascoli, contrasting him with Carducci in a vein of really penetrating criticism. When he professed admiration for certain English poets I was skeptical, for he had read them only in translations. But even there he was not superficial. His greatest enthusiasm was for Shelley; and I wondered how many English archæologists could discuss the *Prometheus Unbound* with as much understanding as he showed, or what one of them would touch so surely upon the poetical quality of the *Epipsychidion.* "I have few books, "he said, "I know nothing at all about the new books. They are old before they reach me, if indeed they ever reach me. So I read my favorites over and over." Among his favorites, one soon discovers, are Homer and Virgil, Plato and the Greek dramatists.

Certainly it was not for lack of time that he failed to make his catalogue and to publish his theories and his "finds". He seemed to have time for everything. He spent hours over the telephone in the railroad station trying to find us an automobile in a neighboring town to take us into the interior. The car was found and promised for the following morning. At five o'clock he was on hand, pacing up and down the street in front of the hotel watching for the car. It never came. Its owner sent a messenger to say that he was ill—the one telephone could not be used at that early hour—and he began the search anew. Finally he came to tell us that he had found another car, but, alas! he had just learned that the trip was quite impossible. The river was swollen by the recent rains and the "new bridge" was not yet built.

The scholar was not surprised and not in the least apologetic. He dismissed the plan with that patient shrug of his people which seems to say, "What would you? We are in the hands of destiny. It is nature; it is what you will. How can we blame ourselves for the inevitable or for not knowing what was unknowable?"

And again there were compensations. He found a one-horse cart which took us up the rough and winding road to the nearest hill town, which seemed to be sculptured out of the solid rock, and there we saw the basilica of which he had spoken—a majestic structure—and another interesting church almost in ruins. One of the natives, a rough citizen in working clothes, contrasting with the urbane appearance of the scholar, brought the key of the neglected church and guided us through it, pointing with a gesture of despair at the leaking roof and the mosaic pavement covered with fallen stones and plaster. We admired the marble altar and the curious loggia of the apse, and when, as we went out, we offered him the usual fee for such a service, he mentioned that the scholar was a friend of his, declined our offer with a smile, and bowed us out with the manners of a lord.

No detail of church and basilica was lost upon the scholar. He does not scorn a Roman church because it is not Greek. On the outside of an old house in the town we had read the inscription "*Ut videas bona.*" The scholar is inclined to see the good in every thing, and as he talked of artists whose names are not in the books, we resolved to read his historical criticisms of Calabrian art.

But what was it all worth, Calabrian art or Norman architecture or Grecian sculpture, compared with the view from the ruined castle above the town? Mountains and sea, winding river valleys, sheer cliffs festooned with vines and hung with masses of aloes and *fichi d'India*, Aspromonte gathering up the clouds, a blue sky melting into a blue sea, streaked with green and purple beyond a long line of glittering sand—how could one descend from that and be content to live in a dreary town beside a dingy railroad and to spend one's time digging in the ground for dusty fragments of ancient art? The scholar's dream seemed a delusion.

We came down between fields of a wine-red flower, and blue linen blossoms and scarlet poppies, along hedges bright with yellow broom and fragrant with rosemary and honeysuckle. The air grew sultry as we rattled into the town. The sun setting in an orange sky was hidden behind the railroad station.

On the following day we saw the scholar once more in his museum, and I was convinced beyond a doubt that the truth of his inner life was the supreme reality. He was fitting together the fragments of a Greek vase and, as he held the pieces in his hands, he drew our attention to the symbolism of the design with that light on his face which I knew I should remember when I had forgotten all else about him. It was as if he were filled with the joy of creation—as if he himself were the originator of the design.

He paused in his work and spoke of the view from the mountain. "You admire my Calabria?" he asked. I had fancied that he had left all that beauty behind him when he came down into the plain. I felt now that it was always with him. It was the enduring background of his vision.

Just across the Straits, in Sicily, a drama of Euripides was being acted in a Greek theatre to a large audience of tourists and visitors from the North. The scholar remained in his isolation. We should not see that great performance, inaugurated by Italy's Premier. Nor had we entered idyllic valleys peopled with singing shepherds. But we had made a rich discovery. We had found, on a scarred and battered spot of earth, a plain and simple scholar, working with patience day by day and living an enchanted life, dreaming the Hellenic dreams of Italy.

POE'S PHILOSOPHY OF COMPOSITION

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THERE was a devil in the belfry of American literary criticism from 1835 to 1849 that set all the placid editorial Dutch clocks a-buzzing. Poe's tale, *The Devil in the Belfry*, may describe for us the situation. The Dutch borough of Vondervatteimittiss consisted of sixty little houses exactly alike. There was a fat little Dutch clock on every mantel piece and a potted cabbage on each side of it. In each little house there was a little fat old lady in a dress of orange with stockings of green and shoes of pink, tied with yellow ribbons puckered into the shape of a cabbage, who was cooking sauerkraut and pork. There were three little boys in three-cornered hats, purple waistcoats, buckskin knee breeches, red stockings and silver-buckled shoes; each with a dumpy watch in one hand and a pipe in the other. There were fat tabby cats and fat lazy pigs. In front of each door, a puffy little old gentleman, exactly like the boys, only bigger, with big round eyes and a double chin, sat, watch in hand, and watched the steeple of the House of the Town Council as the hands of the clock in the belfry approached the figure twelve. Their end in life was to keep their watches exactly with the time of the town clock. The mottoes of this town were, "It is wrong to alter the good old course of things," and "We will stick by our clocks and our cabbages."

Suddenly through the town there came dancing the strangest figure—a queer young man in a black swallow-tail coat and knee breeches, with stumpy looking pumps and a vast length of white handkerchief dangling from his pocket behind him. This strange visitor bounced right into the House of the Town Council, to the dismay of all the little men, and began at once belaboring the belfry man with a huge fiddle that he carried under his arm. Just then however, the clock started striking and twelve

o'clock was both watch-setting time and cabbage time, so all the little men, watches in hand, began counting the strokes of the hour. "One!" said the clock. "Von!" echoed each little old gentleman in every leather-bottomed arm chair. "Two!" struck the big bell. "Doo!" repeated all the repeaters. "Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!" rang the bell. "Dree! Vour! Fibe! Sax! Seben! Aight! Noin! Den!" answered the others. "Eleven!" "Eleben!" "Twelve!" "Dvelf!" They dropped their voices in perfect satisfaction "Und dvelf it is!" said all the little gentlemen putting up their watches. But the big bell struck again: "Thirteen!" said he. "Der Teufel!" groaned the little old gentlemen, "Dirteen! Dirteen! Mein Gott, it is dirteen o'clock. Der Teufel!" And Der Teufel it was! The Devil was in the Belfry, and such a hubbub as befell in Vondervotteimittiss I can never tell you: but it never regained its self-admiring, time-serving placidity again.

This odd tale is symbolic of what happened in literary circles in 1835, when Edgar Allan Poe found his way into the sanctum of *The Messenger* in Richmond. He gave the thirteenth stroke to the critical clock, that disturbed the complacency of the mutual admiration society of provincial editors and their friends which in the main formed the critical standards of the day. Their consternation was unassuaged when Poe died in 1849, and all together they cried out in the closing words of Poe's tale: "Let us proceed in a body and restore the ancient order of things in Vondervotteimittiss by ejecting that little fellow from the steeple!" But alas for Vondervotteimittiss! he has been ringing the bells in the belfry ever since.

The stroke of his criticism still sounds a dominant note from the belfry, and his own works are the best examples of his critical theories. Tempests in teapots might ruffle the surface of his criticisms in his reviews, but always the deeper currents of his deliberate critiques and creative writings flowed true to his compass. The preface of his early poems, published when he was twenty-two, suggested almost as clear cut a philosophy of composition as his later essays. To understand Poe's theory of his own art it is well to reconstruct from his phrases a simple statement of it.

The first as well as the ultimate aim in the creation of any work of art is to produce one definite effect upon the mind and feelings of the reader or observer. In literary art the first word and every word must help produce this effect. The central idea of the composition must be chosen to secure the effect desired; each incident in the working of the plan, the tone of the writing, and even each word itself, must contribute to the one end of creating a single mental impression to accomplish this totality of effect.

As applied specifically to poetry, this description of Poe's philosophy of technique in art must be considered in relation to his definition of poetry. "We would define in brief," he says, "the Poetry of words as the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty. Beyond the limits of Beauty its province does not extend. Its sole arbiter is taste. With the Intellectual or with the Conscience it has only collateral relations. It has no dependence, unless incidentally, upon either Duty or *Truth*." He finds the art of poetry to spring from what he terms the Faculty of Ideality, "which is the sentiment of Poesy. This sentiment is the sense of the beautiful, of the sublime, and of the mystical." The word mystical as here used is, he says, "applied to that class of compositions in which there lies beneath the transparent upper current of meaning an under or *suggestive* one. What we vaguely term *the moral* of any sentiment is its mystic or secondary expression. It has the vast force of an accompaniment in music. This vivifies the air, that spiritualizes the fanciful conception and lifts it into the ideal."

The phrase by which Poe expresses the central idea in his conception of the philosophy of art, he words sometimes "the totality of effect", sometimes "the totality of interest". It has been much misunderstood. Poe does not mean the unity of design or plot, or mere construction of any sort. Singleness of idea, simplicity of design, and, in the story, directness and unity of plot, are means of attaining totality of effect, but they are not the end itself. It is the mind of the reader upon which he is working, not the texture and fabric of the thought expression. Poe was intensely interested in hypnotic problems: the method of his composition bore a close analogy to the method of the mesmerist. As the mesmerist uses a bright cut glass to focus the vision of

his subject in order to produce a mental state desired, so Poe worked with the objective material of his art to secure a subjective effect. The effect desired might be an exquisite sense of beauty, of a peculiar phase of fear, or horror, or even disgust; the incidents of the poem or tale, the atmosphere and tone, the words, were the bright jewel, the passes of the hands; the mesmerist's means of superinducing the mental condition which is his aim. By every process of verbal art, by choice of words, by the manner of his phrasing, in verse by the metrical devices used, by the *tone* or atmosphere, by the incidents or details of the composition, by the central idea of the main theme, by the mystic suggestiveness, as he termed it, of an underlying meaning; in short by all the objective means at his command, he produced a single impression upon the imagination of his readers. Poe tested art by the power to awaken in the mind competent to perceive it the same feeling or conception that the artist had conceived. Today we should say that Poe sought to create a definite psychological state upon the consciousness of his readers. To that end every other consideration was subordinate. We have seen psychology called as a science to the aid of the law, of labor conciliators, of medicine, of religious workers, and of the army. Poe, in a day before psychology had become a real science, was applying it practically to the methods of art and art criticism. It is scarcely strange that the time-keepers of his day were disturbed by the thirteenth stroke from their belfry.

In the writing of fiction usually there are thought to be four points of beginning from which an author may start to gather the material of his story. He may have in mind a plot in the form of a succession of incidents, or in the secret of the outcome of the plot. He may have the personality of a character or a group of characters and, as Turgenieff once said, being certain that they will do something interesting, weave his plot out of their relations. Or he may, as Stevenson did in composing his *Merry Men*, start with a setting or an atmosphere and draw from that suggestions that define themselves into the incidents of a story. Finally he may choose some truth of life, some principle of action, which he would enforce or exemplify, as George Eliot exemplified the power of a child's love to humanize

an old man in *Silas Marner*, and so deliberately seek a plot that will lend itself effectively to this philosophical or moral end. It will be noted that in all four of these methods of composition it is with the objective that the artist starts. It is the material of composition that fixes his plans and determines his methods. He weaves his design as the tapestry weaver guides his threads or the carpet maker works his pattern. His sense of unity is satisfied if the parts are properly subordinated to the whole, if a common plan of design and relationship gives an organic totality of structure to the finished object. It is the unity of the object itself that is sought and presumably the assumption is that the impression upon the artistic mind must be similarly one, or "unique", in effect.

Poe, on the contrary, accepts none of these objective starting points. He sets up a fifth which, for all forms of composition except fiction, he declares is the only proper one. He finds it not in the material to be used, but in the subjective or mental effect to be produced. In fiction, though he recognizes the dénouement or outcome of the plot to be the starting point, he still holds the totality of effect to be the end toward which every art device must be trained to secure the desired psychological effect. "In fiction," he says, "the dénouement—in all other compositions, the intended *effect*—should be definitely considered and arranged, before writing the first word; and *no* word should be then written which does not tend, or form a part of a sentence which tends, to the development of the dénouement, or to the strengthening of the effect."

Poe's theory may be shown more convincingly by further quotation from his writings, especially his critical reviews. He repeated it in various forms with essential consistency from his early twenties to the year of his death. It is developed most fully in his essay on *The Philosophy of Composition*. In that paper he illustrates it by analyzing *The Raven* and by describing the method of its composition. Some critics in view of Poe's known love of hoax have thrown doubt upon his account of a deliberate, carefully planned building up of a poem which they prefer to regard as "inspired." The description that Poe gives of the mental processes through which he passed in working out

the effects of *The Raven* is so normal that it was accepted by as true a judge as Edmund Clarence Stedman, who held that most poets are familiar with the process by which often a single line becomes the starting point from which backward and forward the poem is built up. Poe believed that the poet must carefully study the fundamental laws of his art and work out his poems with the same fastidious attention to detail that the painter or the sculptor uses. The most passionate article of his creed of criticism is that the poet is the artist and should always put his art above all considerations of ethical or argumentative purpose. "There is no greater mistake," he insists, "than the supposition that a true originality is a mere matter of impulse or inspiration. To originate, is carefully, patiently and understandingly to combine."

In Poe's two famous reviews of Hawthorne's *Tales*, he makes it clear that by totality of effect he means not unity of composition merely, but especially the converging psychological effect upon the audience. His first statement is: "Were we bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advantageously employed for its best display of its own powers, we should answer—without hesitation—in the composition of a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour . . . In almost all classes of composition, the unity of effect or impression is a point of greatest importance." He elaborates this statement:

> A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed.

There is a deliberate statement of his thesis in *The Philosophy of Composition* before he illustrates it with his own *Raven*:

I prefer commencing with a consideration of an effect . . . I say to myself, in the first place, "Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?" Having chosen a novel, first, and then a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incidents and peculiar tone, or the converse, or by peculiarity both of incident and tone—afterward looking about me (or rather within) for such combinations of event, or tone, as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect.

Note that he says *effect;* never plot, or whole, or poem, or tale. This is his mature statement of his philosophy of composition. As early as 1836, when he was twenty-seven, in a review of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, he had said:

The pleasure is unique in the proper acceptation of the term, the understanding is employed without difficulty in the contemplation of the picture *as a whole*—and thus its effect will depend in a very great degree upon the perfection of its finish, upon the nice adaptation of its constituent parts, and especially upon what is rightly termed by Schlegel, "the unity or totality of interest".

Elsewhere he asserts that the poet "should limit his endeavors to the creation of novel *moods* of beauty, in form, in color, in sound, in sentiment, for over all this wide range has the poetry of words dominion."

When the best of Poe's tales or poems are recalled, the sincerity of Poe's belief in the essentials of this creed of art is obvious. In *The Masque of the Red Death*, from the first sentence, "The 'Red Death' had long devastated the country," to the last one, "And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all," the converging to one psychological effect is overwhelming. So with *The House of Usher*, from the phrase, "During the whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens," the tense atmosphere of dread, of fear through a feeling of desolation, gathers its weight of gloom until in the last sentence "the deep and dank tarn. . . . closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the House of Usher."

The feeling of ruthless revenge in *The Cask of Amontillado* is voiced with the first words: "The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as best I could; but when he ventured upon insult I

vowed revenge:" and the effect moves with every subsequent word relentlessly to the forcing of "the last stone" into its position as Montresor walls up his enemy in the fatal wine cellar in the last paragraph.

It is easiest to illustrate his philosophy of art by citation of his poems. It is evident even in that perfect lyric of his youth, *To Helen*. The very title, as Poe said of a poem by Tennyson, conveys to the mind a suggestion of beauty. With each succeeding word the effect of beauty is accentuated. He has chosen the words often for the trailing clouds of association that they bring rather than for the logical meaning: Nicean barks, hyacinth hair, naiad air, "The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome". The first word of the poem violated one of the fundamental laws that Poe laid down as to meter, that the first foot *must* give the key to the metrical movement. This poem is iambic: therefore, the first foot must be an iambic. "Helen" is a trochaic foot. But Helen of the thousand dreams was of all women the one whose name has magic to conjure up the very sense of beauty. So Poe broke the rule of the meter for the sake of the greater law: he made the first word contribute to the totality of effect he sought. Each line adds a new suggestiveness of beauty through form or perfume or grace. A culminative effect is secured by passing from physical and intellectual to the implication of spiritual beauty in the final line. Of every important poem that Poe wrote it is true, if not equally apparent, that one central effect is aimed at and attained. One sees this in *Annabel Lee*, or *Ulalume* of the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir, or *The Bells* where the effect of each stanza changes but changes to the changing tones of the rhyming and the chiming of the bells. In *The Haunted Palace* a single effect is secured through the contrast between sane healthful youth and mad, broken age. Poe himself has shown, whether the history of the poem given in *The Philosophy of Composition* be true or not, how *The Raven* is constructed in serious fidelity to his creed. He has clearly set forth his theory and if his law of art be true then its power may be felt whether one knows the law and the reason thereof or not.

The heart of Poe's philosophy of composition is contained in the expression, "the unity or totality of interest," a phrase which

he attributed to Augustus William Schlegel. It has been denied that the phrase is to be found in Schlegel or any phrase analogous to it, and the probability suggested that he was invoking the German critic's name to give authority to his own phrase. Poe, however, was never further from hoaxing than when engaged in developing a serious critical principle. The origin of the phrase is quite definitely where he placed it. Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Art* had not only been translated into English but were fairly well known in Poe's time. John Black's translation was included in "Bohn's Standard Library" during Poe's lifetime and a popular article, based upon Schlegel's lectures, including the discussion of the idea of totality of interest, was published in the same issue of *The Union Magazine*, after Poe's death, that first carried his poem, *The Bells*. In Lecture XVII, as printed in Black's translation, Schlegel says,

> De la Motte, a French author, who wrote against the unities in general, would substitute for Unity of action, the *Unity of interest*. If the term be not confined to the interest in the destinies of some single personage, but is taken to mean in general the direction which the mind takes at the sight of an event, this explanation, so understood, seems most satisfactory and very near the truth.

In a further discussion, Schlegel illustrates the point, distinguishes between mechanical or corporeal unity and "Unity that lies in a higher sphere, in the feeling or in the reference to ideas," and says: "Collectively, however, they are all subservient to one common aim, namely, to produce a joint impression on the mind." It will be remembered that Poe sometimes wrote unity or totality of *effect*, sometimes *interest*, sometimes *impression*. In the original, the phrase of the first passage quoted from Schlegel above is "*Einheit des Interesse*", and of the second passage the words are "*nämlich einem Gesammt-Eindruck auf das Gemüth.*" Poe's "totality of impression" seems a truer translation than Black's "joint impression", even if Poe never saw the original.

Poe, then, honestly gave to Schlegel, as Schlegel gave to de la Motte, credit for the germ of the idea which became the innermost core of his critical creed. It was he, none the less, who developed and gave currency to the thought that the test of art is found in its effect upon the minds of men rather than in the

material that is meant to affect the mind; that judgment is to be passed not upon the perfection of the structure of the form but upon the attainment of the psychological aim. Poe was a real critic in the true sense: he knew the elemental principles upon which he worked. He was a man of super-subtile sensibilities. Violent in his loves and his hates, books and authors were to him personalities to be liked and disliked no less than works of art and artists to be appraised. He rarely deviated, however, from the principles stated above in his deliberate theory. In the light of his clear preception of this definite philosophy of composition, Poe's truest explanation as an author may be his own words in *Israfel*; he was "best bard because the wisest."

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

ENGLAND

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

ENGLAND. By the Very Rev. W. R. Inge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pessimism crying from the London housetops with the newspapers of the world echoing "Hear! Hear!" may temporarily attract greater attention than wise scholarship ripened at Pen Rose in Berkhampstead, but it is a safe prediction that long after Dean Inge's autopsy of Empire can be bought cheap in the second hand bookshops Mr. Trevelyan's history will have a treasured place on the shelf of well read books at home. The Dean is interesting, to be sure, and has written with the zest of one who enjoys depicting the primrose path of nations, races and societies, but his *England* is, in the main, unimpressive. Tonic as is some of his plain speaking—especially for the members of his own class and social standing in London—he has too often translated prejudice into indictment, and drawn didactic conclusions which rest on biliously false premises.

Not so Mr. Trevelyan. His history is an interpretation in perspective. To crowd into seven hundred pages—even large ones with close type—the story of England from the Neolithic period to the present is a task which most men not named Wells would ordinarily shun. Those who have attempted it before Mr. Trevelyan have, with the exception of Green, been forgotten. It may be that this latest volume will cause even that distinguished gentleman to become a mere memory.

An idea of Mr. Trevelyan's emphasis may be gathered from the fact that of the seven hundred pages he devotes the first hundred to the period up to the Norman kings and another hundred and fifty down through the Wars of the Roses; two hundred and fifty more carry him from Henry VII to Anne; the remaining two hundred deal with Hanoverian England from the First to the

Fifth George. The English nation as we know it took shape only with the domination of the Tudors. The previous centuries were given over to welding the various tribes and unifying the counties. Throughout this entire history, however, geography was a determining factor, and as a result of geography arose sea power which, in turn, gave direction to England's policy of the balance of power, and out of which the Empire was born and through which it was protected. This, in a few sentences, is the story as Mr. Trevelyan tells it.

George Macaulay Trevelyan comes naturally by good writing. As the son of George Otto Trevelyan, and grand-nephew of Macaulay, he inherited the literary-historical tradition. More than that, he is himself the author of a too little known volume entitled *Clio, a Muse*, in which he deals with some of the virtues and sins of those who chronicle the world's events. Towards that pedantic dullness which is so often the refuge of the fact-amassing mind he has long been specially antagonistic. In his own works he shows that he can practice what he preaches. His style is not Addisonian, nor does it have many traces of the influence of Macaulay except in the cosmopolitan treatment of his theme. But it is vigorous, and here and there he compresses into a brief sentence ideas that others have but vaguely explained in a page, as when he describes the American colonies as "the offspring of Dissent by Self-Help", and the English Constitution as "the child of Feudalism married to Common Law". Again, he paints vividly the colors of a great event, such as the voyage of Drake which if ended by failure would have signalled a triumph for the anti-Imperialists at Elizabeth's court, and for Spain and the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century struggle for the New World dominion:

> Drake had told his companions that if they failed in their venture "the like would never be attempted again." When the Golden Hind grounded on a shoal in the uncharted Molucca Sea and hung for twenty hours on the edge of destruction, to glide off safe into deep water at the last moment, vast destinies depended on the relation of a capful of wind and a tropical sand bank to a few planks of English oak.

To Americans one of the most interesting things in this history is his discussion of America's part in the world, beginning

with the first settlements in Massachusetts. It was to be expected that the son of his father would treat the American case with sympathy and understanding. What strikes the student of American history afresh, however, is how the parting of the ways occured not in 1775 but in 1620. From the beginning the Colonists, if not at odds with the English, at least differed from and with them. They were of the same stock—though Mr. Trevelyan reminds us that the greatest colonial immigration was between 1620 and 1640, and that most of the colonists of later days were descended from the prolific first twenty-five thousand immigrants—but they were determined to go their own way and build for themselves. From the beginning America was outside the quarrels that tore the Mother country—the fighting of the Cavaliers and Roundheads; the Popish question; the battles of Whigs and Tories; the struggle of the squires and the townpeople, of class and privilege.

One thing they had in common with the Puritans of England and the more godly of the middle and lower classes—the devotion to the King James version of the Bible. This otherwise unifying cultural force helped to drive them apart owing largely to the difference in interpretation by the various sects in England and America. Mr. Trevelyan, who undoubtedly is familiar with the works of Brooks Adams and James Truslow Adams, might have made this point even clearer had he reminded his readers how a theocracy on Hebraic models existed in early New England. This had, as the Adamses have pointed out, a more intensified form than in old England, owing to the absence of any class or group powerful enough to subdue the arrogance of these self-appointed masters of men's souls. To the influence of the frontier on moulding the American democracy he pays due tribute, and in one of his flashing sentences compresses an entire volume by Frederick Jackson Turner: "The frontier was always moving, but the frontiersman was always the same."

Not only in his account of the early Colonial history, but also in his treatment of the Revolution and of the subsequent relations between the two countries, this historian never loses his perspective. His is not the purely insular attitude so common to his fellow writers. At the same time he is without illusions as to

England's objectives and methods, whether in dealing with America or with the European nations. While making full allowances for the high motives of many individual Englishmen in times of national crises, he does not attempt to gloss over the obvious facts of geography, as have so many who have written of the World War. Modern England, he says, has four times fought with success to prevent the conquest of Europe by a single Power—against Spain during the Inquisition and the Armada; against France of Louis XIV and again of Napoleon; and against Germany of 1914. On each of these four occasions, he remarks, "England had a double end in view—the Balance of Power in Europe and the security of her own mercantile and Colonial future beyond the ocean."

Although the pessimistic Dean Inge poses as a realist and stresses these same facts as the motivating forces behind England's entrance into the World War, his book is unlike Mr. Trevelyan's more in the intemperance and lack of depth of his views than in any radically antagonistic fundamental conception. So marked is this difference of approach, however, as to nullify much of the value which his *England* possesses. What careful student of history, for example, would candidly describe the war of 1812 as an occasion which America seized "to stab England in the back"? What earnest man could believe and dogmatically assert that "it has now become certain that the American Government seriously contemplated taking action against us [the British] in the earlier part of the Great War"? No Englishman can claim to speak fairly who contemplates with apparent sour satisfaction the prospect that if the British flag were hauled down in North America "it is more than possible that the nations of Europe, enraged by the bloated prosperity and airs of superiority of the man who won by the war, would combine to draw Shylock's teeth".

Despite these obvious evidences of spleen—and one of the most notable is his gross misrepresentation of the French occupation of the Ruhr—there is in his fundamental thesis much that deserves the attention of Americans as well as of Englishmen. The British Empire, he says, cannot hold out much longer.

(This idea, he admits, has been put forward repeatedly during the last century.) The shock of the war has been too great. Furthermore, the character of the people has disintegrated under the force of industrialism. The exodus to the towns of a rural population and the living and working in conditions of squalor, have profoundly altered the British character. In the mean time the foundations of British imperial prosperity, which rested on cheap production and on coal, have been undermined. No longer can Britain hope to dominate the world's markets. Her man power is cursed by laziness, and the unions seek to restrict production rather than to make it profitable.

In world affairs Britain has ceased to be omnicompetent. She cannot be sure of maintaining the balance of power as of old. Her navy no longer is supreme, thanks to the Washington Conference. Her statesmanship is bankrupt, and her only ostensibly consistent policy, that of truckling to America, is weak, ineffective, and rapidly encouraging the upstart Yankees to speak for themselves. These renegades—for such we Americans clearly appear to his jaundiced old eyes—are rapidly becoming the most powerful nation on earth, and will, if they so wish, take over the relict of the British Empire, over which, presumably, they will hold a good, old fashioned Irish wake.

In many of these depressed views there is much truth. But the estimable Dean has weakened his presentation by his lack of perspective and balance. If only the publishers had been able to get Mr. Trevelyan to rewrite the Dean's book, we should have a prophetic work which instead of merely reflecting the digestive insufficiency of an elderly Tory, would compel the most earnest consideration of Englishmen and Americans alike. The Dean, in the now famous words of a once famous New York personage has "said a mouthful".

For Americans both *England* and the *History of England* are of interest and enlightening, not so much because of what they say about England as because of the many lessons which they contain for us.

The authors may be surprised to learn that many of us on this side of the ocean will see in these volumes a presage of the greatness that will be ours when we fully realize the responsibil-

ities and opportunities which chance and war have placed in our hands. Imperial America will have to learn from Imperial Britain, just as the leaders of the Empire learned from Imperial Rome. When that lesson has been absorbed we shall take upon ourselves the rôle which Britain has dropped—of maintaining the balance of power in the world. Great Britain preserved this only as between nations. We shall have to preserve it between continents.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT.

JOURNALS AND LETTERS

EMERSON'S JOURNALS

THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

According to the well-known anecdote, Carlyle, on the day when *The French Revolution* was at last finished, said to his wife: "This I could tell the world: You have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man." And of Emerson's *Journals* it might somewhat similarly be said that in America there has been produced no book that came more directly from the heart of a living man. If *Leaves of Grass* or *Moby Dick* be adduced to the contrary, it must be said that though the flames in those books are often fiercer than in Emerson's pages (for his fire sometimes burns low and generally plays with a lambent light), the *Journals* come from profounder depths and penetrate more profoundly into the reader's heart; for *cor ad cor loquitur*. In comparison with the best passages in the diaries the parallel passages in the essays and addresses seem too highly polished; for from the *Journals*, which Emerson often called his "Savings Bank", he drew the materials for addresses, and these in turn served as material for the finished *Essays*. In passing thus twice through the refiner's fire some dross was undoubtedly removed but with the dross at times something of spontaneity. The simple directness of the original informal entries is sullied at times with self-conscious-

ness, even with pompousness. A case might be made out in support of the preference for the original prose drafts in place of the final poetic form of some passages which reappear in several of Emerson's most famous poems.

Emerson began to keep a journal at a very early age; and from 1820, when he was seventeen, to 1875, when he was seventy-two, there are fairly full records. Few diaries that have become public cover a longer period of time. The entries are of all lengths, from the briefest notes to meditations of weight and complexity. The diarist never suffered his note-book to become a burdensome duty to him; often long periods passed without a single record. The increasingly long row of manuscript volumes, carefully indexed, was his "Savings Bank" into which he put his reflections on every manner of topic in every kind of mood. He notes the passage of the seasons, the coming and going of the birds and flowers. He records his impressions of books and men and places. He traces the course of his thoughts and feelings; and he explores the depths of his soul. From this great mass of ore he extracted many a nugget to mould and fashion and refine into the form of essay or poem. From the contrast between the raw, confused and rugged heaps of the *Journals* and the "finished product" in literary form might be taken as a commentary upon the parable of *The Ring and The Book*.

How rich this material was has been surmised by the world ever since Cabot drew upon the *Journals* in his memoir of Emerson. In the notes to the Centenary Edition of the *Works* further extracts were given to the world. And finally, between 1909 and 1914, they were published in their entirety. For the past decade they have been the fundamental "source book" for all students of Emerson; but the ten massive volumes that contain them have presented formidable difficulties to readers conscious of the brevity of life and the number of books worth knowing. A French epitome was quickly available, and to it readers, too timid or too busy to assume the heavy task of mastering the original text, have hitherto perforce resorted.

At length Professor Perry has done the reading world the service of extracting the very "heart" from these ten volumes. The task required taste and tact and judgment. No two people

in a garden would select precisely the same flowers for a nosegay; and an anthology is a posy. In order to make a consistent whole the editor has had to rest firmly upon a few fundamental rules of selection. Passages that reappear almost unaltered in the essays are for the most part omitted. Revealing glimpses of the man and his state of mind are given in generous profusion, so that the book becomes a sort of autobiography. Concise editorial summaries of the successive phases of Emerson's life make it still more serviceable as a biography. Most students of Emerson will miss this or that favorite passage; but it is safe to say that no student could make a more representative selection. For these excerpts preserve unharmed the essential qualities of the *Journals:* their amazing pith and condensation, their bracing individuality of outlook, their vigor and virility, their pride in America. Professor Perry is the last man to desire that any anthology should supersede the complete text; but even those who most admire and revere the *Journals* as a whole will welcome this distillation of their charm and power.

MAURICE HEWLETT'S LETTERS

THE LETTERS OF MAURICE HEWLETT. Edited by Laurence Binyon. With Introductory Memoir by Edward Hewlett. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

For all his love of England and his pride in her, Maurice Hewlett was as far from being a "typical" Englishman as one can conceive. From his brother's account of the family it is apparent that he was as much French as English by blood; and in appearance, manner and temperament he was a South European. The high-strung energy and half-humorous argumentativeness, the quickness to apprehend and to "react," the distinctiveness yet waywardness of taste, the rapid fluctuations of opinion, the forthrightness, the sensitiveness and vulnerability, and the deep underlying affection for close friends—some at least of these qualities he inherited from Latin forbears. The strain of artificiality, seldom visible in his letters and (apparently) entirely suppressed in friendly intercourse but only too marked in his novels, is un-English. The frank joyousness of his portrayal of passion—without suggestiveness or prurience but with a

freedom which brought down upon him the denunciations of some moralists—springs either from foreign sources or from the hidden depths of an England that has been seldom seen since the Renaissance. An impatient desire to be ever experimenting with new material and new forms of his art led him in his later phases as a novelist to themes suggested by English society; but the subjects which he loved best came from the shores of the Mediterranean—from Italy in his younger days and afterwards from Greece.

He began as a poet with the *Masque of Dead Florentines* (which he later described as "a very inept performance, now happily extinct") and ended as a poet, the author of *The Song of the Plough* (first called *The Hodgiad*), a competent and conscientious piece of work, on a most difficult theme, containing many passages of impassioned narrative, and destined (one dares hope) to be more highly regarded some day than it is at present. Hewlett himself felt that he was essentially a poet. Of *The Queen's Quair* he wrote: "I know it to be good writing, but I doubt its being good novel-writing. . . . The truth is, I write everything and approach everything as a poet. . . . A poet I ought to have been. . . . I use the poetic method entirely." And many years later he wrote: "It was by an accident, and an unfortunate one for me, that I was tempted to write prose. If I had not succumbed to it, I should have been a more considerable poet than I am now ever likely to be." It is significant that his letters contain far more and far fuller comments upon *The Agonists*, *The Song of the Plough*, and the other poems than upon the novels; and the prose narratives which he likes best are those in which the approximation to poetry is closest. The once so much discussed and now probably so little read trilogy of Senhouse and Sanchia is composed of matter far better fitted to go into poetry than into prose fiction. The entire trilogy is a sort of expanded commentary upon *The Woods of Westermain*.

For the resemblance to Meredith remains apparent, though Hewlett repeatedly dismisses the charge of imitation and denies any similarity. "He's the last man I should wish to copy"; and again, more emphatically: "I can barely read the man—in fact, never do. For me he is as dead as the Dodo." Dead

indeed he may be; but "his words wing on as live words will" and some of them have found a lodging place in *Open Country* and *Half-Way House*.

The somewhat harsh implications of the remarks on Meredith, extorted from Hewlett by impatience with the parrot-like repetitions of critics, are not characteristic of his allusions to contemporary men of letters. The only thorough-going slating of any living writer is bestowed upon Mr. James Joyce, and will be read with pleasure by those who have not been able to force themselves to admire the latrine school of fiction. In general his less kindly criticism is reserved for himself. *The Forest Lovers,* the romance which first brought him wide fame, he later called "a clever fake". *The Queen's Quair* he wished to have judged as history rather than as fiction. Often he felt uncomfortable in his place among the novelists. On one occasion we find him turning that graceful bit of artifice *Simonetta* into a poem. On another he writes: "I have run through the novelist form of literature. I haven't the zest for it that I had." Never until his death did he lack zest; but it came to be directed into new channels: he held public offices of local importance, he took a keen interest in the problems of British agriculture, he wrote his *Hodgiad,* the epic of the British workman.

To Italy he went often, in early years for "material," in later life for recreation. Bits of exquisite landscape drawing are scattered through the letters, and an abundance of comic episode. He loved the Italians and knew them; he wandered through much of the peninsula, examined his own impressions and was not afraid to abide by his own tastes even when he found on repeated visits that his tastes had changed. Of the Venetian painters of the High Renaissance he cries "The fellows weary me!" and the Uffizi after many years seems stale. But Carpaccio retains his charm, and Borgonone remains exquisite. The proposed visit of any friend to Florence or Rome always inspires a letter of warning and advice—to avoid this (say, the Certosa di Pavia); to see that (say, San Clemente or Santa Costanza). That he had no foolish illusions about Italy is evident from his comments upon High Mass at St. Mark's or upon the famous *Scoppio del Carro* at Florence. Only those who have witnessed that

squalid ceremony where the golden lyre-horns of the garlanded white oxen stand out over a sea of gesticulating and sweating humanity can appreciate Hewlett's description of it.

His closest friends were Sir Henry Newbolt, Mr. J. C. Squire, Mr. E. V. Lucas, and Mr. Laurence Binyon. His taste in friends resembles his tastes in literature and art. He is generous in praise and acute in criticism of their books. But there are singularly few allusions to other contemporary writers. Hardy is mentioned once, favorably, as a poet; but never as a novelist. There is no mention of Joseph Conrad or George Moore. Hewlett is "vastly entertained" by James's dissection of motives as "a surgeon does corpses"; but this is the single allusion to James and the novel in question is *Roderick Hudson*. Stevenson he considered overrated, and the frank expression of that opinion brought a remonstrance from Sir Sidney Colvin. In Hudson's writings he found "a strange quiet beauty but superficially repelling, because it's so dry." "I hate the jingle of Swinburne," he writes; and: "Give me *The Shropshire Lad* for felicity. But what a pessimist the chap is!"

I hope I have given some indication of the charm of these *Letters*. They are evidently a faithful reflection of the man, though not of the whole man for with a wise discretion which some other editors would do well to imitate Hewlett's most personal and intimate letters are not included.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

SONGS THAT GIVE REASON FOR SINGING

DARK OF THE MOON. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

COLLECTED POEMS. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company.

SELECTED POEMS OF CARL SANDBURG. Edited by Rebecca West. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

COLLECTED POEMS. By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In his readable preface James Stephens quotes the general remark, that ours is "an age of lyric poetry," and tells us why this

is so and why epics, for instance, do not thrive in our gardens. The epic, it would seem, bloomed naturally in leisurely, more contemplative periods; witness Homer and Milton. The lyric, which alone can express our time's need for speed, is perhaps more like to the humming-bird in the garden than to one of the flowers; it may be swift or slow or almost still in a quivering pose, but the effect of it is always a flash of intensity. At first, this sounds so true as to be trite, because we unthinkingly accept the postulate that our age is speedier and more stressful than other men have felt theirs to be. Yet, we can recall that the age which produced *Paradise Lost* produced poetry which cannot be called epic; even produced it by the same man, and in a time of terrific political, social and religious upheaval in Milton's England, with himself in the thick of it. And we believe that early lyricists of several lands, who sang perhaps in more placid periods than ours, could feel themselves at home in Sara Teasdale's day, and parlor; circling her tea-tray with an art closer to hers than is Carl Sandburg's. Place John Neihardt's frontier epics in the above group of books, or some of the deeply contemplative and analytical work of Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Mr. Stephens's theory is dented again. We have no proof that the forms, as well as the essence, of poetry are not timeless. The modern Mr. Sandburg's "new" rhythms are often akin to the old Hebrews', if we can trust King James's translators; and sometimes to the Pawnees' (trusting Miss Fletcher). His epical "Prairie", for instance, suggests a poetic ancestry blended of the Chosen People of both Jehovah and Tirawa—with Whitman as godfather; though the fact that he is a Swede born in Illinois is also suggestive to any one who thinks that *Sagas* may be in the blood as well as in museums, and who has looked long at Illinois. The trouble with such theories as Mr. Stephens's, especially when incorporated in so interesting and suggestive an essay as his preface, is that they are likely to decoy both poet and poetry-lover into limitations. Accepted, they become spiritual corrals. Setting the lesser self to snare the greater is an unprofitable adventure; and good lyrics are explanation enough why they were written.

Perusal of these volumes should rescue any gloomy seer from the doldrums about modern poetry. Here are fancy, passion and

vision; and that gift for the potent phrase which gathers irradiations from actualities and launches them anew in a turn of words bright and swift as a flung lance. Exception must be made of A. E.'s traditional pretty pieces. Verse is not his best medium for that dewy light of brotherhood with the seen and the unseen universe which illumines his way and bends his eyes with tenderness upon all visible life. He has the heart of a poet but not the speech of one; or rather, he has the speeches of too many who have spoken before him. One wishes that the spiritual content of his poetry had been less diffusely and customarily expressed. It is not because his subjects are old; for what, in poetry, is older or more chanted than moonlight? Yet, in this perfect lyric, "Full Moon" (Santa Barbara), Sara Teasdale brings to us that fresh experience in an accustomed thing which maketh all things new:

> I listened, there was not a sound to hear
> In the great rain of moonlight pouring down,
> The eucalyptus trees were carved in silver
> And a light mist of silver lulled the town.
> I saw far-off the great Pacific bearing
> A broad white disk of flame,
> And on the garden-walk a snail beside me
> Tracing in crystal the slow way he came.

Miss Teasdale's slim volume, her sixth, emphasizes her qualities as both technician and poet—separating the one arbitrarily from the other for a moment's discussion. Rarely a word creeps in that is not fully needed in the line as both tone and meaning. Nature is the chief conjurer of her moods. The gardens of Fontainebleau, California, New England beaches, autumns and winters on forest and meadow, are the facets that flash upon the finely cut crystal of her fancy, revealing its clear substance in a harmony of lights. And, though these scenes are used primarily to express and to evoke moods, they are nevertheless accurately observed. They have their earthy bodies, their habitual colors and motions, their local placements. As in "Sand Drift":

> I thought I should not walk these dunes again,
> Nor feel the sting of this wind-bitten sand
> Where the coarse grass always blows one way
> Bent, as my thoughts are, by an unseen hand.

I have returned: where the last wave rushed up,
The wet sand is a mirror for the sky
A bright blue instant, and along its sheen
The nimble sandpipers run twinkling by.
Nothing has changed; with the same hollow thunder
The waves die in their everlasting snow—
Only the place we sat is drifted over,
Lost in the blowing sand, long, long ago.

And this, in "Beautiful Proud Sea":

You make us for an instant for your sake,
Burn, like stretched silver of a wave,
Not breaking, but about to break.

Her fine reticence, keeping guard like a sea wall over her lyrical depths and suggesting the more by this barred approach, is exemplified in "Appraisal":

Never think she loves him wholly,
Never think her love is blind,
All his faults are locked securely
In a closet of her mind;
All his indecisions folded
Like old flags that time has faded,
Limp and streaked with rain,
And his cautiousness like garments
Frayed and thin, with many a stain—
Let them be, oh let them be,
There is treasure to outweigh them,
His proud will that, sharply stirred,
Climbs as surely as the tide,
Senses strained too taut to sleep,
Gentleness to beast and bird,
Humor flickering hushed and wide
As the moon on moving water,
And a tenderness too deep
To be gathered in a word.

Reticence is not Mr. Sandburg's quality. No wall prevents the header into a confused and choppy sea where one gasps and grasps for something definite to hold to. His major faults and virtues are in this selection made by Miss West. At his worst, he is diffuse, clownish or vulgar, babbling cheap journalese, reeling in a pother of detail like Sing Wee, after Chinese New Year's celebration, counting the laundry. At his best he is an inescapable

and irresistible emotional force. This book would be one to treasure if it contained no other poems of merit than "Prairie Waters by Night", "Aztec", "River Roads", "Three Pieces on the Smoke of Autumn", "Illinois Farmer". And, beside these, there are "Prairie" and "The Windy City", and some more. Need one actually know prairie corn and the toiling dream of the farmer to feel the senses smitten poignantly by this?—

Bury this old Illinois farmer with respect.
He slept the Illinois nights of his life after days of work in Illinois cornfields.
Now he goes on a long sleep.
The wind he listened to in the cornsilk and the tassels, the wind that combed his red beard zero mornings when the snow lay white on the yellow ears in the bushel basket at the corncrib,
The same wind will now blow over the place here where his hands must dream of Illinois corn.

James Stephens is April in Ireland. Chase his laughing fancy down the lyric lane and it stops in tears; or, the other way about. Whether sprightly or serious, his thought nearly always wears a thin, shimmering mantle which may be called Loveliness. That his poetry is not great is as unimportant as the dragon-fly's failure to be the rainbow—let us remember too that there is always the entomologist whose preferences must be served. All of us have hours when the lesser loveliness is the more companionable. James Stephens has written poems for those hours. It must be admitted, too, that he has composed a number of lilts for the undiscriminating. There is a flute-like beauty in "The Goat Paths", a delicious whimsy in "The Fifteen Acres", and a piercing tenderness in "The Lark", "The Snare", and "Little Things". The weird Celtic note sounds truly in "Mary Ruane":

The sky-like girl that we knew!
She dressed herself to go to the fair
In a dress of white and blue;
A white lace cap and ribbons white
She wore in her hair:—
She does not hear in the night
Her mother crying for her, where
Down, deep, in the sea,
She rolls, and lingers, to and fro,
Unweariedly.

If this is not significant poetry, in that it is not formative and makes no lasting impression, yet it touches consciousness an instant with a sharp pleasure, like the tone of passing sheep-bells, and is consequently matter for thanks.

CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER.

AN ENGLISHMAN LISTENS IN

AMERICAN SOUNDINGS: Being Castings of the Lead in the Shore Waters of America, Social, Literary and Philosophical. By J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Lord Bryce is said once to have replied to a compliment on *The American Commonwealth:* "The American people wrote it themselves." Mr. Strachey might say the same, for what his lead brought up that has he shown; and if there be deeper depth that he has not plumbed, and even some shore contours inadequately gauged, his chart makes for understanding and should aid the stranger and even the native to steer more safely through the swirling fogs that confuse observation of American society.

With the journalist's prophetic gift for seeing and interpreting life, Mr. Strachey seeks the essentials of American character and the realities behind our most striking political and social phenomena. At the start he finds a golden key in the discovery that logic is no guide. The Americans share with the English that racial idiosyncracy that makes them "talk and think one way, but as often as not act in quite a different way". They will spin political theories up to the point where they are confronted by a practical crisis and then meet it in a practical way contrary to all theory. They professed and sincerely believed Jeffersonian doctrines, and in spite of themselves, under Jeffersonian leadership through half a century, they built up a consolidated empire. They made a political fetish of aloofness, and plunged almost ahead of their reluctant Government into the World War. They dilated emotionally to the call for world brotherhood, and shrewdly calculated the dangers in concrete proposals for its functioning. They have a romantic enthusiasm for "principles", but never trust a syllogism out of sight. This "contrast between thought

and speech and action", Mr. Strachey tells us, is a stumbling-block to others who would calculate our movements, and "no one who does not possess the sympathy of comprehension of this racial trait will ever understand the Americans. Especially must Englishmen remember it, and remember also that they have no right to be shocked or surprised, for they themselves give just the same cause for astonishment to other nations."

Thus self-warned, Mr. Strachey refuses to be carried away by the claptrap of politics, by the orgies of commercialized publicity afflicting us, by the newspapers that act as organs of morons, by morons, for morons, or even by Mr. Mencken's diligent presentation of individual American idiocies as representative cross sections of the American mind. Indeed, Mr. Mencken arouses him to his one bit of severe castigation. While Mr. Mencken's satire directed against ignorance, fatuity, prejudice and bad taste seem to him deserved, amusing and often antiseptic, he deplores the exaggeration that parades them as the normal, not the eccentric expression of American thought. Especially does he complain that their author offers them to the British public as "thoroughly and representatively American"; for, he says, they are "no more 'representatively American' than a dirty and neglected dust-bin in Chester Square or Eaton Square is representative of the architectural charm of Belgravia." All very well to drag it out of the corner for a needed house-cleaning, but don't deceive the world by proclaiming the dust-bin to be the major part of the house.

Mr. Strachey sought in his brief stay what was most typical and found at least much of what is sanest and best. If as a pleased guest he is ready to overestimate its preponderance, nevertheless his comments on some unfortunate conditions are worthy of our earnest consideration. He gives some pleasant sketches of a trip through rural New York and Pennsylvania, where he found the "authentic figure of the Republic", the "Divine Average" of Walt Whitman, sturdy, independent, self respecting, neither rich nor poor. He studied several universities, had glimpses of Virginia and New England, and speculates, without Wordsworthian complacency, on his unvisited Yarrow of the West. Out of it all he draws the question: "What is it that

makes America the most vital, the most intrepid and so the most successful country in the world?" and finds the answer in "the optimism of her inhabitants". That observation is scarcely new, but Europeans at this instant may feel some interest in his corollary that this optimism is not alone material, but is also boldly and discerningly alive to the spirit.

What Mr. Strachey has to say of society is little more than discursive politeness, but it is interesting to note his lament at the failure of our young people to mingle socially with their seniors, in contrast with the English habit at dinner parties of including both groups. Even that, however, is better than the custom of men and women flocking apart, which Mrs. Trollope long ago found so killing to cultivated society in many parts of the United States. Mr. Strachey thinks our literature chaotic, with an equal amount of determination to be thorough and superficial, but in every department far more than English literature seeking for poignancy in thought and expression, everywhere demanding a *point* to the sacrifice of *nuances*. He includes in his volume essays on Jefferson, Lincoln, Emerson and Whitman as representative Americans, which are interesting in themselves but fail, except in the case of Lincoln, to trace or appraise the influence of these men in contemporary American life. Jefferson was not, as he is spoken of, "one of the chief moulders of the Constitution". He had no part in making it, and only returned from France in time to take a hand in the early amendments safeguarding individual rights; his influence in interpreting it according to his decentralizing theories was more than offset by his acts of centralized sovereign power. His great contribution was not government structure, but democratic ideals.

Mr. Strachey's impression of Prohibition forms one of the most interesting and significant parts of his book. The view of an intelligent foreigner, not unsympathetic to its aim, on the working of our great experiment cannot but be enlightening to us, caught n the confused current of its operation or failure to operate. He believes it to be psychologically unfortunate, an advertisement of strong drink, an incentive to the forbidden, which is demoralizing young men and even young women, especially in the higher walks of life. It makes for class jealousy by depriving the poor

of what the rich can obtain. The prevalent violation menaces not only that law but respect for all law, and threatens general official and popular corruption. He does not think a mere majority consent is sufficient to justify forbidding what a large minority consider perfectly proper private actions, and believes that Prohibition is bound to fail, or be at most only a very partial success. He would not go back to the old days of private profit in the liquor traffic, which forced on the public a stream of drink even beyond its natural appetite, but he believes something like the Quebec system would give a sane control and bring temperance together with respect for law. He suggests the application of the same system in England.

"You must never prohibit absolutely," he tells us, "unless you have something like an eighty per cent. majority in favor of your action and *loyally in its favor*," not merely willing to vote for it, but to enforce and themselves observe it. The destruction of the drink habit is an admirable policy, but this Kingdom of Heaven "must not be taken by violence, but by moderation and a proper study of human nature and of how men's instincts act and can be controlled".

Our party politics seem to Mr. Strachey to have too little relation to vital problems on which the nation is really divided, and he proceeds to consider how an alignment on realities of difference, such as has been urged, may be brought about. Can the men with a programme force one party or the other to join sharp issue under threat of opposing both? Mr. Strachey thinks that with adequate leadership this might be done, and that the point has been reached where the parties will be forced to face realities. But experience with third party movements does not encourage hope of any permanent change in party dispositions. The fact is that, beyond the natural timidity of politicians, we have in the federal system an almost insuperable block to clear-cut political consistency, short of some great crisis. Party organizations are made up of State organizations, each primarily interested in carrying its own State. They do not desert the national party because of local heresies. They claim the name and under the primary system hold it, with the result that party policy is nothing more than a common denominator of many diverse interests.

A free silver issue may temporarily bring new groupings; but ordinarily the State party machines are so intrenched and exist so much for their own sake, regardless of national principles, that the way to a marked difference on one issue, not to mention a group of issues, is fraught with difficulties that no European politician has to face in the making of a programme.

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN.

BLAKE'S PROPHETIC WRITINGS

THE PROPHETIC WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. Edited by D. J. Sloss and J. P. R. Wallis. Two volumes. New York: Oxford University Press.

At last William Blake has come into his own. In fact, if we may judge from the works that have recently come from the press, he is now the priest of a cult into whose mystic circle only those who are thoroughly initiate may enter. It has been twenty years since Dr. John Sampson's text of the lyrical poems set a standard for all later editors, but it was only a little more than two years ago that there appeared Mr. S. Foster Damon's *William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols*, the result of years of effort and increasing enthusiasm; and that work was soon followed by Mr. Darrell Figgis's superb volume, *The Paintings of William Blake*. Within the last few months a study of the poet has been added to the "English Men of Letters Series," and we now have this definitive edition of his prophetic writings, in two sumptuous volumes, in the best workmanship of the Clarendon Press. Seldom has there been a sharper reversal in the reputation of an author; never has one been more signally vindicated.

Such an edition of a poet as the present calls attention to two things: first, the production of the author himself; and, second, the new form in which he is presented. We may take the latter first. About the general competence of the editors there can be no question. They have been closely associated with both Dr. Sampson and Professor Elton, the two scholars to whom their work is dedicated, and they modestly say that this edition of the prophetic writings was originally intended simply as a supplement to

the edition of the lyrical poems which appeared in 1905. As a matter of fact, however, it is too important to be regarded as a mere supplement to anything; and Professor Wallis some years ago stamped himself as an authority on Blake by his chapter in *The Cambridge History of English Literature.* It but remains for us to marvel at the industry which has carried the editors through all sorts of philosophical and textual difficulties, and at the enthusiasm that refused to be dampened by even the most discouraging accidents. For one thing, in recent years at least, the two men have had to work in different continents, thousands of miles apart; thousands of miles also from England and special collections in the United States, Mr. Sloss being principal of University College in Rangoon, and Professor Wallis, formerly a lecturer at Liverpool, being now at the Transvaal University College in Pretoria. Moreover, while the manuscript was practically ready for the press in 1912, delay in printing incident to the war and to other things was so great that it was only within the last two years that the work could be completed. We know of few instances of greater courage and patience in devotion to such a task.

To the successive poems there are special introductions; in the second volume there is a learned General Introduction; and there is comment on the different productions in the form of a maze of footnotes. Students of Blake, however, will be especially grateful for the "Index to Symbols," which runs to one hundred and fifty pages of highly technical discussion and satisfies a need long ago expressed by Professor Elton. Not even with all of their industry, however, have the editors been able to make clear everything in Blake's incoherent scheme of the universe. Thus they say, in the bibliographical preface to "The Four Zoas": "As a whole the work is among the most obscure. . . . Detailed interpretation is impossible." Such a conclusion after years of intensive study might well daunt anyone who aspires to a genuine acquaintance with Blake. We still say, however, that the editors are not to blame. They have done the work well, and the poet himself could not have explained all his imaginings.

After all, however, our chief concern must be not with this special edition, definitive though it is, but with the work of Blake himself. Of all the poets in the literature of England, only Shake-

speare and Browning have been similarly provocative. After the lapse of a hundred years we can see that among his contemporaries the author of the prophetic books was a mountain peak in his embodying the thought of the French Revolution—greater than Cowper and Crabbe and than even Burns, whose excellence was of quite another sort. Because of the form in which he issued his work, because also of his reputation for doubtful sanity, and the rather Radical company that he kept,—company that went into eclipse with the ascendancy of Napoleon and of Scott,—he was long obscure or lightly regarded; but it is significant that all who now study him come away with a new respect for his genius and his power. This is by no means because he worked out a coherent system of philosophy or morality, for he is by no means consistent. At one time he is the stern iconoclast; at another he has the simplest and most childlike faith. When accordingly he took such a work as "Vala," conceived in one spirit, and worked it over as "The Four Zoas," moved by another, the result was something very like confusion. It is by his insistence on the claims of the individual, on the vindication of personality, that he evokes comparison with Rousseau and most directly challenges modern thought. In his scheme of things there was no place for anything except original effort. Said he: "He who can be bound down is no genius;" "Drive your cart and your plow over the bones of the dead;" "Prudence is a rich ugly old maid courted by Incapacity;" "Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires." To *Paradise Lost* he objected on the ground that the triumph of God over Satan in that work is identified with the disastrous ascendancy of restrictive morality over man's fruitful and creative impulses. When to such insistence upon freedom is added an imagination that at least reminds us of the Book of Ezekiel or that of the Revelation, we can readily understand how it is that Blake seems to demand a higher and higher place as poet and sometimes as philosopher also. To such recognition the stately volumes now given to the public will do not a little to contribute; and the editors have earned the gratitude not only of all lovers of literature but of all who appreciate thoroughly honest work in any field of scholarly endeavor.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

ABNORMAL AND NORMAL PSYCHOLOGY

OUTLINE OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By William McDougall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE NORMAL MIND. By William H. Burnham. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

To many abnormal psychology is like a coal mine, dark, mysterious, uncanny, and the subnormal a subterranean labyrinth in which one is invariably lost. But as there is the mining engineer who knows all the drifts, leads and workings underground, so there is the mental engineer, the professional psychologist, whose business it is to explore our conflicts, repressions and complexes, our automatisms, fears, anxieties, compulsions, and obsessions.

To make the blue print of our subnormal mental life is one thing; to keep it up to date is another. In this, curiously enough, most of the British psychologists have been as backward as the British mine owners who are still hanging on to workings that should have been long since abandoned. Thus at the oldest British university Aristotle is everything and psycho-analysis nothing. As Professor McDougall himself ironically observes: "I anticipate that at no distant date, perhaps before the end of the century, even the University of Oxford may begin to take interest in the human mind and may set her hall-mark upon psychology by giving it a recognized place among her studies." Academic circles are often closed circles, but, as the author here confesses, unlike many of his academic colleagues he does not regard the psycho-analytic movement with indifference, still less with hostility, believing that Professor Freud has done more for the advancement of psychology than any student since Aristotle.

This sounds exaggerated, but McDougall adds the qualification that he by no means accepts all of Freud's teachings, regarding much of the current psycho-analytic doctrines as ill-founded and somewhat fantastic. As the age of myth had accounted for the mysterious events of nature by a whole hierarchy of magical beings, so the early Freudians displayed a perverted ingenuity in explaining obscure neuroses by means of complexes and censors, of egos and ego-ideals. This age has passed. Jung,

and in part Adler, once ardent disciples of Freud, have abandoned pan-sexuality, have cleaned up the unconscious and made it the source of our more imaginative life, our inspirations, and our intuitive insights. Yet the unconscious, in the author's opinion, should not be turned into a separate self, the subconscious mind. Men like Frederick Myers, W. J. Hudson, and Boris Sidis were wont to explain obscure problems by casually referring them to a kind of underground safe of which they alone knew the combination. But a psychologist like McDougall does not so much believe in the unconscious mind as in the mind as unconscious; a realm, not an entity, to which the case system furnishes the key.

Here the Great War furnished an unprecedented amount of material. Thus the author, who had gone through his medical studies, spent five years in the care and study of cases of nervous mental disorders in soldiers, a series which in respect of variety and severity was probably unique. For example, the study of battle dreams furnished one means of cure. Freud had done much to show the importance of dreams, but his explanation of suppressed complexes was erotically exaggerated. In the case of shell shock sheer terror was the cause, and the revival in memory of the original fearful incidents sufficed in many cases to prevent a recurrence of the dreams and to effect a cure. In this connection the author makes the suggestive statement that neurotic troubles arising from repressed fears were more frequent among the British troops than among the French. The British tradition had taught all boys to believe that to feel or to express fear is cowardice, and had encouraged the habit of ruthless repression and denial of all fear. The French tradition, more intelligent and realistic, permitted the soldier to be more frank about his emotions; so that he was able to admit frankly his fear, to joke about it, treating it as a natural weakness of the flesh (as he learns also to regard his erotic effects).

Another type of subconscious mental activity is the tic, or stereotyped muscular movement. Attempts to cure spasmodic twitchings in the face or elsewhere by bandages or the severing of the twitching muscles, have seldom succeeded. Psycho-analysis appears more effective than surgery. Thus one soldier always suffered, upon attempting to eat, a spasm which produced

a facial appearance of rage. He had no understanding of the origin of the tic. In hypnosis he relived a forgotten scene: he oversaw, while living in the enemy's territory, several enemy soldiers maltreating one of his comrades; he was overcome with rage, and at that moment received a bullet wound and lost consciousness. As in many other cases, the tic ceased as soon as the memory of the incident was restored to the patient in the waking state; that is as soon as the dissociation was overcome.

Cases such as these are not cured, as Freud would have it, by protracted searchings into infantile experiences, nor is it necessary to call in the Freudian principle of abreaction to explain certain cures. Abreaction, or going back and reliving the forgotten experience, was thought to release the original "ideas", as if the mind were choked by a charge of emotional energy. This is too crude; it makes the mind a kind of electric battery which may be overcharged. McDougall apparently prefers the simile of hydrostatics, speaking of the principle of "drainage" and talking as if the mind were a water pipe system.

To reject the Freudian abreaction is not to deny the value of katharsis, or mental purification, a form of relief whose means range from the confessional to alcohol. Here the avoidance of undue repression especially affects the introvert as contrasted with the extrovert. These are two opposed types of personality, loosely described as the man of thought and the man of action. The former, the introspective temperament, marked by reserve and reticence, is very susceptible to neurasthenic disorder. Men like Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin and William James had to exercise great care lest their energies should be exhausted, not by outward bodily activity, but by the inner activity of thinking. When they became thoroughly interested in any topic, their brains refused to come to rest; they could not sleep, by reason of thinking which they were unable to arrest. Scaling the matter down, we find such a type as this among everyday people, and it is for such persons that katharsis, even the katharsis induced by alcohol, may have great value. For them the practice of confession, the custom of festivals and celebrations, the attendance at public gatherings where emotions run high and may sweep them along with the crowd by sheer contagion—all

such practices and situations as bring them into emotional sympathy with their fellows—tend to prevent their undue isolation, break down their reserve, and fortify them against the morbid consequences of excessive introversion.

It is upon such practical applications that McDougall bases his belief that academic psychology, even in Germany and America, cannot long continue to resist the inroads of psycho-pathology. From the shell shocked soldier to the worried business man he portrays the various conflicts, repressions, and complexes which prevent harmonious integration of character. As an objective observer from overseas he gives this remarkable picture of the American mental environment:

> In all the countries of western civilisation, and more so perhaps in America than elsewhere, the child finds himself surrounded by odds and ends of moral and religious systems,—Christian piety and pagan hedonism, Fundamentalism and Modernism, Christian Science and Mechanistic Neo-Darwinism, monogamy and polygamy, free love and birth-control, the popular misrepresentations of Freud's teaching, and the cult of self-expression and of the Overman; winds of doctrine come to him from Emerson and Walt Whitman, Buddha and Confucius, Bernard Shaw and Omar Khayyam. Even such old anchors as patriotism begin to drag, as he is taught that love of country is an irrational prejudice, a pernicious obstacle to universal justice and to the cosmopolitan ideal. And, if he seeks to choose an ideal goal of service to which he may dedicate his life, which way shall he turn? He hears that religion is no longer intellectually respectable, nationalism is wicked, politics villainous, business corrupt, education futile, and science subversive of men's higher hopes.

A partial answer to the problems raised by the Harvard psychologist is offered by the professor of pedagogy and school hygiene in Clark University. One great cause for our educational failures, says Burnham, is the neglect of the defective. Among the pathetic tragedies of childhood are the cases of those who never can achieve success because of defect—the child of defective vision who cannot see the blackboard, the deaf child who cannot hear the teacher, the child tormented with headache or toothache, the child whose brain nutrition is reduced by nasal obstruction, the sensitive child, the misunderstood child, and the whole list of nervous defectives. Tested by the ordinary methods these children do not appear normal. They are often accounted feebleminded, but this is only pseudo-feeblemindedness.

Thus one survey of alleged mental defectives in Georgia reported that out of over one thousand white and colored children over thirty per cent. were retarded from one to six years. On examination it was found that a large number were infected with hookworm. Cured of this disease there followed a remarkable improvement in intelligence. All this is now obvious, but until very recent times ordinary physical examinations of school children have been woefully neglected. Just as any candidate was thought fit to teach, so any child was thought fit to be taught. The farmer grades his grain, yet the school board will feed all sorts of minds into the educational hopper. Hence the great need of a knowledge of mental hygiene.

It is a grave reflection upon the schools that so many of their graduates have to be reëducated in the sanitarium or the hospital. Mercenary motives should prevent this loss of the taxpayer's money; charitable motives the wear and tear on children's minds. It is here that recent studies in psychiatry have greatly broadened the field of mental hygiene. They have shown the possibility of preventing many forms of mental disorder, especially cases on the border line between the normal and defective. The soldier has his fear of battle, the child his fear of teachers and examinations. Sometimes the antagonism between pupils and instructors arises from the habit of "bawling out" the pupil. In the old days the disciplinarian did not spare the rod; in the new he does not spare his tongue. Of the two the modern martinet is the worse; he constantly blames and resorts to the subtle method of sarcasm, really a blow below the belt. As for examinations the child has a decided dread of such formal tests, together with the dread of low marks as the badge of failure. As a boy of seventeen wrote: "Low marks are the greatest cause of boys leaving school. When a boy gets low marks he begins to get lazy and discouraged and does not try to make up his lost work."

Cures for the first difficulty are manifest, but often forgotten. The chief is the preservation of the right attitude. Leave children alone as much as possible. The child naturally begins each morning as a fresh day; its usual attitude of attention to the present situation is one the psychiatrist would give anything to develop in his older patients. Why destroy in childhood what we

must so often develop by reëducation in adult life? As Dr. Osler said: "The freshest, the oldest, the usefullest of all rules for mental health is that of living one day at a time." Yet many teachers forget all that. We blame children for the past, we limit them in the present, we constantly warn them about the future. We cannot let them alone, but remind them of the faults of yesterday and warn them against tomorrow. Now this worry about the future is the root of the fear of examinations and is also connected with the pernicious practice of offering prizes for the best. But, the author claims, it would be far better to offer a reward for all who succeed in reaching a certain standard of excellence; just as in some of the best summer camps, instead of a prize for the best, every boy who can swim a certain distance, or do a certain amount of work, receives a badge of honor. Honest effort should be rewarded, whether a child stands first or last.

It is with such practical hints as these that Burnham fills his book, a stimulating guide in the fresh fields of the newer education. Whether the old education is such a failure as many think is a matter of debate. There are advocates of discipline and of a few subjects thoroughly taught. There are also advocates of more freedom and less instruction by the teacher. Thus one of the latest schemes, the Dalton plan, was described by a pupil of eleven years as follows: "In some schools when you go into arithmetic you have to do arithmetic for half an hour, and you have to do so much that you get mixed up. Here, when you begin to get tired and can't make your mind work on one thing, you can go into another room and forget all about the first thing, so you don't get muddled up. Later, you can do the first thing."

WOODBRIDGE RILEY.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

THE PHILIPPINES: A TREASURE AND A PROBLEM. By Nicholas Roosevelt. New York: J. H. Sears and Company.

"And after the fire, a still, small voice." Let it not be thought irreverent to confess that this text comes irresistibly to mind upon reading Mr. Roosevelt's volume. During the last quarter of a

century there have been raging about the Philippines winds, earthquakes and fires galore; amid which it is to be feared the average American has "got no forrarder" toward a right determination of the problem which those islands present. Not that all such robustious demonstrations have been devoid of profit. On the contrary, beginning many years ago with the late Dean C. Worcester's masterly work, many of them have worthily contributed to knowledge, and measurably assisted judgment. The trouble is that they have generally been more or less tinctured with partisanship, and too often with passion. On few if any topics of first class importance in American national policy have advocates on both sides shown so strong a disposition to "see red" as on that of the disposition of our colonial possessions. For that reason it is grateful to meet with the work of a man who can see in the white light of truth and who can speak without shouting or shrieking.

It used to be said, though with little justice or courtesy to that greatest of our parliamentarians, that John Quincy Adams always beat his opponents in debate by making them lose their tempers while he kept his own. Mr. Roosevelt has bettered that fictitious record by producing a work which must utterly confute his opponents and which yet gives no excuse for offense nor cause for irritation. The touch of the velvet glove is so soft, so smooth, that you never think of the tempered steel within, and imagine yourself merely caressed until suddenly you find yourself held in an unescapable grip; and you realize as perhaps you never did before the meaning of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* For just because he is so calm and sweetly reasonable, let it not for a moment be imagined that he is neutral or irresolute. He does not hail from Laodicea. Doubtless he went to the Philippines with an open mind, and impartially addressed himself to the task of observation and research. But doubtless, too, he became himself impregnably convinced concerning the merits of the case, and he passes that conviction on to his readers in all the strength with which he himself received it.

In the two respects of clarity and comprehensiveness, his volume measures easily up to the standard of a masterpiece. There is not a sentence in the book that even a child could fail to under-

stand, nor one which would seem trifling to the profound and expert scholar. The current of narrative, exposition and argument flows smoothly, as lucid and as limpid as a crystal brook. And if you think from the dimensions of the volume that the stream is a narrow and a shallow one, you have only to try to measure its contents to discover your mistake. You are never aware of any crowding, of any attempt to compress much into little. Yet when you try to think of something that has been omitted, something that the author ought to have investigated and discussed, you are discomfited. It is all there. I do not think that there is an essential detail of the Philippine situation, or phase of the complex problem, which Mr. Roosevelt does not authoritatively illuminate.

Nobody has ever written of the Filipinos more appreciatively, more sympathetically, in a more friendly and benevolent spirit, than Mr. Roosevelt, nor more strongly emphasized the necessity of our administering the government of the Islands for the benefit of their people, and not exploiting them for our own selfish gain. Neither has anybody more clearly seen or more convincingly reminded us of our inescapable duty toward the Filipinos; a duty to which it would be treason for us to withdraw from the Islands, even at the demand of a large proportion of the people. A single illustration of what relaxation of American control has meant may be cited:

> With the advent of Governor-General Harrison in 1913 began the Filipinization of the insular government. After Dr. Heiser resigned in 1915, supervision was relaxed and as more and more control was given to the Filipinos the public health declined. In 1915 the deaths from smallpox were 276. By 1919, the first year when the health service was completely Filipinized, they had risen to 49,971. The deaths from cholera in 1915 were 820. In 1919 they were 17,537. . . . In 1921, when Vice-Governor Yeater succeeded Governor-General Harrison in March, and was in turn succeeded by General Wood in October, smallpox dropped to 728 and cholera to 48. In 1922 the deaths from smallpox were only 19; in 1923, 5; and in 1924 numbered 6, of which 5 were foreigners just landed from a vessel. Cholera, which had killed 72 in 1922, was entirely absent in 1923 and 1924.

Mr. Roosevelt sees clearly and condemns unsparingly the errors which we have committed from the very first in dealing with the Islands, but points out, also, that they are no reason for our

scuttling, but rather for our remaining there, to correct them and to do the work which we alone can do. He outlines, too, with the vision of a constructive statesman, the rational policy which should be pursued, for the fulfilment of duty to ourselves, to the Filipinos, and to the world at large:

> The Filipino politicians have consistently pretended that we do intend to give them the greatest amount of autonomy that they can capably bear. They know, however, that we have nothing to gain by exercising political control over local affairs. In fact, over the entire insular government we need only sufficient power to check unwise, inefficient or corrupt practices and to halt sinister efforts to block the progressive development of the Filipinos toward self-sufficiency. American supervision must be complete enough to be constructive, but more than this is unnecessary. There neither is nor ever has been any desire to "exploit" the Philippines. In the relations between the United States and the Philippines during the quarter of a century of American ccupation the Filipinos have been immeasurably the gainers. We need not expect gratitude from them, but we must insist on a frank recognition, at least on the part of the politicos, that the existing obligations are mutual. To date the Filipinos have signally failed to give that share of coöperation which is their part of the bargain.

On this question of mutual obligations and of the relation between responsibility and authority, Mr. Roosevelt has something to say that is worthy of the most general and most careful consideration. The entire conception of the politicos of the relations between Filipinos and Americans, he says,—

> is postulated on the theory that we shall maintain our responsibility for the Islands even after political control is withdrawn. It assumes that if the Filipinos get into financial difficulties after we relinquish the Islands we will help them; if their territories are coveted by some other Power we will defend them . . . To the suggestion that if ever the United States does grant them "complete, absolute and immediate" independence the American people will wash their hands of the Philippines and decline to have anything more to do with them, they calmly answer that we would never be guilty of such rank perfidy. In this they undoubtedly misjudge the American mind, for if ever the separation is complete, it will also be final.

In these days when we are hearing so much about our international duties as a member of the world-wide community of nations, it is pertinent to be reminded by Mr. Roosevelt that our Philippine policy is not merely a domestic problem. It concerns our relations with the world at large, morally if not legally, far

more intimately and vitally than the issues which League of Nations propagandists would foist upon us:

> If we decide to make the Philippines a model of efficient colonial administration, and to develop the vast resources of the Islands to the profit of all concerned, we shall earn the respect of the world. Failure, through sentimentality, to change the governmental system of half measures created by the Jones Law will cause the story of our political relations with the Philippines to pass into history as a chronicle of misguided good intentions. . . . Our Philippine policy is not a domestic but an international issue. It affects all Eastern Asia as well as ourselves and the Filipinos. By what we do there we shall be judged throughout the world.
>
> A great treasure is in our hands,—but a great problem.

Not often in the history of the world has there been written a book comparable with this in its potential beneficence to the State. It is the wisest word that has been uttered upon one of the very greatest problems now before the American Republic. Combining the charm of letters with the sagacity of statesmanship, and instinct throughout with noble philanthropy and with the loftiest ethical ideals, we could wish it to become what it would profitably be, the illuminator of the minds of the American people, and the inspiration and guide of the American Government.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

TRADE AND POLITICS

FOREIGN TRADE AND WORLD POLITICS. By Herbert F. Fraser. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE AMERICAN SENATE. By Lindsay Rogers. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Written in plain but convincing English, Professor Fraser's book is intended to link the political and economic aspects of international relations in order to further international understanding. This, of course, is a very auspicious and inspiring programme—but it is also one fraught with difficulty. Eleven chapters have been written, which, together with appendices and index, cover some 350 pages. Of this material the early chapters are necessarily developmental, but for that

reason they are lacking in neither originality nor interest. The first third of the volume has to do primarily with our tariff and foreign policy. Then, beginning with the fifth chapter, the author plunges into a discussion of such problems as "The Economics of Imperialism", "Reparations and Inter-allied Debts", "Economic Interdependence", "Imperialism, National Sovereignty and War", etc. One of the most interesting of several fascinating chapters is the last—"World Organization".

While Professor Fraser strives to be scientific as far as possible, he can not entirely avoid the tentacles of controversy. Thus he speaks of the wage *fallacy*, the employment *fallacy* and the home market *fallacy*, as if nothing might be said in favor of this ungainly trinity. It is not to be disputed, of course, that he presents some powerful ammunition in support of his nomenclature. However, the world is still inhabited by at least a few economists who are not free traders and who are immune even to the powerful shafts of this author. Where he sees fallacy, they prefer to perceive truth.

Professor Fraser sees in the Dawes plan a useful device which will at least afford a hard pressed world sufficient time to recuperate and possibly to meditate upon new policies. In time the collection of debts will become more and more important. Eventually, he believes that Germany is certain to fail to meet the Dawes schedule of payments. He says:

> The Dawes plan of payments rises from 1,000,000,000 gold marks the first year to 2,500,000,000 in the fifth or standard year. It is safe to say that before the fifth year the impossibility of paying any such sum will be clearly seen.

Beginning with the seventh chapter he seeks to emphasize the political rather than the economic phases of his problem. Here the author notes the development of an "international economic community" which was generated by the war and which, of course, is of salient importance:

> The tragic misfortune of our day was the failure of statesmen to read these signs of the times. The war came and produced disastrous consequences for victor and vanquished alike, because, in spite of economic interdependence, the world was left in a state of international anarchy.

An escape from the quicksands of anarchy and international chaos becomes possible only by building some kind of solid and effective world organization:

> Our commercial growth has been such that we are deeply concerned now with what goes on in the world, for the prosperity of large sections of our people is dependent upon conditions outside of our own country. This brings us face to face with the greatest political problem of our age, the problem of world organization. . . . If we cannot put an end to the international anarchy, sooner or later when another great war breaks out, it will put an end to any prosperity which we may have built up through sound economic policies of international trade.

Believing that it is essential for his readers to comprehend the roots of war in order to gain a glimpse of the road to peace, Professor Fraser enters into a brief discussion of the causes of war. Despite its brevity, this is well done and serves as an excellent introduction to his presentation of the League of Nations. Most interesting in this discussion is, of course, his attitude towards the American relationship to the League:

> The overwhelming majority of our people are simply opposed to involvement in European politics, and they fall back on the ideas of Washington's Farewell Address. They do not as yet understand how completely changed is the position of the United States today from that obtaining at the end of the Eighteenth Century. Our peace and prosperity are bound up inextricably with the peace and prosperity of Europe. . . .
>
> Nor is the country disposed to become a member of the League of Nations or to assume the obligations imposed by its covenant. If every nation of the world is equally determined to be "independent and free" there can never be a solution of war. . . .
>
> We, and all the world, have passed from economic independence to economic interdependence; on the political side we must advance from national sovereignty to the more complete ideal of organized international co-operation.

On the whole, Professor Fraser has written an interesting as well as a thought-provoking volume. That he has handled a host of difficult problems so well within the narrow confines of three hundred and fifty pages is not only pleasing but also rather remarkable. This is a book well worth delving into—if for no better cause than that of intelligent Americanism.

We come now to another volume dealing with the merits and foibles of our Upper House, than which perhaps no other Ameri-

can institution has been more confusingly criticised during the last twoscore years or so. The author, Dr. Lindsay Rogers, speaks with authority, having been at various times professor and lecturer of politics. More important for the reader is the fact that he knows *how* to write. His literary treasure chest is replete with many a precious gem that can not fail to please. Playing a sort of undertone throughout his major rhapsody, he lets fall upon the ears of his audience a lambent wit, touched now and then with delicate irony. This serves to lend a glamor of freshness to the book as a whole.

In his words:

> . . . The United States, which prides itself on adherence to democratic theory, possesses a Senate which is undemocratic in its composition, and which enjoys enormous powers, for the exercise of which it cannot be held accountable; yet at the same time the Senate is the single American institution that can enforce some measure of responsibility and mitigate the autocracy and security which may be synonymous with the dogma of the separation of powers. The Senate, originally a compromise, is now a paradox. Once a counterpoise, it is now the grand vizier. These contrarieties I propose to discuss.

To begin his discussion the author presents a history of the Senate—"The Founding Fathers and the Senate". This is followed by an exposition of its function as an executive council in the matter of appointments, removals and treaties. Then there is a consideration of the Upper House as a legislative chamber. Entitled "Closure", the following chapter belies the brevity of its heading for it is as a matter of fact the most detailed in the book. It occupies seventy-three pages. However, this lack of geometric proportion is not so inappropriate when the author's message has been absorbed. That he is opposed to the introduction of closure in the Senate is all the more interesting in the light of our Vice-President's attitude. Says Dr. Rogers:

> Adopt closure in the Senate, and the character of the American Government will be profoundly changed.

The remaining three chapters deal with "Congressional Investigations", "Presidential Propaganda and the Senate", and "Forum of the Nation and Critic of the Executive". There follow a number of appendices and an index.

The book is not academic, yet it is accurate. It is careful and scientific in approach. But it is also interesting, stimulating and entertaining. In this it is different from so much of the conventional, pedantic and lethargic stuff that is much too frequently thrown on the market. The secret of Dr. Rogers's success is not so much his knowledge and logical reasoning; for after all no thoughtful reader can accept all of the author's dicta. Dr. Rogers's effect lies rather in his ability to be flexible, to separate himself from the austerity of his subject, and to see the droll side even of so majestic an institution as the American Senate. No self-respecting pedant could ever have written the following:

> A German professor of physiology is reported to have begun a lecture as follows: "We come now to the spleen. Nothing is known about the functions of the spleen. So much, gentlemen, for the spleen." A professor of politics could say the same of the American Cabinet, for it keeps no records, and apparently reaches no collective decisions.

We do not hesitate to recommend this book.

ADOLPH E. MEYER.

SELF-EXPRESSION IN THE NOVEL

BELLARION. By Rafael Sabatini. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

SUSAN SHANE. By Roger Burlingame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

HEAVEN TREES. By Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD. Two vols. By H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company.

For the writer of fiction the cardinal difficulty, the point of greatest artistic importance, lies, not in plot or even in characterization, but rather in the point of view. It is at this point that artistry and personality blend to produce their magical joint effect. Delicacy, skill, in the management not only of one's words but of oneself, and of one's numerous dispositions to pose, is essential for success. How to be genuinely oneself and yet the *writer*, who cannot, after all, be just oneself—this is the problem which novelists unhelped by what is sometimes called

inspiration, find so difficult. It is something to be aware of the problem!

Artists almost unavoidably pose as a sort of magicians, and yet no class of persons has more need to be merely human—this is almost the whole difficulty in a nutshell. Happy the author who has, as it were, a "control" in the personality of his favorite character! These controls, like those of the spirit mediums, are, I am afraid, peculiarly liable to be garrulous. But almost anything is better than doubt as to the point of view. The constant obligation one feels under to try to distinguish fairly between H. G. Wells and Clissold is, for example, a nuisance. But I anticipate.

The way in which this difficulty thrusts itself into the technical construction of the story—making the choice of the story point of view, whether first-personal or third-personal, characterized or uncharacterized, so delicate a decision—is highly interesting. But it is not the story point of view with which I am at present concerned; it is rather the real point of view of the author.

At first blush it might seem as if this fundamental attitude of the author towards this situation, his characters, and the fragment of life which he is considering, were of less importance in the novel than in the drama, the short story, or the poem. On the contrary, I believe it is only more deeply buried and more fully implied. A novelist cannot successfully pretend to be a combined motion picture camera and dictaphone, or to be God. He must always be aware of his humanity. He needs to be reminded not that he is mortal, but that he is alive.

If the whole matter could be disposed of by saying that one's personality is sure to express itself, if there is anything in it worth expressing, and that one should take care merely not to suppress it, I should rejoice. But I am afraid the problem is not quite so simple as that. To write, it appears to me, is to find oneself uncomfortably face to face with one's own personality.

Of all forms of fiction, the historical novel seems perhaps the most impersonal. But this is an illusion. It is seen to be an illusion just as soon as one reflects upon the real difference between historical fiction and history. It is not the *historicity* of *War and*

Peace which holds that enormous fiction together; it is the steadiness of Tolstoi's point of view—the consistency of a way of thinking and feeling. And this would be there just the same even if Levin were not a sort of mouthpiece for the author. What gives vitality to the novels of Walter Scott is largely the author's passionate delight in things feudal. He has no doubts: he knows where he stands on these matters, and so does the reader.

Rafael Sabatini's real affection, I cannot help thinking, is rather for a good, well-complicated, romantic story than for things feudal, or things spiritual, or things present, or things to come. Of course, almost any period in the Middle Ages will supply a good background for a story of violent adventure, and there could be no better setting for a tale of guerrilla warfare and intrigue than Northern Italy in the middle of the Renaissance. Even so, Sabatini's characters are over-motivated and under-characterized. Of Bellarion himself, that too-too fortunate man, one is inclined to wonder whether even in an age of Machievellian ethics any one could so constantly and happily do evil that good might come. Bellarion, the warrior and diplomat, originated in a monastery and meant to be a scholar and recluse. But from the moment when he leaves the cloisters he becomes a man of the world. No, not quite from that moment: he first allows himself to be robbed by a brigand disguised as a Franciscan friar. But this one lesson in worldliness is enough for him. Thereafter he is the accomplished intriguant, murderer, politician—and how marvellously clean-minded. Not a trace of malice in him! Yet nearly all the persons in the story except our amazing Bellarion and his beloved Valeria are more or less noisomely wicked or vicious.

Nor is Sabatini, in my opinion, a very shrewd manipulator of plot. It is absurd to compare him with Dumas in this respect. He is, indeed, a master of complication. But he has so arranged his story that the reader can scarcely help knowing what the next step will be, and this in a tale mostly of action and intrigue is a defect.

On the whole, what pleases me in *Bellarion* is its patient workmanship in the matter of details pertaining to its period and its wholesome gusto.

The point of view of almost complete identification with the *experiencing character* of the story is evidently a tempting one to many authors. When the experiencing character is a woman, however, and the author is a man, this expedient, to my thinking, seldom works. In stories which employ it, there is generally a note of special pleading. I perceive, for example, that Mr. Burlingame cares a great deal about his Susan Shane, and that he wants me, as the reader, to care. There is an aura about Susan that he wants me to feel. There is something mysteriously romantic in the fact that Susan is at once a tender, loving woman, and as hard as nails. All romantic predicaments are, of course, more or less mysterious. The older romancers held that it was highly unromantic for a woman to dismiss her lover because he was poor, but that it was highly romantic for a woman to dismiss her lover for no reason in particular. The inexplicable nature of the decision was just what made it a proper foundation for romance. Now, Susan is not a person who does things without reason—not she!—but she has a mystery—a mystery of contradiction. It is a contradiction—not a real struggle—because Mr. Burlingame does not permit one to be in doubt about what Susan will ultimately do.

> They were walking close together on the narrow path, and David thought he felt her arm tighten at his word. He looked at her face, but it had not changed. . . .
>
> She *was* getting hard. He spoke quickly.
>
> "Gee, Sue, you're getting hard."
>
> She stopped in the path.
>
> "Hard?"
>
> She looked up at him. For the first time she seemed moved. His words had done something to her where the war had failed. He said she was getting hard. She clenched her hands. "Hard," she said. She said it gently, looking up at him. Then she tightened, she was rigid all over, anger surging up in her, hot and dizzying. "Hard? Why wouldn't I be?" . . .

This is what the rhetoricians call "keeping an idea to the fore."

Of course, I quite agree that a person who has had a hard lot in childhood, and who has learned that "money answereth all things", may very naturally and excusably subordinate everything else in life to the acquisition of money. But I resent having so coldly acquisitive a person presented to me as, by implication,

a type of warm and glowing womanhood, a person of martyred affections. If determinedly acquisitive and deliberately selfish people suffer much through tenderness of heart, I have never observed the fact.

Yet I am not arguing, of course, for a simplicist view of character. The trouble is all in the underlying point of view. Mr. Burlingame might have made his story say any one of various true things. He might have made me interested in Susan from an analytical point of view and then have overwhelmed me with the realization that although I am gray-headed and past middle-age and, what is more, a man, I am of the same clay with Susan and obliged to share her trouble. Instead, he appears to me to reveal a steady intention of glorifying his heroine and making her desire for wealth and luxury appear great and poetic, like Macbeth's ambition. This I cannot accept.

Mr. Stark Young, however, knows exactly what his point of view should be. It is his own; it is unique; and he steadily adheres to it. No one has more fully mastered the art of expressing *himself*. If any adverse criticism applies to his writings, it must be directed to the fragility of their content. *Heaven Trees* is not a novel; it is not an essay; it is not a sketch. *Heaven Trees* defies classification and has its own peculiar consistency. Mr. Young loves to be occasionally vaporous and occasionally very, very solid—to involve figures in fold upon fold of atmosphere and then to make one of them rap out a good sound oath that smacks of every day. Description that bewilderingly suggests a very definite human reality is a continual element in the charm of his writings:

> What she looked like, I cannot say. She was doubtless something like a stony landscape, different under different lights, changing with changing moods of time and place. What Miss Mary's features were, I do not know. I only know that she was very tall, with a big frame, that she had a crag-like forehead, and enjoyed the sight of only one eye, turning her head round in order to see the better; and that she wore a black silk dress or a black bombazine, a cloth whose name well agrees with her warlike qualities. . . .

The narrative is full of quaint, poetic burlesques, but woe to any reader who supposes that the persons thus described are not very much to be loved and respected. "My grandfather

McGhee" in these pages is outrageously adorable. The men drink prodigious quantities of whisky, do no work, and are noble and magnanimous.

Every one is familiar with the glamor of retrospect and with the enchantment of distance. But the device habitually employed by Mr. Young is something far more subtle than either of these. In what I am about to say, I do not wish to imply that Mr. Young deliberately does anything so crude as to make opportunities for description—though description, in the widest sense of the term is of course his forte. What he really appears to do is always to hold his objects at exactly the distance and exactly the angle that will make the best picture. Thus he achieves not only arrangement of the figures, but also precisely the degree of glamor, atmosphere, aërial perspective—abstraction, in short, from a too harsh reality—that he happens to desire. No other writer, I think, has made better use of this fictional unreality, this capacity of art for making everything interesting and agreeable.

If *facetious* had not been perverted from its old Latin meaning, it would be just the word to describe Mr. Young's work; except that in *Heaven Trees* there is characteristically American deepening of sentiment into emotion—a personal note of feeling, agreeable if not purely artistic.

Mr. Wells's two-volume novel is grandiose in scheme, and, for that reason, to me attractive. Mr. Wells says, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter" at the beginning of his work and not, like the Preacher, at the end. To Mr. Wells the conclusion of the whole matter cannot be summed up in any convenient formula about the whole duty of man; it requires at least two volumes. I hope that the writing of many books will never come to be to Mr. Wells a weariness of the flesh, because he is one of the few writers who, for me, always succeeds in making ideas desperately exciting.

I shall not say much about the references—three or four in number—to living figures in British political life, whom Mr. Wells mentions by name. In this connection it is only fair to remark that the uncomplimentary characterizations come, not from Clissold himself, but from Clissold's brother—quite a different sort of chap—and that both the parties to the conversation are

suffering from influenza and have been drinking whisky. To take these utterances as the author's measured opinions would not, therefore, appear to be just. Whether they are in good taste or not, let every reader judge for himself.

The case illustrates, however, a somewhat vexatious difficulty one experiences in differentiating between Clissold and Wells. Of course it is inevitable, as Mr. Wells points, out, that Clissold's views and Wells's views should largely coincide; but I do not yet see the advantage of point of view gained by introducing Clissold at all.

In Mr. Wells's other novels there has been no difficulty in appreciating the peculiar advantage of the chosen point of view; it has been too apparent for comment. The somewhat embittered Clissold, however, with his sorry childhood and (not too obvious) sense of "past lack", does not seem to me at present to be a help in appreciating the real significance of the story. His effect, in my own case, is to raise a doubt occasionally as to how much Mr. Wells means by what he writes. Is he chiefly drawing Clissold in this or that passage, or chiefly drawing life?

On the whole, this new novel is much less in the nature of "art work" than any of Mr. Wells's previous achievements in fiction. Still, though I agree that in order to know a man it is quite as necessary to know his ideas about religion and history and political economy (this is why Mr. Wells simply will not tell us who Clementina is!) as to know what woman he is in love with—while I heartily agree with this view and wish for more, not less of Clissold's opinions, nevertheless I think that a writing which in form combines the characteristics of *Tono Bungay* and the *Outline of History* cannot be a novel in the ordinary (art) sense.

My real criticism, or rather my real disappointment, however, is that I find Mr. Wells so often in these pages sometimes entertaining a genuinely retrospective and somewhat discouraged view. Usually he tears down only to build up. To find Wells even a little depressing is a new and not wholly pleasant experience. He may be as savage as he pleases—but I look to Wells for prospective thinking, not retrospective.

The second volume of this truly remarkable essay-novel is, as any reader of Wells would have anticipated, both more in-

tense and more *prospective* than the first. In it the somewhat too worldly and life-weary William Clissold of the first volume develops into the still violently prejudiced, still life-warped, but fully adult philosopher who anticipates the coming new order—anticipates it, I think, with a certain obvious fallibility, and with certain survivals of the old Adam, which strengthen the whole thesis on its emotional side as much as they weaken it on the logical side.

What is this *prospect* (it can scarcely be called a programme) which Mr. Wells reveals? In one aspect, it is "the Open Conspiracy", the quiet organization of all really useful and forward-looking men and corporate agencies to eliminate moribund institutions, the posturing of politics, the futilities of traditional education, and to order all life in accordance with fundamental realities. A new type of man is developing among those who wield the greatest actual power—that is the suggestion. These men are just beginning to grow up, to take a really adult view of life; the modern world is giving opportunity and time for men to grow up, and when a sufficient number of them have reached full intellectual and moral maturity, they will alter the whole face of things.

Now this is prophecy—not a programme. Like all prophecy, it is immensely exciting, but suggests to my mind rather a spiritual preparation than a line of action. Like most Americans, I suppose, I cannot help distrusting any conspiracy—whether open or not—of the *optimi*. I do not trust excessively in the wisdom of the people, but I have a notion that the *optimi* are always liable to prove worse than the crowd. I hope that they will not get too much power or too soon.

But there is a religious aspect to this new prospect. "The attainment of the World Republic and the attainment of the fully adult life are the general and particular aspects of one and the same reality." Rejecting all anthropomorphic religious conceptions, Mr. Wells finds liberation for the full-grown human being, not in the thought of personal immortality but in the thought of the absorption of the individual life in the life of humanity. And this, as he makes it appear, is a psychological reality—which may become as certain and satisfying as the quenching of thirst by water. "The individual forgets the doomed and defined

personal story that possessed his immaturity, the story of mortality, and merges himself in the unending adventure of history and the deathless growth of the race." Here, for those who can accept it, is a great reconciliation of St. Paul with science; and it is really the growing *impersonality* of Clissold's thought (despite his more or less deliberately irresponsible divagations) that gives an epic motive to the drama, as it is an almost mystic faith in the near advent of a new type of humanity which makes plausible the conception of the Open Conspiracy.

There is also an intensely personal side to the story. I will not say that there is too much sex in Clissold's life. I quite agree that sex ought to be talked about in a serious novel, and that, if talked about at all, it ought to be talked about frankly. I wholly sympathize with Clissold's strictures on "the romantic travesty". But I must confess—doubtless it is a confession—that I cannot help finding something a little comic in the fact that the ethics of the developing superman should be in certain particulars so exactly like those of the mythical "man about town", or the Mormon of American tradition, or the Turk of boyish imaginations. And the solemnity—really the solemnity of egoism—with which Clissold relates his amorous adventures (though some of them have a genuinely human quality), and the way in which he insists upon his unrepentance, do not diminish for me this effect. Can it be that the arts of the philanderer are really so important to the forerunner of the man of the future?

On the whole the novel seems to me an imperfect synthesis, and its idea seems to me also an imperfect synthesis; for the doctrine of the Open Conspiracy does not strike me as a wholly necessary consequence of the advent of maturity. The Conspiracy has the air of a desperate suggestion, while the impersonal attitude is a genuine attitude, a reality. But, however imperfect, the story of Clissold with all its elaboration, its apparent irrelevancies, its clutter of details and opinions, it does appear to show the process by which a writer sometimes possessed by genius, succeeds in suggesting an immense, a thrilling possibility.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

SOME BOOKS ON THE FAR EAST

ASIA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Sir Frederick Whyte, K.C.S.I., LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

INDIA. By Sir Valentine Chirol. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A CHINESE MIRROR. By Florence Ayscough. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

These three books are studies of the rather fretful awakening of the Orient, from Egypt and Turkey, through Persia and India to the Far East. All are inspired by a sympathetic understanding of the immensely varied Eastern peoples, and by a sincere desire to aid in the solution of their problems. Sir Frederick Whyte surveys the whole field. Sir Valentine Chirol concentrates on modern India. The writer of the Chinese Mirror seeks to give us an insight into the intimate life and spirit of the enigmatic Middle Kingdom.

The clash between Europe and Asia, of which the present ferment is the most recent phase, makes up a great part of what we know as history and echoes through much of our greatest literature. It is too soon, perhaps, to include in this summary the invasion of Palæolithic Europe by the round-skulled newcomers from Asia who brought the dawn of Neolithic times; but our own history begins when the Greeks, crossing the Ægean to fight the Asiatic Trojans, brought back the *Iliad*, reverberating through the Athenian drama and Virgil, to Shakespeare and Tennyson. The Persians, bridging the Straits from East to West, carried the fiery inspiration of patriotism to Æschylus and Thucydides. The Asian foray of Philip's son made one of the fine romances of personal valor; and that conquest, bringing Greek to Palestine and Egypt, supplied the medium for the Greek Gospels and Paul's Epistles.

Passing over the ebb and flow of Roman and Parthian, we have, in the fifth century of our era, the furious inroads of the Asian Huns; and, in the eighth, the coming of the Magyars to Central Europe and the Arabian tide flowing across Northern Africa to Spain, and giving us, before it ebbed, the beauty of the Alhambra and the magnificent cycle of Charlemagne and Roland.

Genghiz Khan set the next tide flowing, when the Mongol waves submerged Russia and infused a lasting tone of sadness

into Russian music and writing. Then the Turks flooded the Balkan peninsula and surged up to the walls of Vienna, coloring the whole of Eastern Europe before their tide receded.

Ever since the coming of the Huns, Asia had been the aggressor, Europe had been invaded, harassed, subjugated. Then, with the modern period, beginning when Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape and found the way to India, the tide turned. It was the turn of Asia to suffer invasion and conquest. Two great episodes in that conquest are hardly mentioned in these books: the Eastward flow of the Russians across Siberia to Vladivostok, adding six million square miles to the Empire, and for a brief period effectively holding Manchuria down to Dalny and Port Arthur; and the immense Dutch island empire, four thousand miles from end to end, today more firmly held than the Asian possessions of any other European Power. But Sir Valentine Chirol gives us a sufficient outline of the British conquest of India, and Florence Ayscough has added to her picturesque medley a summary of Western aggression in China. It is well to remember that, when the Western peoples reached their shores, both India and China were conquered countries, ruled by foreign despots. Akbar completed the subjugation of India in 1556; and, in 1644, the victorious Manchu armies took possession of Northern China and ended the last native dynasty, the Mings. The aggressions of Occidentals in both India and China were, therefore, largely against foreign rulers, not against free and stable native governments. And it should be added that this aggression was as much mental as physical, with an overbearing superiority that must have been almost as unpalatable to sensitive Orientals as was the cruder destructiveness of Hun and Magyar to the nascent peoples of Central Europe, or the heavy yoke of the Tartars to the Russians. The Orient is now actively protesting against this domineering spirit. It is a point of historic irony that, in this modern assertion of the Asiatic genius, the East is using the weapons of the West: in India, speeches, inflammatory articles, the ballot box, constitutional agitation; in China, both Western firearms and Western embargos and blockades. And the name of Captain Boycott has found a startling immortality on the lips of the Bengali and the Cantonese.

In *Asia in the Twentieth Century*, Sir Frederick Whyte gives us first a brief survey of the Variety of Asia, which is in fact a protest against our shallow habit of thinking and speaking as if Asia were uniform in mental and moral texture, whereas that greatest of the continents holds a motley assembly of races far more varied than the peoples of Europe, even if we include the Lapps and Finns and Basques, as well as the English, the French, the Italians. In Asia the differences are immense. We speak of Asiatics as colored races, but we should remember that in Asia there is a whole gamut of color, white, red, yellow, brown and black; these differences go down to the very roots of the human race, and they are the physical expression of moral and intellectual differences as marked.

This first section is followed by a bird's eye view of Political Change, from the Nile to the Sea of Japan, a valuable summary of events, often stirring and dramatic, that have been presented to our minds in the foreign news of recent years. But the most vital part of this valuable book describes India in Transition; most vital, because here Sir Frederick Whyte is recording his own experience and observation. He tells us something of the steps which have given India a government superficially resembling that of Canada: a big parliament for the whole of British India, and nine lesser parliaments for the Provinces, with a Governor-General representing the Sovereign of India. Sir Frederick ends with a comparison between the Western and the Eastern spirit: the West stands firm on the earth; "the East teaches us the value of eternal things."

Sir Valentine Chirol, in *India*, may be said to go over again with a microscope the territory Sir Frederick Whyte has surveyed. He gives us a valuable and lucid history of the successive steps by which India has passed from the status of a military despotism to a certain measure of representative government. He gives us also some account of the historic background of India, at least a short survey of the immensely long Hindu period and the comparatively brief episode of Mohammedan domination. But the most important part of his work, as it is the most reassuring, is his description of the quite recent reaction in India, the ebbing of the more violent forms of agitation, the prevalence of

counsels of moderation, and, most hopeful, the growth of a deeper understanding and a warmer sympathy between the Englishmen and the natives, who are working together for the development of India.

A Chinese Mirror seeks to be, not merely a looking-glass, faithfully reflecting many colored images of the Middle Kingdom and its black-haired peoples, but also something more, a magic mirror in the Oriental sense, reflecting, with the image, the inner spirit of the image, that which is hidden from the outer eyes, and revealed to the intuitive imagination. In the best sense it is essentially feminine, embodying fine shades of feeling and of color, the fragrance of facts rather than facts themselves and arguments concerning them. It is, perhaps, too much to say that this admirably printed book gives us the emotional truth regarding China, but it does give us, with vivid and winning fidelity, the sensitive and many-toned feeling of its author for China.

Florence Ayscough is equipped not only with a thorough working knowledge of the difficult Chinese tongue, which is already much, but also with a sympathetic insight into the spirit of the language, something much rarer and harder to gain. And many of her most delicate effects are gained by rendering the thought and, even more, the emotion, behind and within the word, as, for example, in her charming description of the months and seasons. Two of the best chapters are the journey up the Great River, and the interpretation of the Chinese Idea of a Garden. The drawings by Lucille Douglass are in admirable harmony with the written words. This is but one aspect of China, a land not without its black shadows; but it is an aspect vividly felt and sensitively presented, leaving with us an impression like the autumnal fragrance of chrysanthemums.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

IN RETROSPECT

[IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW TO REPRINT IN EACH NUMBER PERTINENT EXCERPTS FROM ITS ISSUES OF A CENTURY OR MORE AGO.—*The Editors.*]

The Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *in the first number of this periodical, in May, 1815, commented in this way upon the relations between the United States and Great Britain, less than half a year after the ending of the second and last war between those countries:*

Believing, as we do, that there is nothing essentially conflicting in the permanent interests of the two nations, that a state of social and commercial intercourse is advantageous to both, we trust some efforts may be made . . . to remove prejudice and to cultivate esteem and good will . . . Venerating many of their institutions, admiring their progress in the useful arts; contemplating with delight the high and refined education, and the enlarged sphere of charity, which their wealth and public spirit have given them, and which adorn the whole surface of their island; appreciating the high degree of civil liberty they enjoy; and knowing that a large portion of the superior classes in that country are well disposed to regard ours with a friendly eye, we deprecate everything that can tend to alienate our respective good will.

Since we are again fortunately at peace, perhaps a plan to do away with misapprehensions of each other might be devised, that would be attended with salutary effects. A species of cartel might be arranged, to exchange a few individuals annually, who could devote one or two years, to learn the true state of things in the countries of each other; and thus dissipate illusions, and eradicate notions of very opposite tendency, but which create much trouble and embarrassment to both governments.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *considering Wheaton's History of the Northmen, in* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of October, 1832, wrote:*

As war was the principal and the only noble occupation of these people, their moral code was suitably brief and stern. After profound devotion to the gods, valor in war was inculcated as the supreme virtue, cowardice as the deadly sin. Those who fell gloriously in war were at once transported to Valhalla, the airy hall of Odin, there to partake of the eternal felicities of the brave. Fighting and feasting, which had constituted their fierce joys on earth, were lavished upon them in this supernal abode. Every day they had combats in the listed

field,—the rush of steeds, the flash of swords, the shining of lances, and all the maddening tumult and din of battle;—helmets and bucklers were riven,—horses and riders overthrown, and ghastly wounds exchanged; but at the setting of the sun all was over; victors and vanquished met unscathed in glorious companionship around the festive board of Odin in Valhalla's hall, where they partook of the ample banquet, and quaffed full horns of beer and fragrant mead. For the just who did not die in fight, a more peaceful but less glorious elysium was provided;—a resplendent golden palace, surrounded by verdant meads and shady groves and fields of spontaneous fertility.

The early training of their youth was suited to the creed of this warlike people. In the tender days of childhood they were gradually hardened by athletic exercises, and nurtured through boyhood in difficult and daring feats. At the age of fifteen they were produced before some public assemblage, and presented with a sword, a buckler, and a lance; from that time forth they mingled among men, and were expected to support themselves by hunting or warfare. . . .

Such was the moral and physical training of the Northmen, which prepared them for that wide and wild career of enterprise and conquest which has left its traces along all the coasts of Europe, and thrown communities and colonies, in the most distant regions, to remain themes of wonder and speculation in after ages. Actuated by the same roving and predatory spirit which had brought their Scythian ancestors from the banks of the Tanais, and rendered daring navigators by their experience along the stormy coasts of the north, they soon extended their warlike roamings over the ocean, and became complete maritime marauders, with whom piracy at sea was equivalent to chivalry on shore, and a freebooting cruise to a heroic enterprise.

A spirit of chivalry and love of daring adventure, a romantic gallantry towards the sex, and a zealous devotion were blended in the character of the Norman knights. These high and generous feelings they brought with them into England, and bore with them in their crusades into the Holy Land. Poetry also continued to be cherished and cultivated among them, and the Norman troubadour succeeded to the Scandinavian skald.

One hundred years ago, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of October, 1826, the Editor,* EDWARD EVERETT, *set forth his views upon the claims then preferred by the United States against France:*

We proceed in the pursuit of the plan originally formed by us, to the consideration of the claims of our citizens on the Government of France. These claims, at present, form the subject of our most important controversy with foreign Powers. We call it the most important, both because the amount of property involved in it is greater than is involved in all our other controversies of a similar kind, and because, on the nature of the settlement we may be

enabled to make with France, depends the nature of the settlement we may make with Naples, Holland, and Denmark. When we shall have successfully asserted our claims on France, we shall of course meet with no powerful obstacles in obtaining justice from the secondary Powers; and till we have enforced our rights against the stronger, it would be beneath the dignity of our national character to assume a lofty and coercive tone towards the weaker. . . .

Finally, we apprehend a mistaken impression prevails, in this country, as to the plea on which France evades this act of justice. We believe it to be the common opinion, that the present Government of France claims not to be bound to make reparation for the acts of the late Government. Though it is true that loose suggestions to this effect were at first dropped by the French Ministers, going rather to the hardness of the case than the want of obligation, yet we cannot find that this plea was ever seriously and formally insisted upon. On the contrary, different parts of the claim have been allowed to be just, by successive French Ministers; and no part distinctly maintained not to be so. . . . In the words of the President of the United States, "the justice of these claims has not been, as it cannot be, denied".

"ARISTIPPUS", *writing in the first number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, *in May, 1815, commented upon the "flaming youth" and "flappers", and general social manners, of that time:*

What are the manners of the present day? . . . Once in a while a vestige may be perceived of better times, some well-bred antique that shrinks from "modern degeneracy"; and when seen in society recalls to mind the insulated Corinthian columns that are still erect amid the desolation of Palmyra, or the deserted environs of the Forum. When one sees an assemblage in the present day, straggling groups of young men with whiskered cheeks, and wild, uncurled, unpowdered, bewildered locks, and the innocent animated imitations of the Medicean Venus, with their thousand corkscrew ringlets and muslin robes, roaming among them, it brings to the fancy a flock of merino lambs in a field of scrub oaks. If it comports with the plan of your journal, I wish, while any trace remains, to attempt restoring a little of former urbanity and elegance. . . .

No gentleman is to lean back so as to support his chair on its hind legs, except in his own room: in a parlor with a small circle it borders on extreme familiarity, and in a drawing-room filled with company it betokens a complete want of respect for society. Besides, it weakens the chairs, and with perseverance infallibly makes a hole in the carpet.

There have been circles of society where it would have been considered impertinent for a gentleman to sit cross-legged; but as I do not aim at impossibilities I shall say nothing on this point. No gentleman, however, must allow himself to sit in the company of others in the following position: on the edge

of the chair, one leg over the other, parallel to and leaning on the back of the chair; a position which will at once be understood by any of your readers who have seen a vessel aground, left by the sea lying on one side.

No gentleman at dinner or tea time is to take out a silk handkerchief that has been in his pocket two or three days, and lay it over his knee. If in eating toast he is not furnished with a napkin to wipe his fingers, he may make use of a fresh cambric one, if he has it; but he had better adopt the feline mode of cleansing his paws, than the practice here prohibited.

If a gentleman be requested to carve a turkey or any other fowl, he is not to proceed as if it were a character, and cut it completely up; but take off a piece as it is wanted and not keep a company waiting, and leave the whole bird piecemeal, when perhaps nobody will taste it. N.B.—This does not apply to a table d'hote, unless the carver is willing to sacrifice himself, like Curtius, to fill the gulf of appetite around him.

EDITORIAL GREETINGS

The North American's Tradition

From The New York Times

Once more has James Russell Lowell's "megatherium" changed hands. With that label, when he and Charles Eliot Norton took over the editorship of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in 1864, he tagged that famous periodical. "We must strive to find what will fill its huge belly," he wrote to John Lothrop Motley, "and keep it alive a little longer." THE REVIEW was at that period completing its first half century and was a great force in American letters. With its name, before and after Lowell became its editor, are associated the names of America's leading writers on political and literary subjects throughout a century. The list is almost like a directory of famous Americans: the Adamses—John, John Quincy, Charles Francis, Brooks and Henry; Sparks, Cushing, Bancroft, Everett, Prescott, Motley, Longfellow, Holmes, Howells, Godkin, G. W. Curtis.

The transfer of ownership of this magazine is of national interest. Founded in 1815, its first editor was William Tudor, Jr. The first as well as the latest number of this periodical has articles deprecating the attitude of Europeans toward America. Then as now we were unpopular in Europe. Then as now our English cousins—some of them—did not hesitate to tell us our shortcomings, and our own vigorous nationalists gave them back in kind. In 1820 Edward Everett became the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and after him came Jared Sparks, historian and biographer. Among his successors were Dr. Palfrey, Professor Francis Bowen and Dr. Peabody. Lowell and Norton were succeeded by Henry Adams and Henry Cabot Lodge. Since 1899 THE REVIEW has been under the direction of the acid-penned Colonel George Harvey.

That a magazine with such a history should have had its ups and downs is natural. In its earliest years it represented the best in American letters. Young authors aspired to no greater glory than to have an article printed in THE REVIEW. Its editors ruled over American writing. Their taste became the nation's taste. But in the years prior to Lowell's editorship THE REVIEW had lost some of its original sparkle. "It was an eminently safe periodical," Lowell wrote of it. But he complained that it wasn't lively and that it had no particular opinion on any subject.

He and Norton succeeded in revivifying it. The tradition was carried on by Henry Adams and his successors. But the competition with other magazines has since that time become more and more intense. Readers are overwhelmed by the deluge of paper and ink. In the last few years THE REVIEW has been less in the public eye. This is not because it has been, under Colonel Harvey,

lacking in opinions expressed in a lively manner. The new owner of THE REVIEW, Mr. Walter Butler Mahony, has a great opportunity. The tradition is still vivid. In his efforts to make it more widely known and felt he will have the support of all who are interested in the perpetuation of the older American spirit in letters.

The Dean of Reviews

From The New York Herald Tribune

A literary magazine and review that has maintained an uninterrupted existence of more than 111 years is unique in America and rare in the world. When it may be added that it has throughout that long career maintained a uniform standard of the highest excellence and has included in its succession of editors some of the most eminent scholars and statesmen in American history and among its contributors the foremost writers of the world, it rises to the rank of something like a national institution, and a change in its proprietorship and control becomes a matter of more than passing interest.

Several generations ago Dr. Allibone, than whom there was no better authority on such a subject, described THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as "that priceless repository of so many of the best thoughts of the best minds of the most highly educated portion of the American Republic," and years later Oliver Wendell Holmes called it "the best connected record of the growth of native thought and scholarship." Nor do these tributes seem overdrawn when we recall from the roll of its editors such names as Edward Everett, Alexander H. Everett, Richard Henry Dana, Jared Sparks, John G. Palfrey, James Russell Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Henry Adams, Henry Cabot Lodge, A. P. Peabody and Francis Bowen.

The editor who now retires, George Harvey, has had THE REVIEW in his keeping for a much longer period than any of his predecessors; in fact, for more than one-fourth of its entire career. With his *beau sabreur* style of political controversy he invested it with a unique piquancy of flavor, while amply maintaining the substantial scholarship of its contents. It is gratifying to be assured that in his withdrawal to more leisurely walks of literature and in the passing of the venerable periodical to Walter Butler Mahony there will be no change in its policy and no lowering of its standards.

Col. Harvey Sells His Review

From The New York World

Col. George Harvey can justly speak of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which now passes under the ownership and editorship of Mr. Walter B.

Mahony, as an American institution. Its hoary age, 111 years; its list of eminent editors—Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, James Russell Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Henry Adams and others; the fact that for two generations after Bryant sent it "Thanatopsis" almost all the great American authors appeared in its pages—all this gives it a deanship among American magazines. For decades before the Civil War it was the chief literary arbiter in America. During and just after the conflict Lowell and Norton made it a powerful force for wisdom and liberalism in national politics. Later it was easily the most substantial of our serious magazines, holding a place apart until the rise of the old *Forum*. We could ill afford to spare it, though of late years—especially since its reconversion into a quarterly—its influence has waned.

A magazine, like any other institution, remains alive only by constantly renewing its youth. We have some prominent instances of monthlies which have lately done so with astonishing results; we have several instances of once powerful monthlies which have failed to do so and seem perishing of anæmia. Crowded though the magazine field may be, it is far from overcrowded in the department to which THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW has always devoted itself. It can, if it shows vigor and enterprise, do much for the thoughtful discussion of important current topics.

The North American Review

From The Boston Transcript

The news of a change of ownership and editorship of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is of interest to the literary and journalistic world in general, but especially to New England and, above all, to Boston. It was in this city that the venerable magazine was published during a great part of its career, and the roll of its score of editors reads almost like a New England "Who's Who in Literature." From William Tudor, Jr., to George Harvey, has been a long span of years, more than a hundred and eleven. But the way has been splendidly marked with such names as those of Jared Sparks, Edward Everett, Richard Henry Dana, John G. Palfrey, Alexander H. Everett, Francis Bowen, A. P. Peabody, James Russell Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Henry Adams and Henry Cabot Lodge. As for the contributors to its pages, a list of them would seem like a biographical conspectus of American and largely also of English literature for more than a hundred years. We should suspect it to be difficult to find a man or woman of high rank in American letters who was not there enrolled.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once described it as our "best connected record of the growth of native thought and scholarship," and this tribute was and still is not undeserved. Of course, in length of record it is unrivalled and unapproached. It has also been unsurpassed in the consistency and uniformity of

its standards. While flexibly adapting itself to the changing needs of changing times, it has in a remarkable degree adhered to its original style and maintained the ideals of its founders. Departing many years ago from the exclusive use of book reviews, it has always made such writings a conspicuous feature, and indeed has generally filled more than half of its pages with articles of a distinctively literary type; while the remainder, on political, economical and other topics of public interest, have been as scholarly in form as authoritative in substance.

The editor who now retires, Colonel George Harvey, has had a far longer connection with THE REVIEW than any of his predecessors. His twenty-eight years of editorship have been a little more than one-fourth of the entire life of the periodical. More than any of his predecessors, too, he gave it a political flavor, and made critical editorial discussion of current events one of its leading features. Yet there was no abatement of the purely literary qualities, or of the high standards of scholarship which had long before been established. Though seated in New York, he is a Vermonter, and therefore may be reckoned among the New Englander editors of THE REVIEW. By interesting coincidence, his successor, Mr. Walter Butler Mahony, is also of Vermont ancestry, and is an alumnus *cum laude* of Amherst, so that he, though also in New York, will continue the New England dynasty. That the general tone, style and standards of THE REVIEW will be fully maintained under his control, is an assurance that will be received with satisfaction by the reading public and the world of letters.

Greeting to an Editor

From Commerce and Finance, New York

Announcement was made last week by Col. George Harvey, owner and editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, of the sale of that publication, which he had controlled for 28 years, to Walter Butler Mahony, a New York lawyer. Readers will recognize Mr. Mahony's name as that of a contributor to *Commerce and Finance* of noteworthy articles on rubber. On several occasions, particularly since British restriction of exports made rubber an international question of great importance, Mr. Mahony has accepted our invitation to discuss phases of it. His knowledge of the plantation rubber industry makes him one of the few authorities in this country upon it.

Mr. Mahony's qualifications for carrying on the tradition associated with THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which is in its 112th year and has numbered among its editors Edward Everett and James Russell Lowell, are very high. Born in 1877, he was graduated from Amherst and New York University Law School, and has practiced law in the public utility as well as the plantation rubber field. He has traveled extensively and has a broad interest in public

questions. The present policy of the publication will not be changed and all who know Mr. Mahony are confident that the REVIEW will acquire enhanced reputation under his administration. He is a welcome accession to the ranks of magazine publishers.

Our "Venerable Periodical"

From The Boston Herald

Col. George Harvey, after twenty-eight years of editorship, has sold THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, a magazine which he justly characterizes as a "venerable periodical" and an "American institution," "venerable" because it was founded here in Boston in 1815, and an "American institution," because, while the British periodicals served as its patterns, it was intended to be a means for the expression of native scholarship and letters. The magazine was essentially American, its early contributors made writing a serious occupation and not merely a pastime, and they left behind them works ranked now as classics and which laid the foundation of a genuine national literature.

When the first issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN appeared the British quarterly reviews were enjoying enormous fame, yet they were very young; the Edinburgh was founded in 1802, the Quarterly in 1809, and Blackwood's did not appear until two years after The North American sent forth its first number. The late Senator Lodge, who was a young Harvard graduate, made the real start in his career as an assistant editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN, expressed the opinion when the centenary of the periodical was observed in 1915 that "after setting aside Carlyle, Macaulay and Hazlitt, who really contributed but a small part of the contents of the English reviews, the average work of THE NORTH AMERICAN was quite up to if not beyond the average of such work in England."

Moreover, THE NORTH AMERICAN in those years was not guilty of the excesses of ridicule and contemptuous sarcasm which disfigured the pages of the British quarterlies in their references to the United States. THE NORTH AMERICAN did in time find such criticism too irritating to be borne and ventured upon a relatively mild reply. Edward Everett wrote many pages of temperate and well-mannered comment upon the aspersions which British editors permitted themselves to print against the Americans. Just one of that long series of English attacks survives today, the famous essay of Sydney Smith in the first issue of *The Edinburgh Review* for 1820, the article containing the celebrated passage—"In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have American chemists discovered or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American

glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns, or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow creatures may buy and sell and torture?"

Well, times since have changed. In those early years THE NORTH AMERICAN was making history. Nearly ever since it has been an important factor in American letters and in the discussion of current affairs. Great names are found in its roster of editors, Lowell, Dana, Jared Sparks. Up to a generation ago it held an high place in the affections of discriminating readers who understood the history of American letters. When Col. Harvey took it over in 1899 he made it scintillate and coruscate; it tantalized and sometimes infuriated its readers, often it amused and not seldom it delighted them. It has been an "American institution." It has felt as have other dignified periodicals of the older type the competition of the popular monthlies which put pretty girls on their covers and fill the pages between them with entertaining fiction. We trust that under the ownership of Mr. Walter Butler Mahony it will maintain itself still as an institution, dealing in a distinctively American fashion with questions of real importance.

North American Review

From The Telegram, Portland, Oregon

Sale of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to Walter Butler Mahony, lawyer and publicist of New York, opens a new chapter in the long and honorable history of an influential magazine.

For 28 years THE REVIEW has been edited by George Harvey, formerly ambassador to the court of St. James. The magazine was founded in 1815. The Portland Library is the fortunate possessor of a complete file of the magazine from its first issue. It has never attempted to fill the place of a "popular" periodical, but has directed itself to the substantial, thoughtful reader who wants accurate information, clothed in the attractive dress of good literary style.

Since it is the thinkers who directly and indirectly lead the incoherent forces of the unthinking, the influence of such a magazine as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW cannot be measured in terms of circulation. The opinions of its writers find expression in many forms, and in unexpected places, translated into the vernacular by writers who reach a larger public.

We may hope that under the new management THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will carry on its dignified and important work of supplying discriminating readers with an intellectual fare, nourishing, stimulating and, withal, attractive.

STATEMENT

OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
AT CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

for OCTOBER 1st, 1926

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Walter Butler Mahony, President of The North American Review Corporation, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that they are the publishers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, E. B. Cutting, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The North American Review Corporation, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Walter Butler Mahony, 9 East 37th St., New York, N. Y.; State of Virginia R. C. MacVeagh, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION,
By WALTER BUTLER MAHONY,
President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of October, 1926.

DOROTHY CROWNE,
Notary Public.

[SEAL] (My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

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We know, and are glad, that people prize files and even odd volumes of

The North American Review

among the choice treasures of their libraries, from which we would not tempt them to part. But we also know that the vicissitudes of life sometimes cause libraries to be broken up, and the contents to be sent to the auction shop or to the dealer in second-hand books.

Few things are more pathetic than the sight of a book stall laden with volumes once the pride of the authors and editors and the prized possessions of the readers, now homeless, worn, offered to the curious wayfarer at a few cents each.

It would be a grief to us to see volumes of this REVIEW fall into such estate; wherefore we earnestly beseech those who possess them but are unhappily for any reason compelled to part with them, to communicate with us before seeking any other disposition.

Please address, with full details

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

9 EAST 37TH STREET, NEW YORK

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Chemistry in the World's Work. By Harrison E. Howe. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company.

Round About to Canterbury. By Charles S. Brooks. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Our Mobile Earth. By Reginald A. Daly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fallodon Papers. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Religion in the Making. By Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Her Son's Wife. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The Left Lady. By Margaret Turnbull. Chicago: The Reilly and Lee Company.

Evolution and Religion in Education. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Inner Harbor. By Wilbert Snow. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg. Selected by Rebecca West. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The Ninth Wave. By Carl Van Doren. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Smoky. By Will James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Escape from the Primitive. By Horace Carncross; with a preface by Smith Ely Jeliffe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Selected Letters of Horace Walpole; Selected Letters of William Cowper; Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton; Everyman's English Dictionary; Voltaire's the Age of Louis XIV; Five Weeks in a Balloon and Around the World in Eighty Days, by Jules Verne; Madam How and Lady Why, by Charles Kingsley; Peaks, Passes and Glaciers. Being new volumes of Everyman's Library, edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Fire of Desert Folk. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Supreme Court in United States History. By Charles Warren. Two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Social Theories of the Middle Ages. By Bede Jarrett. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Which Way Parnassus? By Percy Marks. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The United States and France. Some Opinions on International Gratitude. Selected with foreword by James Brown Scott. New York: Oxford University Press.

THE AUTUMN SAINT. By MAUD HUDNUT CHAPIN. New York: Duffield and Company.

THE BOOK OF TEA. By OKAKURA-KAKUZO. New York: Duffield and Company.

JAMES W. WADSWORTH, JR. By HENRY F. HOLTHUSEN with a preface by HON. ELIHU ROOT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EARLY AUTUMN. By LOUIS BROMFIELD. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A MUSICIAN AND HIS WIFE. By MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN. New York: Harper and Brothers.

TOM-TOM. By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK. New York: Harper and Brothers.

GIFTS OF FORTUNE. By H. M. TOMLINSON. New York: Harper and Brothers.

MURDER FOR PROFIT. By WILLIAM BOLITHO. New York: Harper and Brothers.

EAST OF SIAM. By HARRY A. FRANCK. New York: The Century Company.

ASSISI OF SAINT FRANCIS AND OTHER ESSAYS OF ITALY. By JOSEPH F. WICKHAM. Boston: The Stratford Company.

CONCERNING MARTHA. By CHARLOTTE L. WHITE. Boston: The Stratford Company.

SNAPPY WESTERN STORIES. By ELOIS FELICIA ELDEN. Boston: The Stratford Company.

MARY'S SECRET. By HARRIET SIBIL COLLINS. Boston: The Stratford Company.

THE SURGEON'S LOG. By J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

THE COLLECTED PARODIES OF LOUIS UNTERMEYER. By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

LILLIPUT. By ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THREE AMERICAN PLAYS. By MAXWELL ANDERSON and LAURENCE STALLINGS. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

SKEEZIX AT THE CIRCUS. By FRANK KING. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THE CURIOUS CRUISE OF CAPTAIN SANTA. By RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THE HUNGRY TIGER OF Z. By RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON. Chicago, Ill.: The Reilly and Lee Company.

CAUSES AND THEIR CHAMPIONS. By M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

YOU CAN'T WIN. By JACK BLACK. New York: The Macmillan Company.

FIFTY FAMOUS PAINTINGS. By HENRIETTA GERWIG. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

BEST SERMONS 1926. Edited by JOSEPH FORT NEWTON. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THE DELICATESSEN HUSBAND. By FLORENCE GUY SEABURY. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

HUMILITY AND PRIDE. By AMY SPINGARN. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEMS UNDER LINCOLN. By JAMES G. RANDALL, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

SUSAN SHANE. By ROGER BURLINGAME. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

[OLISM AND EVOLUTION. By GENERAL THE RIGHT HONORABLE J. C. SMUTS. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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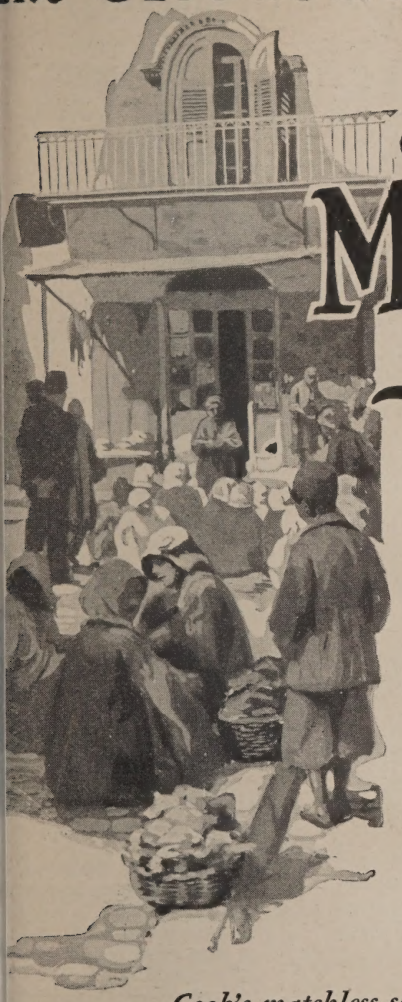

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